DECEMBER 1965
PRICE ONE DOLLAR
GREAT BRITAIN 4/6

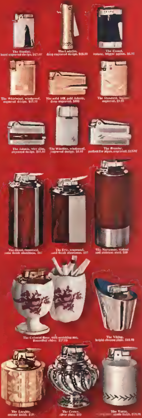
Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Just an old-fashioned Christmas! *(wait until you see what Santa left inside)*

GEORGE LOIS / JERRY SCHATZBERG

Ronson Varaflame Butane Lighters



The Studio, hand engraved design, $17.50

The Ladylite, deep engraved design, $16.50

The Comet, butane, [illegible] action, $6.95

The Whirlwind, windproof, engraved design, $17.50

The solid 14K gold Adonis, deep engraved, $500

The Standard, [illegible] engraved, $9.95

The Adonis, very slim, engraved design, $19.95

The Windlite, windproof, engraved design, $8.95

The Premier, perfect for pipes, engraved, $13.95

The [illegible], rosewood, satin finish aluminum, $25

The Eric, rosewood, satin finish aluminum, $25

The Norseman, walnut and stainless steel, $30

The Colonial Rose, with matching urn, Rosenthal china: $27.50

The Viking, bright chrome plate, $18.00

The [illegible], mosaic finish, $10

The Crown, silver plate, $10

The [illegible], [illegible] suede finish, $15.95

There's a Ronson something for everyone this Christmas. From Grandma to the teeny-weeny ones. Butane lighters more beautiful than ever before. All with fingertip adjustable flame. Light for months, fuel in seconds with a Ronson Multi-Fill® injector. And exciting new electric appliances for kitchen, bedroom, and bath. Like the new Cook 'N' Stir, the almost unbelievable blender that cooks and stirs. Like the Ronson Electric Hairbrush, the butane warmer Cookette, the butane torch, and many other gifts no one has ever given before. Make this the Christmas they'll remember. With Ronson.

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Gold Tone, $19.95 pair

Antique White, $19.95 pair

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Carve 'N' Slice Deluxe, $27.95 (also, Standard, $21.60)

Can-Do Can Opener, $21.50

Varaflame Torch, $4.95

The Cook 'N' Stir, [illegible]

Cookette, $12.50 (also, Standard Model, $9.95)

2-Speed "Carafe" Blender, $39.95 (also, 5-Speed Deluxe, $49.95)

Roto-Shine "Magnetic" Electric Shoe Polisher,
in wood chest, $24.95
(also, in Travel Caddy, $18.00)

Electric Hairdryer, $24
(also, in "Hat Box", $19.95)

The Electric Hairbrush, $24.95

Deluxe Electric Toothbrush, $18.95

Ladies' Electric Shaver, $19.95

"400" Electric Shaver, $24.95

Electric Shaver, $19.95

All prices are suggested retail

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Also available in Canada.

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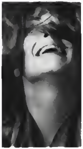

Promise her anything but give her Arpege

2

3

4

5

1 "A Veil of Arpege". New this year—from $4.00
2 Arpege Natural Spray® (pure perfume or Eau de Lanvin) each $5.00
Arpege Eau de Lanvin from $6.00
3 Black Ball bottle of perfume, from $40.00
Square-cut bottle from $7.50
4 Arpege Eau de Lanvin atomizer and perfume purse flacon $6.00
5 Powdered Arpege and Natural Spray®, $10.00
6 Powdered Arpege $5.00

LANVIN

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

Where to buy it? See page 319.

Mrs. Peter Sellers loves 'That Man'

'That Man' by Revlon

A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE AND AFTER-SHAVE LOTION
ALSO SPRAY DEODORANT BODY TALC, SOAP, TALC, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Informed Opinion on the Shape of Things to Come

If you live in Turtle Bay Gardens in New York, or on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, especially around Diversey but anywhere between the Drake and the 6400's salute!

If you live in Cow Hollow San Francisco or on Six Moon Hill in Lexington Massachusetts cheers!

If you live on Bainbridge Island in Seattle or within a three-mile radius of Shaker Square in Cleveland hail!

If you live in Druid Hills, Atlanta or in Tiburon in Marin County, California, enjoy!

If you live in the San Roque foothills in Santa Barbara, or on Louisburg Square Beacon Hill, Boston why then rest ye merry—and by all means stay put!

That goes for all you happy-lucky people, in the abodes named above, because you have found for yourselves the ten great places to live in this otherwise overcrowded, cramped, uncomfortable snarled snafued and generally frazzled country which has in recent years become so badly discombobulated in the sacred name of Progress.

The rest of us poor wights who are either not so smart or not so lucky as those of you who serenely inhabit those Top Ten communities will have to make do as best we can with the living space we've clawed out for ourselves in the frenzied midst of the Urban Sprawl where there's every indication that things will get worse before they get better

But wait—before you decide to do yourself in for your stupidity in missing out on one of those cushy places to live turn to pages 214 to 223 inclusive in this Christmas issue of Esquire, where you'll find that all is not yet lost, and there's still some hope left for a sweet and happy life for the likes of the rest of us

Some fifty designers engineers and assorted planners are even now at work on the colossal job of *Redesigning the Twentieth Century*, which everybody admits it can certainly stand on the evidence to date and it's beginning to look as if between now and the year 2000 life between these shores will once again be livable. We should only live so long and all will be well, as they assure us it was in the Good Old Days.

These are some of the near miracles that—if you believe what you will find in those pages and we do—stand a very good chance of happening

1 *The rehabilitation of the city*—to make it once again a commodious and enjoyable place

2 *The redistribution of traffic*—to make movement bearable and transit tolerable

3 *The restoration of privacy*—so you can have it where you live without having to seek it in a closet

4 *The rediscovery of public pleasure*—combining individual privacy with communal beauty and—oh blessing unbelievable—the room to move about.

5 *The recapture of agreeable office surroundings*—and finally—but here we know you won't believe us

6 *The civification of suburbia*

So you'll just have to turn to page 220 of this December number of Esquire and see that one for yourself

Making some pretty preposterous tall claims are we? Well let us respectfully remind you that this is not the first time that Esquire has concerned itself with the shape of things to come

As long ago as the mid-Thirties people laughed as they sat down to look at those early Sakhnoffsky drawings purporting to show how sleek and streamlined the boxy cars planes boats office furnishings and similar things of the time would one day become, and we only wish sometimes that old Alexis were still around to help us quietly gloat over how many of those once-fantastic dreams of the distant future have long since come true

We can remember other articles in Esquire in issues back before World War II that must have seemed a lot crazier at the time than they would now—pieces with titles like *Blazing Trails for Television* and things about rocketry by Willy Ley that must have sounded like science fiction There was one 1946 title that must have caused a big laugh—it was a speculative piece on space travel, *Your First Trip to the Moon*

Not that everything we ever predicted has since come true There were some notable exceptions like our prewar piece by the Abbe Dimnet proving that weaponry had become so fearsome that another World War was unthinkable. That was in a gentle time when an atom still seemed about as harmless as an amoeba

But by and large issues of Esquire for the year 1935 still stand up remarkably well after thirty years There was a piece on Joseph P Kennedy in March of that year for one example that you could read in a tiny portion of the time that it would take you to wade through *The Founding Father* this year and would have told you very nearly as much about him

So there's a very good chance that this year's issues including this December's with its wealth of other features that make it again "the gift guide of a nation" will stand up equally well if consulted for any reason in 1995, after an equal lapse of time

But why wait? Although on the record things like this *Redesigning the Twentieth Century* should keep very well, they're even more fun to read today That's one of the best things about this magazine It makes the informative and the instructive so pleasant and painless

—A G

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POLAROID ®

60-second shopping guide

This may be the fastest Christmas shopping you've ever done Take 60 seconds to look over all the Polaroid Land cameras available from the de luxe Color Pack Camera to the new black and white camera for under $20 Decide which ones you want to give Then bring this guide to a camera store and show it to the man (In case you still don't have a Polaroid camera of your own there's a place to check the one you'd like for Christmas)

1. Economy Color Pack Camera. Same big color prints in 60 seconds black and white in 10 Same great film Same electric eye Same fast loading Yet it's half the price of the original model *Price under $60*

For__________ For me ☐

2. Moderate-priced Color Pack Camera Has many de luxe features missing from the economy model such as sharp triplet lens and double image range-and-viewfinder Can use the Polaroid Portrait Kit and many other accessories. *Price under $80*

For__________ For me ☐

3. The almost-luxury model. A great value Most of the important features of the de luxe camera Same sturdy, handsome, brushed chrome body but shutter housing is metal and plastic instead of chrome Nylon strap instead of leather Includes flashgun *Price under $125*

For__________ For me ☐

4 De luxe model of the Color Pack Camera The finest camera Polaroid has ever made Can do things none of the others can make black and white pictures indoors without flash make automatic time exposures up to 10 seconds. Brushed chrome finish leather strap—the works Includes flashgun *Price under $150*

For__________ For me ☐

5. 10-second black and white camera The Swinger incredible new Polaroid Land camera for 10-second black and white pictures. For young men and women for the two Polaroid camera family for business gifts for everybody *Price under $20*

For__________, and for me ☐

You pay more for Benson & Hedges.
And, from recessed mouthpiece to personal case,
you get more

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Esquire's Fiction Editor, one would hope, was kidding when he typed this on an interoffice memo: "While the world rings with his praises our fiction editor remains the same wonderful, humble human being he was when he was out of work." Moot as is the last part of this thought, the opening is indisputable: the collection of short stories *Robert Brown* put together for this issue is an impressive one, and if the world is not as yet ringing with his praises it soon will be. That excerpt with the odd title, *The World (This One), the Flesh (Mrs. Oedipa Maas), and the Testament of Pierce Inverarity* is from *Thomas Pynchon*'s new novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*, to be published by J. B. Lippincott in the spring. Mr. Pynchon's last book was *V*. *The Double Snapper* is by *Irvin Faust* who has had stories published in *The Paris Review*, *The Sewanee Review* and *The Carleton Miscellany*, among others; his last collection was *Roar Lion Roar*. Mr. Faust, who is a dedicated New Yorker, holds a doctorate in the field of guidance from Teachers College, Columbia University. His case studies *Entering Angel's World* were published by Teachers College Bureau of Publications. *Ivo Andric*'s *Thirst* has done nothing except win the Nobel Prize for literature in 1961.

The letter from Ezra Pound to James Joyce on page 151 will be published next year by New Directions as part of a collection edited by Professor Forrest Read of the University of North Carolina. Cornell University's library has the original letter. The editors of Esquire have regularized a few of Pound's punctuations.

The Making of the President 1968! (page 153) is something of a precedent breaker in form, content and in stillsing, in the various scenes, more Esquire staff members than have ever been gathered for a feature before. Associate Editor *Alice Glaser* wrote the script and the songs (*songs?*), and Art Director Samuel Antupit, who at different times drafted his Father-in-Law, his wife and his [illegible] Jennifer to play roles (Jennifer's picture had to be deleted, and we're sorry), feels that his function in the filming should be described as "Son-in-Law." This would make Art Associate Walter Bernard, who was equally involved in the production, "Associate Son-in-Law," surely a precedent-breaking title. There was another precedent breaker as well. At the end of the first day's shooting Godfrey Cambridge was enjoying the whole thing so much that he dashed out of the studio and cavorted off down the sidewalk. We're not sure of this, but it's probably true that the episode marked the first time Godfrey Cambridge, in a shocking pink Klan robe, has been seen dancing down Eighty-third Street and two cars nearly piled into a tree. Some of the hats, by the way, were courtesy of Chez Knebler.

George C. Scott's "*Sorry About That*" (page 208) is an article we're especially proud to offer, not only because of its intrinsic excellence but because we don't think a professional actor has ever before visited and described, as journalist, a theater of war. The feat was possible only because Mr. Scott (and, by the way, the idea was his and he suggested it to us) was graduated from the University of Missouri's School of Journalism before he became an actor, and he has, he says, always regretted not being a creative writer.

When *Nancy Sirkis*, whose book of Newport photographs impressed the publishing world in November 1963, brought in the stunning scenes of Boston beginning on page 174, we knew we had to show them in Esquire with exactly the right text by the right writer to frame them. The perfect writer and we thought of him immediately would be Senator *Edward Kennedy*. We took the photographs to his office, he liked them as much as we did, we herewith publish the results. Viking Press will publish Miss Sirkis' book in the spring of 1966 and it looks very much as though the words Senator Kennedy wrote for us will be part of it.

The triptych illustrating the Pynchon story was made by *Philip Hays*, who last month illustrated *Five Against the Gods*. This month he used wood and watercolor but the last series of paintings were done in Acrilics, a new medium that is completely permanent and indestructible. Mr. Hays describes his style as realistic and surrealistic; they are "hard" paintings. His own word for the atmosphere is "vacnumatic." He has won a lot of awards, including three or four gold medals and about thirty-five to forty awards of merit from such groups as the Art Director's Club of New York and the National Art Director's Club. Mr. Hays, who is thirty-two and lives in New York, had some of his work shown last spring as part of a group exhibition at the D'Arcy Galleries; the Metropolitan has some of his things in its Graphics Collection.

The Mexican travel photographs in last month's issue were taken by Peter Anderson.

And we hope that whatever you may or may not have the time or interest not to read in this issue you'll make sure that the exclusion doesn't include *Tom Williams*' Outdoors column.

Merry Christmas ⊕

Possession...the fabled fragrance so elusive it took a generation to capture

POSSESSION de CORDAY

Pure Spray de Corday $5 · Perfume $6.50 to $35 · Creme Perfume Compact $5 · Bath Powder $5 · Perfume Spray $5

[illegible]

Mrs. R. Elrod Dorough wore a blah, blah, blah.
Mrs. William Simpson Brown wore a blah, blah, blah.
Mrs. J. Anthony Burton wore a blah, blah, blah.

Didn't the men wear anything?

THE NEW YORK CHRONICLE, SUNDAY, NOV. 14, 1965

Children's Hospital Carousel Ball A Merry Whirl Of Success

Left to right: After Six Tuxedo of finest quality imported Mohair/worsted with Brocade Clover Leaf lapel to collar and cuffs. A natural shoulder After Six Tuxedo of Fortrel®/rayon with satin shawl collar, flap pockets, center vent and Mrs. R. Elrod Dorough

Miss Aracelli Maria Cetina Bows at Country Club Transformed Into a Mexican Market Place —3,420 Attend Extravaganza

Harrie J. Gittes, U of Mass. 1958, Becomes Bride

LARCHMONT Nov 13 – Miss Harrie J Gittes Daughter of Mr and Mrs Harry J Gittes was married today to Mr Paul Margulies son of Mr and Mrs P Margulies of New York and Greenwich Conn The Ceremony in the Larchmont Street Presbyterian Church was performed by the Rev Richard M Karp.

The bride wore ivory peau de soie made with a chapel train and a short bouffant veil held by a small crown of peau de soie and lace. She carried black orchids

Mrs. Paul Wasserman Reweds Mr Paul Wasserman

Mrs Paul Wasserman daughter of Mr and Mrs Adam Gilbert of Wilmington Delaware was remarried yesterday to Mr Paul Wasserman son of Mr and Mrs Paul Wasserman of Spring Morning Valley New York A reception followed at the home of the bride's family in Stuyvesant Town, New York

Dr Mary Bess Mobley Married To Charles N M.N Kraver

MURRAY HILL, N Y Nov 13 Mr and Mrs. I C Mobley gave their daughter away yesterday to Mr and Mrs Charles Kraver of South Staten Island, N Y 200 attended the fete

Miss Bunni George Enlists in Wacs.

Miss Bunni George of Radcliffe, Vassar and the Merchant Marine Academy announced today that she had joined the Wacs. At a press conference on her yacht, the S.S. Welcome Aboard and Let Your Hair Down and Relax a Little, she said she was joining the Wacs because "I think it will be a gas." Miss George leaves Newport R.I. on November … this year

Caught while dancing, and having a wonderful time are Mrs. J. Anthony Burton and After Six Full Dress which features new stretch tails of Dacron worsted Lycra® for incredible formal ease and comfort. Tails are also shorter for a smarter proportioned look.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Anthony Burton Are Married To Each Other.

Brown's Cocktail Party

Everyday and especially on Sunday, society pages all over the country snub an integral part of American society… After Six Formals.

Our white ties and tails come out to debutante balls and glittering weddings. After Six tuxedos never stop going to posh fetes and grand galas. Suave gentlemen wear our new Separates (black on black dinner jackets) to all sorts of terribly exciting house parties.

How do we know?

Well we certainly don't find out from society pages. But, we're not the largest makers of men's formals for nothing. People must wear our clothes somewhere.

So next time you read that Mrs. R. Elrod Dorough wore a blah, blah, blah, chances are Mr. R. Elrod Dorough wore a blah, blah, blah by After Six.

after Six
FORMAL WEAR BY RUDOFKER

After Six Formals—22nd & Market Sts., Phila. 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. Formal Wear: Traditional and Contemporary. The Avant Garde Collection, Formal Separates, and all accessories, including shoes.

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Scotch by Seagram

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

To be a Yiddish letter writer

Re: *The Yiddishization of American Humor* (October) by Wallace Markfield

Dear Wallele

Pardon me, but where do you come to open such a mouth? Believe me in Brooklyn you didn't learn such a *meshugas*. Or from Norman Podhoretz neither *a gesund in zein kopf!* Must be from those *farschidene goyim* you hang out with on Madison Avenue.

Nu sonny boy so America is learning how to laugh from the Jews? So who do they have better to learn from? I'll tell you who: Nobody, that's who.

For your fancy schmancy W.A.S.P.y friends, a laugh is a luxury—like a kugel *with* raisins. But for the Jew laughter makes life endurable. So the Jew learns to laugh like somebody else learns to eat. To breathe. So he can survive.

Then *you* come along, a regular Yankel-Come-Lately with your— Never mind! *Shame* on you! You should be wasting a good mind on this *dreck!* How do you think your mother feels—you oughta shame yourself—when the ladies from the building ask her, "Nu, is Wally working yet—or is he still writing?"

So [illegible] *hng in d'red*—you should live and be well, and I hope you find work soon.

Best regards from Natty and the baby.

Love
SHIMMY TEITELBAUM
Brooklyn, N.Y.

John V. Lindsay

In your October issue, Noel E. Parmentel Jr. has written one of the most perceptive pieces of political evaluatory that this reader has seen in print (*John V. Lindsay: Less than Meets the Eye*).

To assume that mass hysteria need be the moral and ethical approach to political power is clearly attacked, and Mr. Lindsay comes out looking like the haggard onetime film star who is finally caught with her make-up off and the wrinkles are suddenly all too visible.

In comparing Lindsay to Kennedy, Parmentel, like Mailer, uses athletic heroes and perhaps justifiably so. Perhaps this is a boxing match where class much to Lindsay's amazement is quite visible and after bobbing his way around the ring he must stand still for that split second when the world can look at him: the second rater will be exposed, but alas, the average dull citizen will be too busy to notice.

Bravo to your Mr. Parmentel for being one not too busy to notice.

JOSEPH BROOKS
New York, N.Y.

Lost in the stars

Mr. Don Erickson has never met a Virgo because such an intelligent, analytical reasoning person would go out of his way to avoid meeting the likes of Mr. Erickson who thinks nothing of tossing off irresponsible statements in a national magazine on a subject he knows nothing about (*Adversaries*, October). If he had ever bothered to study this "astrological nonsense" he might have some idea of what's going on in the world.

Here are some of the Virgos "you never meet": Lyndon B. Johnson, Bob Newhart, Donald O'Connor, Janis Paige, Cardinal Cushing, Leonard Bernstein, Van Johnson, Maxwell Taylor, Sam Goldwyn, Charles Boyer, William Saroyan, Richard Tucker, Huey Long, Regina Resnik, Frederic March, Henry Ford II, Alan Ladd, Eduard Van Beinum, Anton Bruckner, Darius Milhaud, Giacomo Meyerbeer, Billy Rose, Grace Metalious, Anton Dvorak, Maurice Chevalier, Arnold Schoenberg, Dick Haymes, Claudette Colbert, Anne Bancroft, Greta Garbo.

Astrologers know better than to expect favorable comments from the press, who are too busy meeting the deadline to try and figure out what life is all about. However, we don't think it's asking too much for you to follow the adage, "If you can't say something intelligent. . . ."

JOHN ELVIN
Floral Park, N.Y.

P.S. to A.C.G.: Some Cancers you never meet: Jack Dempsey, Ringo Starr, Irvin S. Cobb, Pierre Fournier, Richard Rodgers, Helen Keller, Alexander the Great, Luci Baines Johnson, George Murphy, Stephen Foster, Henry Cabot Lodge, Janet Leigh, Gustav Mahler, Gian-Carlo Menotti, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Van Cliburn, Natalie Wood, Isaac Stern, William Scranton. My objection is more to your attitude than to the statements that you never meet Virgos and Cancers.

Satire is one thing, mockery is another.

History of a non-rebel

As I prepare to begin my senior year at Central Connecticut State College, here in New Britain, I can not help but heartily agree with Publisher Arnold Gingrich's second hand reflections (in the September issue) that college upperclassmen want more than is to be found in "the other" magazines. To prove the point, let me confess how I came to Esquire.

I bought my first copy of Esquire in 1963 (the July issue) because at the time my interest in creative writing was just budding and I was attracted to "The American Literary Scene" format of that issue. I never got past the cartoons until this past summer when, as part of a self-instructed program to become better acquainted with American authors, I read F. Scott Fitzgerald. I recalled something about him being in the July 1963 issue and, after ferreting it out, I found the article *Love to All of You of All Generations*. Rather an interesting surprise.

The next surprise came when I

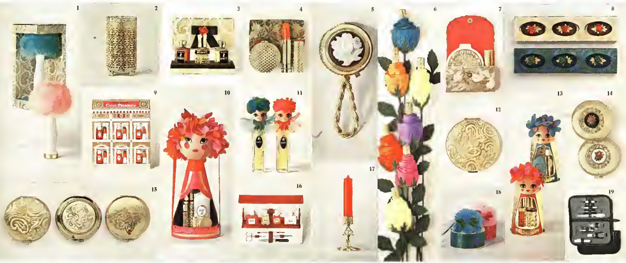
The lusty life is back
And it starts at the Sign of the Pub

Uncork a flask of Pub Cologne. If you hear tankards clash and songs turn bawdy, if the torches flare and the innkeeper locks up his daughter for the night…it's because you've been into the Pub and unloosed the lusty life.

Pub cologne, after-shave, and cologne spray. $3.75 to $10.00. Created for men by Revlon.

Christmas 1965...Revlon introduces 'The Irresistibles'

So many wonderful ways to charm (and disarm) a woman.. ...everything from A-to-Whee, all done up like a Christmas tree!



1 New! Pom Pom Powder Pouff—Revlon's great new way to pamper a lady! Each squeeze of the handle fills the fluffy puff with 'Intimate' or 'Aquamarine' Bath Powder, so she can lavish it all over—in seconds! 5 00

2 'Intimate' Fragrance Candle—to fill the air with that cherished fragrance. Just light the candle in the exquisite gold tone filigree holder and m-m-m-m! 5 00

3 'Intimate' Trio—intriguing new way for her to discover 'Intimate' (cherished as one of the world's 7 great fragrances). Skin silkening Perfume Bath Oil, Spray Mist and Eau de Toilette—all for only 5 00

4 Imported Brocade Evening Caché—the elegant new edition of a Revlon Christmas tradition. Super Lustrous lipstick and Demi-Tasse 'Love Pat' makeup compact both with the look of textured gold in an exquisite little rose and gold brocade case. Just 6 00

5 'Looking Glass' Demi Tasse—the better to see her self! Gold tone compact on a gilded handle with an 'ivory' cameo on the front an elegant mirror on the back. Filled with 'Love Pat' makeup, refillable too. 6 50

6 A Rose is a Rose is a Lipstick Rose (and only Revlon grows it!) Each long stemmed Christmas beauty holds a Super Lustrous lipstick in a gold tone Florentine case. Comes in a long-stemmed gold paisley gift envelope. Pick plenty—they're chicer by the dozen! 2.00 each

7 New Brocade 'Clutchable'—really three gifts in one! Sumptuous case fitted with 'Love Pat' tapestry compact and Super Lustrous lipstick. Pink, blue, white. 3 50

8 'Intimate' and 'Aquamarine' Sachets—to keep her lingerie and linens deliciously scented. 3 rosebud-topped sachets gift boxed in shimmering paisley. 3 50

9 'Color Palazzo' for Lips and Fingertips—a fashion wardrobe of Revlon's most exciting colors! Six Super Lustrous lipsticks, six matching nail enamels. Only 5 00

10 'Revlon Doll'—the doll grown up girls love! A tall and terrific redhead with baby-blue eyes—and all kinds of exciting Revlon gifts inside: 'Intimate' Perfume and Spray Mist in gold tone filigree flacons designed by Van Cleef & Arpels, a lavish bottle of 'Intimate' Milk Bath plus a Demi Tasse 'Love Pat' compact and Super Lustrous lipstick in matching cases that look for all the world like woven gold! 22 50

11 'Aquamarine' Flapadorables—her favorite daytime fragrance in frivolous disguise. Each flapper capped bottle of 'Aquamarine' Eau de Toilette just 2 00

12 Paisley Rondelle Compact—with the look of hand-wrought gold. (Probably the most elegant compact ever created even by Revlon!) For loose powder or filled with 'Love Pat' the complete makeup. Refillable. 5 50

13 Fragrance 'Dream Dolls'—enchanting little chics bearing gifts! 'Intimate' Doll with Spray Mist and new Spray Bath Oil 5 50. 'Aquamarine' Doll with Complexion Soap, Moisture Lotion and Eau de Toilette 4 50

14 Demi Tasse Petit Point Compacts—to give her the best of both worlds! Each tiny golden tone compact is topped with precious petit point from Europe, filled with America's most-loved makeup 'Love-Pat' 4 50

15 Demi Tasse Compacts—so costly-looking, they'd even fool a jewel thief! (Each prettier than the next, each filled with 'Love Pat'.) Richly patterned paisley lamé compact 3 00. Gilt edged 'ivory' cameo or textured gold tone sparkling with pretend gems 5 00

16 Luxurious Lizard Grain Manicure Kit—rich rich red and ready with everything for a perfect manicure. Fitted with the finest of implements, the newest fashion shade in nail enamel and Super Lustrous lipstick. 10 00

17 New 'Intimate' Fragrance Candlestick—to start the holidays in a blaze of beautiful excitement! Light the bright red candle in the gilded cherub base and that cherished 'Intimate' fragrance fills the air. Only 3 85

18 Bath Luxury à la Revlon—the extravagant gesture she'll adore! 'Aquamarine' Bath Powder in a blue green paisley box with a lush aqua puff. Or 'Intimate' Bath Powder in red gold paisley with a pretty pink puff. 3 75

19 The 'Londonaire' for Men—who but Revlon could make such a great case for good grooming! Imported leather kit in a handsome alligator grain fitted with Revlon's fine precision-crafted men's implements. 10 00 noticed that one of my C.C.S.C. English profs was a subscriber to Esquire. Well, now that I will no longer be a student of hers, I can strike out fearlessly and say that she is a wonderful person and that if she is a subscriber to Esquire it must truly be a wonderful magazine.

This week I got the third surprise when I bought the September issue of Esquire. It is a wonderful magazine.

Regrettably, I am not a college rebel (I wear clean clothes, pay tuition, attend classes, do not smoke at all, drink only moderately, confine my lascivious thoughts to male bull sessions, sleep primarily in an empty bed, etc.). But I do have one virtue: I like Esquire.

PETER KILDUFF
New Britain, Conn.

The Tuck School

Although most of what Spencer Klaw says in the article *Harvard's Degree in the Higher Materialism* (October) is unfortunately true, I would however challenge the validity of one statement.

Couched in vague and somewhat elusive terms, Mr. Klaw describes the Harvard Business School as "the oldest of the strictly graduate schools, having been founded in 1908 . . ."

Uncertain as to what this statement means, I nevertheless feel it is necessary to point out that the Amos Tuck School of Business Administration at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, was founded in 1900 and is *the oldest* graduate school of business in the United States.

Much smaller than Harvard and considerably less in vogue, the Tuck School is however considered by many to be at least equal to the Harvard Business School in the quality of its teaching and is unquestionably a few years older.

L. JOSEPH JACQUET
Roslyn, Pa.

When word got around about his new discovery,
18th century London beat a path to Mr. Gordon's door.

It was 1769. All London was abuzz. Ambrosia, they called it. Tantalisingly smooth,
titillatingly dry. Quick as you can say "cheers," London had a new favourite refreshment.
Mr. Gordon's glorious gin. 196 years later, Gordon's is still London's favourite.
Not to mention all the rest of England. And America. And the whole civilised world.
Don't you be the last hold out. Trust the impeccable taste of the English.
Get a bottle of Gordon's. No, get two. You'll need an extra when word gets around.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD. LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

Y.A.F. speaks

I hope you are wrong in saying "as goes Cal so goes the rest," and not only because of the contents of your September issue. But that, in itself, is enough.

Your articles are very informative but taken as a whole give the impression that Students for a Democratic Society and their allies represent typical American college students. Although they may be campus rebels, you failed to point out that they are still a minority, a tiny minority, and are still rebelling against—and advocating—the same things that the campus rebels rebelled against and advocated in the Twenties.

That this vocal minority is a minority can best be exemplified by the S.D.S. which, you claim, is the "front-runner of the Northern student organizations." They have about three thousand members, about one tenth of the membership of Young Americans for Freedom. But you would probably call us a "tiny minority."

Next year, for your "back-to-college issue," you might consider the other ninety-nine percent of the American college students—if they haven't all joined Y.A.F. by then, that is.

ALFRED S. REGNERY
College Director
Young Americans for Freedom
Washington, D.C.

Ode to the Kid

This enclosed to *Cal Kid* (September). My first "letter" to an editor, but I had to say something.

Why Flaw the
Frugal Land?
The seed must speed its
weary search
Through myriad fields of
would-be greed—
Though fastened well to thorough needs
Spilled—unnurtured!—by
personal greed to live
—to drive
without its sacred knowledge
Cropped too soon by its
own hand
Our frugal land must bear
the innocent who dare to question

GUY HOWARD
Houston, Tex.

Patriotic problem

Lately I've become scared, and by something I suppose I've seen every day of my life: patriotism. Blind patriotism.

A lot of mention has been given lately to young men's obligation, their "duty," to fight for their country. It seems that if a man happens to be nonviolent and refuses

What makes a shy girl get Intimate?
PARFUM
Intimate
REVLON FRANCE

It's the fragrance that does all the flirting for her.
The uninhibited perfume that makes things happen. What kind of things?
That's her affair.

Created by Revlon...Intimate Parfum, spray mist and bath accessories.
Intimate...cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances.

to fight, he is considered a beatnik, Communist, no-good etc., though I must point out most of these "beatniks" are more genuinely concerned about our well-being than the "patriots." No, they do not claim to be one-hundred-percent Americans; they won't back the U.S. in every case, right or wrong; but this does not make them degenerates. Robert Shelton and his Ku Klux Klan are all one-hundred-percent Americans, for that matter.

The nonviolent conscientious objectors in this country are concerned not just with America's future but with humanity's. They believe in promoting universal understanding and are working toward peace in this way, rather than fighting. They believe in quelling war at the source, thereby eliminating it permanently, rather than merely fighting for a peace which is actually only a lapse between wars.

We have among these objectors writers, poets, professors, artists, social workers and so on, each making a contribution toward a permanent peace by attempting to promote understanding, yet they are sneered at for not condoning war and for refusing to participate in it. And those who sneer are doing less for peace and are much less concerned than those they criticize.

Of course there are the insincere among the objectors. Some of the West Coast students are merely following, revolting against our social system in general; some are doing it for "kicks" or for sensationalism, but we must not confuse the sincere with the sensation-seekers. We cannot make a general judgment and expect it to be accurate.

I realize, of course, that we are rather limited in possibilities for immediate action. Perhaps we must make our stand in Vietnam to halt aggression *temporarily*, but we must also plan for the future and attempt to get at the causes of aggression, to end it forever. This we must do by spreading understanding, and those qualified to do so should do so and not be hindered by the meddling propaganda of those qualified only to contribute to an immediate and temporary stop. Each has its place and purpose, and neither should interfere with the other.

And let us recognize and show appreciation where it is due, and not recrucify Christ nor reexecute Socrates.

VIRGIL ELLIOTT, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.

Ivy and after

Thank you for Midge Decter's article in the September issue (*The Ivy League Girls on the Road*), which was my introduction to Esquire. In 1934 I was alarmingly like the "Ivy League Girl" Miss Decter writes about, and I am a little disturbed to know she is still being foisted upon the business community. (That is, I was such a girl if a University of Wisconsin diploma is considered among those given by the "two dozen choicest universities and colleges in the United States.") I was in "advertising and journalism" in the East and Middle West, and everything Miss Decter says about her heroine could have been said about me. I had an honor's thesis re H. L. Mencken "as a literary critic" and a very polite (and amusing for him I am sure) correspondence with him; some assurance that I was an "*interesting girl*."

More than a quarter of a century of marriage, a family of sons, one of them severely retarded, taught me "a lesson that men have known at least from the beginning of recorded history: any real antidote to boredom, whatever it might be, is bound to be located far outside that most boring of all places, oneself." My husband and I were charter members of the Wisconsin Association for Retarded Children, and activities outside his profession and mine for twenty years have been devoted to the success of this group. It even led me into a Master's degree in special education five years ago, and a "career" that doesn't at all seem like work: an instructor to high school students who are homebound and hospitalized because of long term recuperations from illnesses.

Articles such as Miss Decter's might possibly do a great service to young women if they appeared in any of the women's magazines that clutter the newsstands.

MRS. F. C. GEE
Milwaukee, Wis.

Somebody's always shoving free matches at you.
So why buy a lighter?

Matches are swell for lighting stoves. But not a girl's cigarette or a client's cigar.

You open a matchbook. Rip out a match. Close the book. Then strike the match and duck sulphur fumes in one move.

Finally, you can't find an ash tray for the burned stub. So you drop it on the floor.

You don't drop a lighter. Especially a Colibri butane.

It's something to hold on to. Sure. Solid. Get the heft and feel of a butane by Colibri.

Just squeeze the trigger. It always lights. Three thousand rounds of tapered flame.

Inside the lighter, a tiny thermostat adjusts the flame-height automatically. So, there's no valve to fumble.

A Colibri is all poise and polish. So lighting up looks smooth. Easy.

That's what a lighter is for.

Colibri

Butane purse and pocket lighters in many jewelry finishes from $9.95 to $500. Others from $5.95. Butane table lighters from $16.50.

LONDON MONTREAL PARIS FRANKFURT ZURICH BRUSSELS DUBLIN AMSTERDAM [illegible] WEST ST. MT. VERNON N.Y. 10550

Where to buy it? See page 319.

Have you noticed that the Smooth Canadian gets to the best parties?

Where the conversation sparkles and the
silver gleams, that's where you find Seagram's V.O.
Perhaps it's because V.O. does what no other whisky can—
defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course.
Shouldn't you order it for your next shindig?

Known by the company it keeps.
Seagram's
Canadian V.O.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN IN UPPER VOLTA AFTER THEY'VE MET LLOYD HAND

L.B.J.'s Chief of Protocol doles out the Old Texas Hospitality

by Ernest Wittenberg

The Age of Y'all Come diplomacy began officially on January 20, 1965, when Lyndon Baines Johnson of Texas took the oath of office as President of the United States in a business suit. The very next day he signed on a redheaded thirty-six-year-old Texas lawyer named Lloyd Nelson Hand as U.S. Chief of Protocol. Hand's orders, in effect, were to put the L.B.J. Brand on the highly stylized and formal business of meeting, greeting and entertaining foreign dignitaries.

It almost appears as if Johnson chose Hand, a close friend, by the dictionary definition of the word 'protocol,' which is: 'the first page of a volume, glued to the cover and containing an account of the manuscript.' Hand is a précis of the American dream. He is the son of a steelworker. He worked his way through the University of Texas waiting on tables and janitoring. He earned letters in golf and tennis. He became president of the student body and eloped with a beautiful girl whose father had said no. He made his way quietly on Capitol Hill for four years as a Johnson assistant and, more spectacularly, for another four years in Beverly Hills as a businessman.

As the man responsible for converting the President's international invitations into full-scale state visits, Hand interprets the Johnson style in personal diplomacy as a "mixture of warmth, friendliness, dignity and a minimum of useless ceremony." The kings, presidents, premiers, shahs and other accepted crossword-puzzle definitions of potentate who show up at the White House find a relaxed atmosphere and touches of unexpected excitement, such as the post-midnight presidential caravan hurrying down Constitution Avenue to show a visiting dignitary from Africa the Lincoln Memorial by moonlight.

The man who was treated to a tuxedo-clad flashlight-lit ascent of the Memorial steps with President Johnson was Maurice Yaméogo, President of Upper Volta, whose state visit last spring was the first for the Johnson-Humphrey administration, as it was the launching of Lloyd Hand as impresario and presidential stand-in. Large or small, each country gets the same Full Treatment, and all the right buttons were pushed for Upper Volta, the home of the Bobo and Mossi tribes. It is an arid, landlocked country north of the Ivory Coast with five million people who have a per-capita annual income of $50.

Hand began preparations for the visit by taking French lessons from an auto stereo set during the thirty-minute drive to and from his home in Virginia each day. He boned up on Upper Volta and the rest of what used to be French West Af-

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But women get the message.

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Where to buy it? See page 318.

rica and then set up a series of planning conferences in his paneled State Department office with the Upper Volta ambassador to the United States J. Borema Kabore, a Mossi geologist turned diplomat. Kabore is a cheerful man who doubles as ambassador to the United Nations and accepts philosophically the fact that very, very few Americans know where his country is or that it exists at all. One day he jokingly suggested that the name of his country be changed to Congo because that had instant recognition.

Ambassador Kabore and Hand reduced protocol to a first-name basis (J. Borema became John) while they were compiling a working dossier on Yaméogo to tailor to his interests two days in Washington and eight around the rest of the United States. Yaméogo is a Lincoln buff. He has a bust of the Emancipator in his office and relates incidents in his own life, which began on a poor Mossi farm, to Lincoln's. Another of his enthusiasms is the American Indian whose tools and weapons resemble those still used by the Mossi. Nationally, Upper Volta is interested in new markets for its cattle, almost the sole export, and in irrigating its parched land.

It appeared that Yaméogo's visit was going to be a good one for Lloyd Hand's maiden effort. Yaméogo was already a friend of the United States and an anti-Communist. Just as important, he had interests in common with President Johnson, who can talk cattle and irrigation at the drop of a modified ten-gallon hat and is at home immediately with anyone who can distinguish between a bull and a cow. Just a few weeks before he had admiringly described Prime Minister Sato of Japan, to his dinner guests of the evening:

"The prime minister and I have found many personal interests in common during our productive conversations today. We both come from the Southwestern regions of our countries. We both are able to boast of the beef produced in our native sections."

Johnson's loyalty to the brotherhood of the soil showed up also when he toasted Premier Segni of Italy: "Both of us were raised on the land and we have never forgotten the land." And he marched through life side by side with President Tsiranana, of Malagasy Republic: "We were both born in cattle country of parents of meager means. In the 1930's we were both teachers. We both entered public service in the legislative branch."

This roots-in-the-soil type of camaraderie is a two-way street and even the sophisticated countries give it right back to the President in kind by expressing themselves in terms of Texas. Prime Minister Eshkol of Israel flunked a test probably for the first time in his life when he told Mr. Johnson: "Israel is maybe smaller than the smallest county in Texas." He did say *maybe*, but *The World Almanac* eliminates all doubt. Israel has 7,993 square miles more than *any* of the two hundred fifty-four Texas counties. Prime Minister Wilson, from the land of Shakespeare and Milton, waded right in too: "We have no Texans, Mr. President—not yet. A Yorkshire prime minister and a Yorkshire secretary for defense is the next best thing. We are the largest state in our union and we have no Alaska. It is difficult to define a Yorkshireman but if you think of a Texan you understand about what we have in Yorkshire."

In one of the early meetings Hand inquired discreetly if Yameogo was planning to bring a gift, a matter of some delicacy because the State Department doesn't want to appear to be *asking* for it, but still

Wanted—from Main Street to Mandalay.
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth.
Extra Dry for exotic Martinis...
Sweet, for inviting Manhattans.
The most...coast to coast.

Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi [illegible] on the rocks.
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Exclusive Florsheim Weathered Moss has given the go-ahead green light to the entire men's apparel industry. Rich, deep color to bring out the best in your new olive-toned clothing. And beneath that elegant shading you'll find incomparable Florsheim quality in every detail, your assurance of longer wear and greater comfort with every pair.

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I love, you love, we all love to fall in love!

Max Factor Gift-Wraps A Christmas Love Story

Love is a pampered beauty purring with joy. Everything beautiful for her bath (from soap and bubbles and powders and puffs to Parfum Cologne) is swept into this lavishly fragrant gift that will sweep *any* woman off her feet (and into the nearest bath!) Perfumed with the hauntingly lovely aura of Hypnotique. Max Factor's Bath Spectacular. 8.50

Love is a fable for two: a romantic Regency Packette for her (or them)! Inside, a gold-toned compact filled with Creme Puff and a shimmering UltraLucent Lipstick. 5.50 the set.

Love is a fickle female finding happiness at last with not one, but fourteen (!) colors in a lavish Lipstick Boutique. 5.00. Who could ask for anything more?

Love is a sigh of happiness, caused by a sigh of fragrance. Make her fall gladly in love with Hypnotique Spray Mist Parfum Cologne ...and you! 3.00

Love is a kiss of perfumed bath powder, whispering sweet somethings to her skin. Hypnotique or Primitif Deluxe Bath Powder with Deluxe Lamb's Wool Powder Puff. 3.50

Love is a cool cat hugging a flacon of exotic, exciting Primitif perfume. 1.75 Or lovebirds cooing over a flacon of Hypnotique perfume. 2.00 Darling gifts. Darling prices!

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Love is a he-man wearing a big grin. Because you gave him Max Factor's Gentlemen's After Shave Lotion, 1.50 or famous Signature Cologne 2.50.

Love is a line he'll fall for. Max Factor's brilliantly rugged new Royal Regiment fragrances for men. Here, the leather fresh Cologne. 4.50

Love is a happy ending
...and so is Christmas, when the gifts you give are utterly fabulous, happily heart-warming, and wrapped with love by

Max Factor

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must prepare our President with counter gifts if necessary Yaméogo, it turned out, was bringing something that would be really useful in Texas a Voltan saddle for the President's horse

Hand is the father of five small children, and thus is pretty good at choosing presents so he enjoyed giving advice on what to get for an African President with a deep and abiding love for the American West. The White House finally chose a Cochiti tribal drum and a silver box with the Presidential seal and an appropriate Lincoln quotation

The most successful gift ever presented by Johnson was a color Polaroid camera to His Majesty Mwami Mwambutsa IV, King of Burundi a camera bug. His Majesty took pictures of the Johnsons and left for New York. A week later he was back an unheard-of situation in protocol wanting to take some more pictures at the White House Snapping his shutter at everything in sight His Majesty Mwami Mwambutsa IV stayed in the United States for a month leaving affairs of state in Burundi to their own course.

Hand and Ambassador Kabore met again a few days later at a session of the District of Columbia Citizens Reception Committee, which was coordinating its plans for decorating downtown Washington for Yaméogo's visit. The committee is the same type of mayor's committee you find in any American town or city Only its props are different and a little larger than life Instead of mustering a high-school band or two and the local Army recruiting office for a parade, as you might in Erie Pennsylvania, Hand an ensign in the Navy during the Korean War, has at his service the whole Pentagon and becomes chief impresario for the crack marching units and the cream of the military bands

"The success of this visit depends so much on you and your knowledge of how to make a guest feel welcome in this city," Hand said to the Citizens Committee He introduced Kabore who had just stepped off the air shuttle Kabore said "I am always glad to be back here in Washington " then listened with mounting interest to the reports of the various chairmen One was going to make a triumphal arch across Pennsylvania Avenue in front of Treasury out of two hook and ladders swathed in hundreds of yards of bunting in the Volta colors One thousand posters were to be printed with Yaméogo's picture and hung all around the parade route Federal employees would be given time off to watch the two presidents go by

The next night Lloyd and Ann Hand dazzled the Washington diplomatic missions, all one hundred fourteen members with a reception at Blair House. Hand arrived after a tough day in the area of diplomatic immunity, another of his functions. The Washington *Post* had listed, embassy by embassy, the number of scofflaw unpaid parking tickets each country had accumulated and the West German ambassador Herr Knappstein, complained that he had been overcharged by two hundred tickets a figure the West Germans came up with by counting their unpaid tickets, *eins, zwei, drei* Turned out he was right The police had mistakenly debited him with two hundred belonging to the Soviet Embassy

Paul Masson said, "Brandy is the only drink distilled from something good to drink."

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(4) Was it worth the wait? (5) Judge for yourself.

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

The Hands looked like the president of the student body and the lovely blonde homecoming queen greeting the alumni of a particularly cosmopolitan college after a successful game. Claudia Taylor Johnson dropped in looking as pretty as a lady bird. Hand left his place at the door to introduce her to his guests and he never stumbled over a name or failed to block unobtrusively the overeager ambassadors who might jostle the boss's wife. The President was working late at the White House on a crisis in Selma, but Hubert Humphrey came over and stayed to the end. The Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, a suave Nicaraguan named Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa pronounced the Hands "muy simpatico."

Next day came the final approval. The Washington newspapers which cover such events in great detail, declared the Hands a success.

Three days before the arrival, Hand walked through the arrangements for Yaméogo's reception by President Johnson on the south lawn of the White House. Bareheaded in the rain Hand bounded around the grounds six paces ahead of the little entourage that trailed in his wake.

"All right," he said. "So now the ambassadors are in the diplomatic reception room and they've met President Johnson and President Yaméogo. How do we get them out again so we can start the parade?"

"We've always had them go out the same way they came in, but it's a little confusing," said Samuel L. King, Hand's Assistant Chief of Protocol for Visits.

"Then let's find a new way!" Hand blazed a trail around the Rose Garden, stopping only long enough to chat with two Secret Service agents with the morality-play names of Goodenough and Livingood. "Does this way do it, Sam?"

"Perfect. Now I have just one more problem. When *their* President lands on the Ellipse and gets in the limousine, *our* President is usually inside, waiting for the car to pull up. I'd be happier if he were out here."

"I'll talk to him about it," Hand promised. "Now in foul weather it all moves to the North Portico. Let's go through that ceremony."

At five p.m. Friday the Hands left for Africa in the silver thirty-five-passenger custom 707 that protocol uses to call for Presidential guests who don't have their own national airline. The airport at Ouagadougou, Upper Volta's capital, couldn't handle the jet so it put in at Abidjan in the Ivory Coast. President Yaméogo and his party flew the five-hundred miles to Abidjan by DC-3 and Ivory Coast protocol sped the 707 with the Hands and Yaméogos aboard, into the distance like the end of a movie travelogue with bands, African dancers, troops, color guard and speeches. The party spent Sunday night in Colonial Williamsburg and left at ten-thirty five a.m. Monday for the one-hour chopper ride to the Ellipse.

Rain was coming down in buckets Monday morning in Washington and it looked as if Lloyd Hand would have to call for the Foul Weather Plan. At ten thirty, though, the sun decided to shine on Upper Volta, and the thousand flags spread around town on the streets. The only flaw in the arrangements was that the Citizens Committee posters announcing the parade didn't mention the name of the country. "Welcome to Washington, President and Mrs. Yaméogo." There were pictures of Johnson and Yaméogo but no identification. "Where's he from?" people asked.

Out on the south lawn it didn't really matter who was coming or where

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

he was from Pageantry was inexorably under way Units of the Army, Navy Marines Air Force and Coast Guard were lined up across the lawn next to the U S Army Band to render full military honors A roped-off press bullpen faced a platform mounted with the Presidential lectern Behind the speakers' platform were standing-room spaces for ambassadors and other distinguished guests At eleven-fifteen about a hundred men and women trooped out of the White House and took positions behind the press area These were employees, Wagnerian extras brought in to cheer the hero

Precisely at eleven thirty-five a.m two helicopters landed on the Ellipse and while *their* President was getting into his limousine, Lloyd Hand's promise to Sam King was proved as good as gold. Our President, in a natty blue suit walked up the driveway with Lady Bird to the strains of *Hail to the Chief* and stopped exactly where he was expected The U S Army Herald Trumpets, lined up along the Truman balcony heralded A black car darted up the drive, the door swung open, Lloyd Hand leaped out and when the two leaders were facing each other he said "Mr. President President Yaméogo of Upper Volta" Mrs Hand introduced Mrs. Yameogo to Lady Bird Lady Bird handed Mrs Yaméogo two dozen red roses; she held them like a baby against her electric blue Paris suit.

L B J stood transfixed through the playing of the Upper Volta national anthem, which is about half again longer than *The Star Spangled Banner* Lloyd Hand squinting slightly thrust his chin forward and held the position of attention through the twenty-one gun salute both anthems and the Presidential review of the troops After every two sentences of his welcoming remarks Johnson stopped to let the interpreter bring Yaméogo up-to-date. The interpreter always began formally "Monsieur le president" Yaméogo looked straight ahead nodding in acknowledgment. When Yaméogo's turn came to respond, one of Hand's minions gave him a stepstool which he mounted with a shy smile at Mr Johnson This brought him up to microphone height, but far below the eminence of L.B J

Hand rode in the car with the two Presidents in the circuitous parade to Blair House. On its steps there was another ceremony in which Yaméogo was given a key to the city Across Pennsylvania Avenue, the Marine Band played While President Yaméogo was making his remarks of gratitude amplified on the Avenue two Negro teenagers came by on the other side of the street

"Listen to that cat speaking French!" one of them said.

At the White House dinner that evening President Johnson toasted President Yameogo with warmth dignity and a minimum of useless ceremony

"Over the past three years the University of Texas conducted a major study of the grasses of West Africa, including your own Upper Volta The most popular general book on the list of the University of Texas Press is about the folklore of West Africa, including Upper Volta. Students of that campus where my beloved wife once roamed study the dialects of West Africa, including Upper Volta And because of the very growing demand I am told that an Institute of African Studies is being inaugurated devoted to Africa's rich history and culture, including Upper Volta."

It all seemed to fit into Ann Hand's definition of her husband's job "All we have to do is make people feel at home" ##

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Where to buy it? See page 329

Wading through the waters off lovely Lyford Cay

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Doing some preliminary checking for *Your Own Special Island*, which you'll find on page 240, we started delving into what constituted a Greater as against a Lesser Antille and we came up with what should be a good way to pick up some quick money on sucker bets.

Nine people out of ten would be willing to bet you that the Bahamas aren't part of the West Indies—especially if they are Bahamians. But, according to the best authorities the Bahamas *are* West Indies. The Columbia Encyclopedia, for instance, says that the West Indies, sometimes called the Antilles, are divided into three main sections: the Bahama Islands, the Greater Antilles and the Lesser Antilles, and Webster's Geographical Dictionary backs up this definition.

But the Bahamas aren't part of the *Caribbean* area, since they're cut off from it by Cuba and Hispaniola. Incidentally, while we're still sitting in the geography class, you might want to spark your after-dinner conversation with the information that the Greater Antilles consist of Cuba, Jamaica, Hispaniola (uneasily shared by Haiti and the Dominican Republic) and Puerto Rico, and the Lesser Antilles are made up of the Leeward Islands, the Windward Islands, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago and the Dutch and Venezuelan Islands just off the north coast of South America.

You might also be able to pick up some nosmart money on the question of how many islands make up the Barbados. ("Just what *are* Barbados?" an Englishwoman is reported to have asked.) Answer: there are no Barbados; there is the island of Barbados—its plural name comes from the Portuguese word for "the bearded ones," supposedly given to the island by its Portuguese discoverer because of the beardlike vines hanging from its trees.

There are the Bermudas, though, most of which have been joined together to form Bermuda, which is way out in the Atlantic

"Oh, well, he was king for a day!"

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and has nothing whatever to do with the West Indies. And Barbuda, which sounds like Bermuda with a cold, one of the Leewards in the Lesser Antilles.

We're very glad that the Bahamas may be considered as part of the West Indies, because we had set ourselves the task of reporting what's new in the West Indies, and a large part of what's new nowadays is taking place in the rapidly developing Bahamas.

The British colony is preceding its mother country into the monetary decimal system late this year or early next year when dollars and cents decorated with flamingos, starfish, bonefish, pineapples and straw workers will supplant the present sterling.

The new Bahamas dollar will be about par with the U.S. dollar, worth about seven shillings, and the coins should be a collector's dream. There'll be a square fifteen-cent piece, a two-dollar piece graced by two flamingos, a five-dollar piece with the Bahamas coat of arms, and other coins ranging all the way up to one hundred dollars in value. There'll also be a three-dollar bill.

Britain, meanwhile, will be wallowing in the morass of pounds, shillings and pence until it changes over sometime within ten years.

Many of the Bahamas' most newsworthy happenings are going on at booming Grand Bahama Island, forty-three miles off the Florida east coast, especially in or near the Freeport area. "Bahamia," the 1500-acre, $100,000,000 complex of shipping magnate Daniel K. Ludwig is fast assuming impressive proportions. His three-hundred-room King's Inn hotel, opened only last spring, is already undergoing considerable expansion and improvement. Changes include the addition of a new wing to contain 137 additional guest rooms, and eight new guest cottages (bringing the total to about 460 rooms), a nightclub in the swimming pool area and a new restaurant to be created by combining the two dining rooms of the original construction into one.

Another facet of this development is the Bahamia Golf and Country Club, scheduled to open about December 1. The building is almost completed and the course designed by the late Dick Wilson is in an advanced state of preparation. A number of tournaments have been scheduled for this winter, including a Grand Bahama Open in January.

Also well advanced is the Bahamia Beach Club, which will be open to hotel guests and residents. Construction is under way on Grand Bahama's second casino and the new International Shopping Bazaar, both within the "Bahamia" boundaries. The casino on Sunrise Highway immediately opposite the King's Inn and Golf Club, is scheduled to open February 1.

The International Shopping Bazaar will include sections featuring the architecture, customs and merchandise of many lands including Algeria, India, Denmark, Italy, England, Hong Kong, France, Japan, Spain and the Bahamian Out Islands. The first section is expected to open February 1, the shopping complex should be complete and in operation by next May. The International Bazaar will incorporate five restaurants serving exotic food.

Construction on still another phase of Bahamia—a seven-hundred-room ocean-front hotel to be known as the Bahamia Princess—began in October; the hotel is scheduled to open just about a year from now in December 1965. Around the golf course and lagoon areas a thousand homesites have been laid out, and at least three hundred homes are expected to be built by the end of 1966. This whole section

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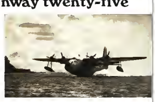

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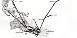

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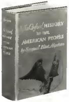
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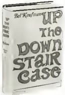
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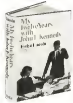
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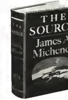
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will be known as Bahamia Estates, a golf and boating community with homes in the $40,000 to $90,000 range.

The new Holiday Inn opened on October 15. It is a few hundred yards down the beach from the Lucayan Beach Hotel. This newest member of the Holiday Inn group is its largest, with 614 rooms.

Another new development at Freeport is the introduction of daily cruises between Miami and Freeport by the M.S. *Lucaya*, a new 4,500-ton cruise ship which has been in service since May 28 as the *Wappen von Hamburg*. The ship is expected to leave Miami daily at 9 a.m., arriving in Freeport at 1:30 p.m., remaining five-and-a-half hours, and returning to Miami about 11:30 p.m. The round-trip fare is $19.

Ready for December opening is the new Oceanus Hotel, a 168-room resort in the Lucaya section of Freeport on a finger of land surrounded almost entirely by the waters of Bell Channel Bay. The Oceanus will be a complete resort with its own docks and facilities for sailing, water skiing and deep-sea fishing, as well as tennis and golf. It will also be the headquarters for the Underwater Explorers Club with equipment for training in scuba diving. Guests and members may rent complete underwater photography equipment, and darkroom and processing facilities are available in the club. Underwater activities are directed by Al Tillman, an internationally famous diver.

Recreational activities of the Freeport-Lucaya area of Grand Bahama have been diversified with the opening of the Freeport Bahamas Winchester Gun Club's seventy-acre public trap and skeet shooting installation this past September. Situated within easy access of the major resort centers, the club is floodlighted for night shooting, and there's an air-conditioned lounge and snack bar in the modern clubhouse.

Many new projects are under way on New Providence, Nassau's home island. Completion is expected in December of a four-story addition to the Sheraton British Colonial Hotel containing 174 rooms, twenty-two shops and a waterfront restaurant. The shops will be arranged around a court that actually will be an extension of adjacent Bay Street. It will contain arched walkways with a fountain in the center. The $2,000,000 project will bring the British Colonial's total number of rooms to 474, making it the largest resort in Nassau.

Having enlarged its Colony Room, the Nassau Beach Hotel is proceeding with plans to add 170 guest rooms and expand its convention facilities. Nassau's Mayfair Hotel has been completely rebuilt with 132 air-conditioned rooms, more than doubling its capacity.

Intercontinental Hotels, a subsidiary of Pan American Airways, has announced plans for an $8,000,000 five-story, three-hundred-room resort hotel on the former Bahamas Country Club property on Cable Beach. It is expected to include a restaurant serving four hundred guests, and a convention hall seating one to three thousand people, and guests will have the use of the golf and tennis facilities of the adjacent Nassau Golf Club. Also at Cable Beach, the Blue Vista apartment block has been converted into a hotel containing thirty-five suites, forty-three rooms, a swimming pool, two restaurants and two bars.

An old Nassau favorite hotel, the Prince George, is reopening after reconstruction that will give it a total of sixty-six rooms and two restaurants, a new lobby, shopping arcade and Bay Street entrance.

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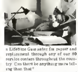

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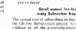

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The back nine holes at the Coral Harbour Club opened this past summer, completing the 6730-yard course. Although Coral Harbour is a private club, the course is open to guests of the Nassau Beach, Emerald Beach, Sheraton-British Colonial, Montagu Beach, Royal Victoria, Balmoral Club, Nassau Harbour and Pilot House hotels.

There's lots of activity, too, on the island of Eleuthera. Sir Sydney Oakes' forty-room luxury hotel is due for opening just about now as the center of a community of homes and apartments at Whale Point. Scheduled to open at just about the same time is the Coral Sands Beach and Tennis Club on Harbour Island, just off the northern edge of Eleuthera. Initial capacity of the cottage colony will be sixty guests. A later Eleuthera development will be the ten-acre Tranquility Bay Club near Governor's Harbour.

On the island of Great Abaco, the Treasure Cay Hotel's expansion to a hundred rooms is expected to be completed in January, and the new 18-hole, Dick Wilson golf course should be playable shortly after you read this.

Two recent developments are expected to expand greatly the air services to the Bahamas: opening of the new jetport at Freeport, Grand Bahama, and the proposed merger of Eastern Air Lines with Mackey, the line connecting the Bahamas with various Florida cities.

The merger would make available to the Bahamas the increased space of Eastern's jets and the push of Eastern's sales force behind direct flights from major American cities to the Bahamas. Early announcements indicate Eastern's desire to connect both Nassau and Freeport with Chicago and Detroit. The proposal would also put Eastern in the hotel business, at least in a small way, as Mackey owns the Sunshine Inn on Bimini.

National Airlines has proposed direct Bahamas service from the West Coast and Delta Air Lines also has applied for routes to the Bahamas.

Now that Freeport has jet facilities, BOAC-Cunard has announced a New York-Freeport jet service to be inaugurated in December. Air Canada also has announced direct flights, Toronto to Freeport, to begin about that time.

And Bahamas Airways is also stepping up its facilities and services. The island line has taken added space in the Miami International Airport, flight frequencies have been increased, and new equipment is being sought to replace the DC-3's which have been the mainstay of its services to the Bahamas Out Islands.

But all the news in the West Indies certainly isn't confined to the Bahamas. The French West Indies are perking up in anticipation of the French Government's plans to launch a five-year program beginning in 1966 to expand tourist facilities throughout its island possessions.

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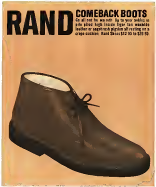
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Where to buy it? See page 319

Air France is inaugurating direct jet service from New York to the French Antilles on December 5 flying 707 Intercontinentals nonstop from New York to Guadeloupe and continuing to Martinique and to the British islands of Barbados and Trinidad. The New York-Guadeloupe run will be made in slightly under four hours and service will be once a week until December 1966, when it will be stepped up according to traffic

The French airline also operates interisland service in the Caribbean, with flights originating in San Juan and serving St Martin Antigua, Pointe-à-Pitre, Fort de France Bridgetown Port of Spain Georgetown, Paramaribo and Cayenne San Juan is an Air France jet gateway to Paris via Pointe-à-Pitre and Lisbon

Martinique will have a new hotel when the Bakoua opens across the bay from Fort de France in mid-December Its two wings will contain sixty rooms, all with balconies facing the beach and there'll be an open air thatched-roof dining room

There's all sorts of news from the Virgin Islands, too, all of it good They emerged from the recent duty-free-reduction hassle smelling of roses as they, together with American Samoa and Guam, are the only places from which you can return with purchases totalling twice the regular $100 duty free allowance—and how many tourists are going to Samoa and Guam these days?

This has served to entrench St Thomas even more solidly as the cruise capital of the Caribbean—and maybe even of the whole wide world In the six months between this November and next April a total of 175 liners are slated to put in at St Thomas disgorging a total of 100 000 passengers along the waterfront and up into Main Street howling for bargains like packs of beagles in full cry

The Virgin Islands, you see, are a free port and the treaty by which we bought them from Denmark in 1917 to prevent possible takeover by the Germans as a submarine base in World War I guarantees that they will stay that way Which means that you can buy liquor cameras, perfume woolens, silks watches and various other shopping goodies at prices even lower than in their countries of origin

Tie that in with the fact that you're allowed to bring back twice as much stuff duty free from the Virgin islands as you can from the rest of the world—and adults can bring back four quarts of liquor from the Virgin islands compared with the quart allowed elsewhere—and you'll understand the islands' popularity with shopping tourists as what tourist isn't?

The Virgins are among the most beautiful pearls of the Antilles. Visitors who can tear themselves away from the shops of St. Croix will be able to play a fine new Robert Trent Jones golf course come January it's the magnificent 18-hole, 6870-yard par 72 layout built for Laurance and David Rockefeller along beautiful green rolling valleys running from just below the Scenic Drive on the north coast down to distant sugarcane fields overlooking the Caribbean on the south

So it goes all through the West Indies New hotels resorts cottage colonies homesites and real-estate developments restaurants, golf courses—whole new areas being opened for the visitor and part-time resident. Take the comparatively little-known island of Sint Maarten for instance. Part of it is French and the other part Dutch, and neither had done anything much about developing its tourist attractions until recently Now a small boom is on

Construction is well under way on two multimillion-dollar hotels expected to be in operation sometime this winter The first is the 168 room, $2 400 000 Bon Bini slated to open in February, and the second is the hundred villa, $3 000 000 Castel Sint Maarten Hotel-Casino They will add to the luxury facilities already available at the Caravanserai, which opened last winter and a number of other attractive smaller hotels

And even busy, bustling Puerto Rico has come up with something new and different—the $3 800 000 Racquet Club Hotel designed especially for tennis players and scheduled for December opening in the Isla Verde section of San Juan There are 160 rooms plus twenty-two poolside cabanas and there'll be eight tennis courts to start and more to be added as word spreads among tennis buffs. Even the swimming pool is shaped like a tennis racquet the children's wading pool forming the handle ##

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Where to buy it? See page 318.

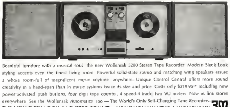
OUTDOORS

THOMAS WILLIAMS

Once while hunting ruffed grouse on our mountain, I came gradually but certainly to the conclusion that I was not where I really was. I'd crossed Clark Brook in a steep little valley, and climbed up through great beech and yellow birch into land which was unfamiliar to me. I'd been through it years before but each depression, as each large boulder didn't strike me with the kind of maplike solidity it would have on more familiar land. When I came back down to my brook again, it all seemed new and strange and I had convinced myself that I was a ridge away on another brook. I wasn't more than a mile from the cabin, standing at a little granite staircase and pool I'd fished through not more than a couple of months before and yet I was absolutely certain that I was in fact on Brock Brook, a half mile away.

It is the nature of this certainty that fascinates me. Something happens in the wilderness, where there are no straight lines, where the land is owned and stabilized and changed only by the weather and the trees, that is unsettling and at the same time intensely pleasurable. I remember portaging with my father in the Arrowhead Country of Northern Minnesota, when I was nine or ten. I came to the edge of an uninhabited lake and saw a house—windows, roof line and chimney—made in my selective consciousness out of the random crisscrosses of branches and the trunks of trees. The house was there and yet as I approached the branches sorted themselves into wilderness again and the huge and comforting house vanished. Vanished like smoke and nothing was left of it—not one sawn board or shingle, or pane of glass. That hollow feeling of aloneness, even of abandonment, was the nearest thing to nightmare I'd ever experienced while awake. And yet after that I courted the experience, and looked for more of those houses among the trees just to see them swirl off into emptiness again and once again feel that deep pang of loneliness.

My experience on the brook reminded me of this compulsive game I'd played as a child because when I climbed up out of the brook's gorge I came to a place on the Clark Trail I knew very well. An hour before I'd sat on that rock and smoked a cigarette. There was the apple tree, bent and blasted yet still alive somehow, hung with its own dead limbs. I'd eaten one of its wild apples and left the core. There in the damp moss was the butt of the cigarette I (I?) had smoked. But I could believe none of this because first the world had somehow to jar itself back into place, and my certain knowledge that I could not be there had to fade away into the fragments of hallucination it really was. For a moment I was in a wholly imaginary country—truly lost, nowhere. It wasn't until I had returned to the cabin (was it really there?), and traced my probable route on the geodetic map, that my certainty began to fade out like the memory of a dream. I had to go to the



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map—wanted to—in order to reassure the civilized part of me that was truly offended by such disorientation. Yet the memory is deep and good.

I think of those primitive maps made by explorers in galleons who saw whole shores of terra incognita pass by their landward boards—maps strangely certain in their inaccuracies, in the hard, jagged corners of things. Why did the cartographer's hand carve out that imaginary bay on that imaginary ocean full of carplike fish bigger than ships? I have the feeling that it was more than inaccuracy, even more than fakery. That is the ocean of absolute certainty, and has nothing to do with astrolabes, sextants or lead lines.

A couple of years ago I had the opportunity to examine such a map, this time made in similar wonder and discovery, of our own mountain and to test its accuracies against the geodetic map I go by. It was made by a nine-year-old boy, and of course to him—against his certainties—the geodetic map was interesting but confused.

One August morning around seven o'clock someone began tapping rather diffidently on the back door of the cabin. The door is big and heavy, made out of two-inch hemlock planks, but my wife heard, and got up to answer. When she opened the door there were two boys, aged nine and seven, who politely asked how to get to Canaan. Now, by road, Canaan is about twenty miles, and by the Clark Trail, which runs by our cabin, it's about six miles over the top of Mount Cardigan. My wife at first assumed that an adult was out on the trail and the boys had been sent to the door to ask directions. But then she began to suspect that they were alone, and had them come inside. Well, yes, they were lost, they guessed. The older one, whose name was Mark, had that wide dreamy face I always associate with Finns, or Lapps. They were both pale and blond. Mark introduced his brother David, and my wife made them some breakfast, while our two children sat and stared quietly at these travelers.

Neither was scratched or particularly dirty, and yet they'd spent the night alone on the mountain. Their family had camped on the Canaan side near the summit (actually within the Township of Orange) and the boys had been given permission to climb to the fire lookout tower if they'd come right back, because supper would be ready soon. When they got to the summit, which is bald granite, the world somehow when they weren't looking turned itself around 180 degrees and they came down the east side instead of the west. We figured this out from what they told us between mouthfuls. David at one point endeared himself to my wife by changing the subject and saying our cabin was nice. I told Mark that I'd better take them down to the Appalachian Mountain Club Lodge so we could telephone their parents.

"Oh, they won't be up this early," he said. "They never get up before nine."

I wonder if I'm right in finding here the peculiar turn of hallucination caused by the wilderness. Mark, it turned out, was very observant. When he came by with his family a couple of weeks later they brought presents for our children that were right for their ages and sexes—although no words had passed between them while they ate their breakfasts. And his descriptions to his father of our cabin, and our car, were very accurate. He was a bright and very thoughtful boy. But they had been in the deep woods, not in civilization. I can't imagine him saying such a thing if, for instance, they had stayed

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out all night in the city. This was different. His father, I found out later, lost fifteen pounds that night, and I suppose Mark later began to realize that this was possible.

I asked him where they'd slept, and Mark said matter-of-factly that when it grew dark and they couldn't see, they simply lay down and went to sleep. David said "*I* slept on my brother's back."—A casual bit of information that still causes emotion in me.

The mountain on this side could be extremely dangerous: there are sheer cliffs, clefts in the granite a boy could slide into and never be found, literally impenetrable islands of dwarf spruce, whose dark passages are deceptively wel coming at first, then turn into interlocking and diminishing traps. All around a small forest called "Cathedral Spruce," tall trees have blown down crisscrossed eight or ten feet deep: they came through that maze, too by the narrow, cut trail, which weaves and winds between the dark piles of trees. But they lay down and went to sleep.

When I got them down to the Appalachian Mountain Club, among the excitements of organized search and rescue—wardens, state police, two-way radios, weary hikers who had been searching all night, even a helicopter fluffing its way across the peak of Firescrew—Mark began to realize that something rather enormous had occurred and he turned quite thoughtful. When I left the boys with the very weary Art Costin, then the manager of the lodge and the forest warden who would drive them the twenty miles to Canaan, Mark sat picking at his second breakfast and staring out the window toward a face of Cardigan that was now steep and bright in the morning sunlight.

It was a couple of weeks later, when the boys came back with their parents, that Mark showed me the elaborate map he had made, which traced in loving detail the landmarks and contours of the strange country that they had traveled through.

"There's where we crossed the second brook," he said, pointing to this document. "And we slept below this cliff where we heard the bear." There was the bear, its fangs and claws.

"I think that you probably crossed Clark Brook twice," I told him. "Let me show you on the geodetic map."

He looked at it with polite interest for a moment, then turned back to stare dreamily into his own map of that country of experience whose certainties were deeper than any map of mine.

"I love the woods," he said. "I love to go out in the woods."

To be lost? I wondered. "Weren't you scared up there when it got dark?" I asked him.

"I was scared all right," Mark said. "Everything was *black*."

"You did the right thing to lie down and try to sleep."

"It was David made me do that," he said. "He just wouldn't move in the dark. He said he wouldn't take one more step."

David was running around playing with our children, who were as usual screaming and yelling with every breath. Mark didn't seem to notice all that racket. He sat at the plank table quiet, thoughtful, enjoying his fearful memories.

There are few dark places left on our maps, and we need that dark, if only to leave behind us all our rigid belittling geometries, signs and boundaries—certainties that diminish us, that tell us by the numbers exactly where we are and that things are merely what they are, not what they can seem. ‡‡

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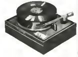

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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

The recorder says the first edition of Grove's *Dictionary* (1879) is "an instrument of the flute family, now obsolete. . . . The most definite information we possess as to the instrument is derived from two similar works published in 1683 and 1686. The former is named *The Genteel Companion*. . . . An English recorder of the seventeenth century was shown in the Loan Exhibition of Musical Instruments at South Kensington. It was twenty-six inches in length—agreeing well with the frontispiece of *The Genteel Companion*—and therefore not at all like the little pipe usually brought on the stage in *Hamlet*. . . ." In short, a fossil amusing to archaeologists.

Today, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, there are more than a hundred thousand recorder players in the United States alone. It would be fun to bring back to life the author of that Grove's entry, like the zoologist who saw in the South African fisherman's net a coelacanth—a fish supposed to have been extinct for millions of years—our 1879 recorder expert would be surprised.

For a handful of people today the recorder is more than a living instrument. It is a living. Foremost among them is Bernard Krainis, a lean, hawk-nosed New Yorker of forty years, who has played at one time or another all seven modern sizes of this vertical wooden flute with the whistle mouthpiece. "They're writing recorder parts into TV commercials," Krainis said cheerfully the other day. "I've been on Goodman's Noodles for years. But the other wind players all double it. They come to me for one lesson and then they're available for recorder dates."

As Krainis' comment indicates, the recorder is an easy instrument to pick up. Each of the seven finger holes is a tone, with the semitones created by cross fingering, and it doesn't take much pressure to make the instrument sound. (You can also do odd things with it by half-covering the holes.) Because the sound is made by a column of air

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rather than by a reed, the music is sweet even in the hands of a beginner Most people don't ask for much more than the fun of reading and never realize how damnably difficult it is to play the recorder really well 'Because there's no armature to blow against to maintain tone' Krainis explains "You have to hold it in the diaphragm like a singer. Plus the fact that Baroque repertoire—even more than Renaissance repertoire—is *performer's* music you have to make decisions all the time '

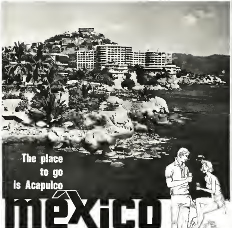
The revival of the recorder was largely the work of Arnold Dolmetsch around the turn of the century and most of the best recorders are still made by Dolmetsch's heirs in Zurich Krainis says the best of all are made by Friedrich von Hüne, who is to be found (despite the name) in Brookline, Massachusetts. There is now enough interest in the technique to justify an International Recorder Week a conference held this past August at Skidmore College, where American and European performers explored the differences in what they do "The Europeans use a smaller tone," Krainis explains. "They do more slurring They use little vibrato, and their phrasing is—I hesitate to say it—*squarer* But they get a quicker attack, and the sound is cleaner "

Though the more modern transverse flute has been known for centuries, most music written before 1700 and a fair amount from the fifty years thereafter was put on paper with the recorder in mind, and it sounds better that way The problem is that the soft sound of the recorder particularly that of the deeper sizes tends to get swallowed up by any choir of "modern" (i e post seventeenth century) stringed instruments not to mention the problem of maintaining balance against the powerful modern versions of the other old winds In concert with his Krainis Consort or Baroque Ensemble Krainis sometimes uses a discreet reinforcement from loudspeakers directly behind the performers Though he has nothing against an expansion of his concert career both here and abroad (he was playing at the Vienna Festival the week I was there), he is prepared to say that 'recordings are the only way you can hear this music properly '

At present, Krainis records exclusively for Mercury, though there are surviving discs from Kapp and Columbia The Mercury records include one of *Music in Shakespeare's England* and a forthcoming collection of Handel Vivaldi and Telemann there are two Kapp discs under *The Festive Pipes* heading a Columbia record entitled *Sweet Pipes* All are pretty extraordinary especially when Krainis himself is playing He is a musician as well as a virtuoso and his careful, stunningly idiomatic handsome ornamentation should be required study for anyone who wants to perform Baroque music in public

Like any musician, Krainis would love to have good new pieces written for his instrument but he can't afford to commission works and he's not impressed by what comes around "There's a lot of third rate stuff from Germany he said recently 'mostly serial I keep up with it to know what technical resources are required but I'm not moved by it" He added a little wistfully, "The recorder would be a good instrument for contemporary music, too—it's so neutral, you can play it as objectively as a tape recorder "

For reasons which are cockeyed but deep in the culture, this season seems somehow right for music



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from the recorder era. The most spectacular of such is a New York Pro Musica record, *The Renaissance Band* (Decca) which includes krummhorns, shawms, sackbuts, a rauschpfeife, a rackett and others as well as the recorder consort. The performers incidentally, include some of the finest free-lancers in New York who have learned these instruments on the side for fun. The last ten minutes of the record are given to charming illustrations of the instruments; the music itself, by Isaac (a marvelous "battle piece" for Lorenzo the Magnificent), Lasso and Praetorius is cheerful outdoorsy, all entertaining.

Among the greatest composers of music for recorder was Georg Philipp Telemann, whose music seems destined for large-scale and much-earned revival (we may indeed be confronted with another Vivaldi: Telemann lived eighty-six years, and was prolific in all of them). He is a contemporary of Bach's but when his music is played as though it were Bach, it falls flat; he was a more restless spirit, less profound, more willing to come to terms with the growing galanterie of his age. Most Telemann on records is pietistic and pretty bad, but the composer has now found ideal interpreters: the Concerto Amsterdam, led by various of its all Dutch members but inspired by the cembalist and organist Gustav Leonhardt. They record, I believe, exclusively for Telefunken (in the series Das Alte Werk). Four recent releases are particularly recommended: the first part of the 'Table Music' on a two-disc set, the Paris *Quartets* of 1734 for flute, violin, cello and keyboard, the *D-Minor Quartet* for two flutes, recorder and continuo, and a *Concerto for Flute and Recorder*. Special mention should be given to Frans Brüggen, who plays the flute on some of these records and the recorder on others, and conducts on still others; at the age of thirty-one, clearly a major talent.

As an example of how quickly things were moving in the eighteenth century, Mozart's great early *G-Minor Symphony* (No. 25, K. 183) was written only six years after Telemann's death. The new recording of it comes with two other symphonies written about the same time, both in D, K. 133 and K. 181. The performance is by the Mainz Chamber Orchestra under Günter Kehr (Turnabout); it is the best on records of K. 133 (an outstanding and much-neglected work) and very good on the *G Minor* too, thanks to Kehr's muscular direction. The orchestra is a little rough, but then so were the orchestras for which Mozart wrote; one should not ask here for the smooth sonorities of a Philadelphia or a Berlin. At the Turnabout price, an outstanding bargain.

Skipping more than a century, we come to Schönberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, a gigantically overscaled post-Wagnerian oratorio by what was in 1903 a very romantic young composer. Nobody who likes Wagner should be in the slightest scared of it. And for all its obvious debts to Wagner, the piece is also full of a powerful young man's half digested borrowings from others. In the long love duet which opens and takes half the length of this work one can spot tunes from the first act duet in Verdi's *Otello*, from the second-act duet in *Johann Strauss's Gypsy Baron* and from the big male theme in Tchaikowsky's *Swan Lake*. None the worse for any of that, of course. The performance under Rafael Kubelik is the most romantic and best I have ever heard; both its accuracy and the quality of the Deutsche Grammophon recording are far beyond what one expects from a live-performance recording.

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Also outstanding in recent twentieth-century releases is Stravinsky's new recording of his *Orpheus*, with the Chicago Symphony (Columbia). The work written in 1948 is one of Stravinsky's half-dozen most successful full of long, sad and very beautiful melodies (I do wish we could shake this idiot notion that Stravinsky is a weak melodist he is the greatest such of our century, and will live by his tunes) His performances of it have grown increasingly straightforward as the memory of the ballet itself recedes in his mind and in the new recording he has one of the world's most responsive orchestras to work with Immensely recommended

Also from a recent time but far less earnest are a trio of wind pieces by Poulenc including the deservedly popular *Sextet* of 1936 and the gentle *Flute Sonata* of 1957 This is all salon music, but much of it is very touching and the rest is fun Excellent performances by the Paris Wind Quintet and assorted helpers (Angel)

From a still more recent time comes a record called *Classical Percussion* three works by the young percussionist and conductor Harold Farberman one of the new breed (Gunther Schuller is another) who have come to composing from experience in the orchestra *Evolution* Farberman's first piece is still probably the most impressive—two whirlwind movements for percussion alone surrounding a Villa Lobos-like middle movement for soprano percussion and horn But the more recent *Impressions* (for oboe and percussion) and *Progressions* (flute and percussion), if less abandoned and thus less fun are also more thoughtful Real music The assisting artists Phyllis Curtin the oboist Ralph Gomberg and the flautist John Perras are among the finest we have, and the recording (by Cambridge) will test your house as well as your equipment.

Also worthy

The Dvořák *Slavonic Dances* played just perfectly by Szell and The Cleveland (Columbia)

A record called *Military Fanfares Marches and Choruses from the time of Napoleon* played by the Paris police band roughly but with spirit (Nonesuch) Particularly interesting is a startling cheerful yet grim piece called *Marche des Eclopes* apparently written for the cripples returning from Moscow

Sing Joyfully a collection half Elizabethan and about a third Victorian, cheerful church music sung by the boys choir of St Michael's College Tenbury England (Argo) Included in the Victorian section is a piece by Charles Villiers Stanford formerly known to me only as the victim of Bernard Shaw's attacks on music-writing professors If this *Beati Quorum Via* is evidence he was, as Shaw might have put it worth attacking for the piece is lovely—the work of a true melodist trapped in textbook harmonies.

Verdi's *Luisa Miller* with Anna Moffo as Schiller's dumb but loyal heroine, Carlo Bergonzi as her lover Giorgio Tozzi as *his* father Cornell MacNeil as *her* father Shirley Verrett as the rival and Ezio Flagello as that villain Wurm (Victor) Alas unfortunately with Fausto Cleva conducting The work is mostly Verdi still unsure of his own genius and to come alive today it needs complete restudying by an original conductor, and Cleva leads it routinely Much as I hate to punish what may be Victor's biggest and most admirable gamble of the decade—and much as I enjoyed the high standard of singing rising to the category of superb with Bergonzi and MacNeil—I think you can safely wait for the excerpts record ###

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GOLF

CHARLES PRICE

When I was twenty two—in a moment of optimism that seems absurd to me now—I decided to play golf on the professional-tournament circuit. There were about a hundred of us who didn't belong out there. But the Second War had just ended and, like a lot of young men who had just been sprung from the service, we had the feeling that we could do almost anything now that *that* was over.

In an event in Jacksonville, Florida, I found myself paired with Ky Laffoon, a grim, weather beaten pro whose experience dated back to hickory shafts. The round was played in painful silence between us as I bogeyed my way around the course with a series of fades, pushes and slices, none of them intentional, these to be overcompensated from time to time with a darting pull hook. When at last we had finished the round, I shook hands with Laffoon, apologized for my poor play and thanked him for the privilege of being paired with such a sophisticated player. Laffoon squeezed his eyes shut, knitted his brow, and massaged the bridge of his nose like a general trying to decide whether or not to drop a nuclear bomb. He decided to give it to me straight. "Son," he said not unkindly, "have you ever given any thought to tennis?"

"Why, no, I haven't," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I honestly don't see how you are going to go very far in golf," he said. "I've seen pretty good players who don't hit the ball very far. And I've seen pretty good players who don't hit the ball very straight. But, son, you're short and wild *both*."

Thus it was that I discovered at an early age I would never be a championship golfer, not even a tournament player, in fact nothing more than just a club player. The more I tried to disprove this theory, the more obvious the truth of it became. Whenever the going got heavy in a tournament I invariably hit the ball uncontrollably to the right of my target. I was—like 9999 out of every 10,000 golfers—a slicer, pure and simple. A "natural" slicer. And there has never been, nor ever will be, a first-rate golfer who slices the ball instinctively. So it came about that I quit playing in tournaments altogether at twenty-eight—the same age at which Bobby Jones had retired—he because he had beaten everybody and I because somehow I had not been able to beat anybody.

Just what is a slice? With the possible exception of the shank, it is the most exasperating mistake you can make on a golf course, and yet it is the mistake most golfers are most apt to make. In the abstract, a slice is the result of the average golfer's innate inability to overcome what Bobby Jones once called "the natural tendency to do the obvious." Thus the chronic slicer overpowers the club with his right hand, cocks his wrists before they have reached the level of his waist, opens the club face at the top of the backswing, and then throws the club head from the top with his hands. The result is that the club head flies outside the line of direction during the downswing, and then contacts the ball as it crosses back in. With the club face lying wide open, this outside-in motion imparts left-to-right spin to the ball. Although the force

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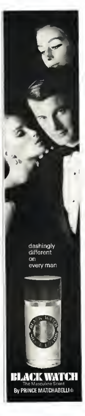

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of the club head will start the ball to the left the spin will eventually curve it sharply to the right—and sooner or later drive you out of your skull

As if the chronic slicer didn't have enough to worry about, he is also the golfer most apt to push the ball, shank it or, incongruous though it seems, pull-hook it. A push is a ball that flies straight to the right of the target, without any left-to right spin. The club head is traveling from inside out, a direction which ordinarily produces a draw or controlled hook, but it contacts the ball with the club face wide open instead of square. A shank is a ball that is hit with an iron at that point where the heel of the blade joins the hosel, resulting in a shot that flies violently out of control at a forty-five-degree angle to the right of the target. It is caused by taking little or no pivot on the backswing and then making contact with the ball with an exaggerated outside-in swing. The pull hook is a ball that ducks low and fast to the left. It flies "left to-left," as the pros say. Like the slice, it too is caused by an outside-in swing. But it differs from the slice in that contact is made with the ball when the club face is shut rather than open. None of these mistakes is anywhere near as prevalent as the slice, but they are nonetheless irritating; indeed, a persistent shank makes the game unplayable, if not downright dangerous.

To further compound the worries of the chronic slicer, it is a curious fact of golf-course architecture that most courses are laid out in a counterclockwise direction, meaning that out-of bounds, when it occurs, has to be to the right, or in slicers' territory. This would seem to ease the problems of the man who consistently duck hooks, but it doesn't. For it is another, almost invariable feature of golf architecture that a hole with out-of-bounds to the right will have some sort of hazard placed short to the left, usually a bunker. In other words, you can't win. In a sense, then, learning how to play golf well may be said to be learning how not to slice the ball.

This being my fortieth year, twenty-eight of which I have wasted by trying to play golf with a slice, I decided early in the golf season to do something about it. I decided to learn everything I could about the cause and cure of what most sufferers have come to call the "banana ball." For a starter, I went back on the tournament circuit, this time as a spectator, there to pester every pro I could buttonhole about the nature of the slice. The tournament I chose was the Colonial National Invitation at the plush Colonial Country Club in Fort Worth, Texas. There were a number of sound reasons for choosing this event in particular.

For one thing, there is probably more golf played in Texas each year than is played in Scotland in twenty—and a lot of it terribly good. Within fifty miles of Colonial live such golfers as Ben Hogan (a Colonial member), Byron Nelson, Tony Lema, Doug Sanders, Don January, Billy Maxwell and a number of other pros who play—or have played—national championship golf. All of them play in the Colonial event, if they can wangle an invitation, not only because it is convenient but because it is prestige, played over a course that is perhaps surpassed only by the Augusta National, Pebble Beach and whatever one the National Open may be played over. Furthermore, the general direction of the course is counterclockwise, and even an invitee to the Colonial National is not incapable of hitting a ball out of bounds. Slicing could therefore be expected to be the subject

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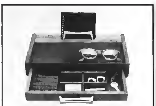

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of some limited conversation among the pros at Colonial that week, whereas usually it is never mentioned. With very rare exceptions every first-rate tournament player comes from the thin ranks of that one person in every ten thousand who does not instinctively slice. They may be said to be hookers who have straightened themselves out. It is the hook which intrigues *them*; the slice is the curse of the amateur.

The place to ask a golf pro questions is in the locker room, the grill or, to a small extent depending upon the patience of the individual, on the practice tee. You seldom use the course itself for an interview, however perfunctory that interview may be. The few exceptions will take place only during practice rounds when you are very sure of your man. Fortunately, I have built up a reputation over the years for asking stupid questions. So I had no hesitation about asking people like Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson about something so mundane as the cause and cure of the slice. They have learned to accept me in the same way they have learned to accept the man who wants an autograph for his little boy, the noisy photographer who snaps his shutter the instant before you make impact with the ball, the drunken member who insists you have dinner with him somewhere close to midnight, and other assorted pests the circuit is heir to.

The first pro I was particularly interested in talking to when I arrived at Colonial was Ben Hogan, whom I regard pretty much the way a balletomane might regard Diaghilev. Since his tournament appearances now are so sparse, I search him out as soon as I arrive on the scene. (Come to think of it, I did that even when he played the circuit full time.) He was playing a practice round with Gardner Dickinson and Jay Hebert, who hold Hogan in even more awe than do the other pros, probably because both of them are highly interested in golf theory, so much so, in fact, that they are two of the few pros other pros seek out when they want a lesson.

It was Hogan who broke the ice. He spotted me eyeing him from behind the ropes, and walked over to shake hands and welcome me to Texas. (Hogan's unapproachability is mainly myth; he is a flamboyant drink buyer in the locker room, a really touching public speaker and engrossing on an interview if the questions are halfway intelligent.) His attitude invited me to walk with him down the seventeenth fairway. For his second shot to this painfully tight par four, he hit a towering five-iron that carved the topmost limb of a gigantic elm and then faded under absolute command to the skinny entrance to the green. It was a shot even he liked. I congratulated him on it by shaking my head in mild disbelief. "Ben," I said, sens

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

ing an opening. "I know that when you were putting your present game together you were plagued by a hook. Have you ever at any time been bothered by a slice?"

He looked off thoughtfully toward the horizon, like a man trying to remember the name of the Unknown Soldier. "No," he said at last. "I don't think I ever have."

"Well, then," I said before we could get off the subject, "what would you advise somebody who doesn't know how to hook, who can't stop slicing?"

He held out his left arm in the attitude of gripping an imaginary club, the pit of his elbow facing the sky. "If you do this," he said, "there is no way you can slice." Then he drew back his arm and swept it forward, rotating his hand and wrist smartly in a motion that is known among golf teachers as "supination." It is the same motion a left-handed tennis player would use to put overspin on a backhand shot. I stopped to imitate the motion and Hogan watched me over his shoulder as he continued walking toward the green. "There's just no way," he said again. "No way."

I followed Hogan's group up eighteen to the clubhouse and then ducked into the grill to see if there was anybody I knew and to ponder Hogan's advice. Here I ran into Al Besselink, a tall, handsome, ebullient pro who once gave me one of the most original and intelligent explanations of the golf swing I have ever had. I may be one of the most thoroughly taught and consequently confused golfers in America. It was once part of my job to rewrite golf tips and instructional articles for a sports magazine and a golf publication. Besselink's rather lengthy explanation struck me at the time as refreshingly different.

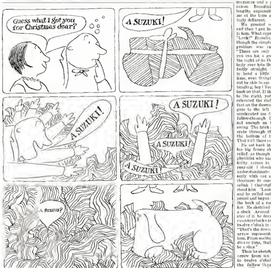
We greeted each other and then I put the question to him. What causes a slice? "Look!" Besselink said, as though the simplicity of the problem was inescapable. "There are only two ways you can hit a golf ball: to the right or to the left. Nobody ever hits the ball perfectly straight. It's going to bend a little bit every time, even though you may not be able to see it. But it's bending, boy! You can make book on that. If the ball goes to the right, you have accelerated the club head too fast on the downswing. If it goes to the left, you have accelerated too fast on the follow-through. Or rather not enough on the downswing. The trick is to accelerate through the ball at the bottom of the swing. That's all there is to it."

He sat back in his chair, his big frame slumping in relief, as though he were a physicist who had got Relativity across to a twelve-year-old. I shook my head understandingly, but apparently with not enough enthusiasm to convince Besselink I thoroughly understood him. "Look!" he said, and he pulled out a scorer's pencil and began to draw on the back of a cocktail napkin. He sketched the face of a clock. Around the perimeter of it he drew an arrow counterclockwise from twelve o'clock to six o'clock. "That's the downswing. The arrow represents acceleration. From midnight back to dinner time, that's going to be a slice."

Then he sketched another arrow from six o'clock up to twelve o'clock. "That's the follow-through," he said. "From dinner time back to noon is a hook. What you want to do is accelerate the club head from nine o'clock to three o'clock. Then you got somethin'."

Half an hour later I bumped into Gardner Dickinson coming out of the locker room. "How you playing?" he asked. He had once suffered through a round with me in Florida.

"Still hitting them straight out to the right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Where to buy it? See page 313.

I said I wasn't going to lose an opportunity like this. "How do you stop 'sawing' a ball?"

Dickinson shook his head sympathetically. He gripped an imaginary club in his left hand and started backhanding the air. "You just don't let the club head catch up with your hands. They're way ahead of the club. So, the face of the club is wide open, unless you do something screwy to square it, in which case you get away with the shot, or something to shut the face, in which case you duck-hook it. You've got to wait until that club head catches up with those hands.

"Hell, I told you that at Tequesta? Got it, buddy?"

The following afternoon, after studying Terry Dill and a few of the other younger players on the practice tee, I ran into Byron Nelson and posed the question. "When I try to get somebody out of a slice," he said, "I can usually find fault with his grip. He simply doesn't have his hands on a strong position on the club. He has to turn his left hand over the club more and his right hand under more. But I think the main reason so many people slice is because they just don't get the feeling of hitting the ball from inside out. Stand behind all your good players—anybody out here—and you'll notice that they all bring the club head down inside the arc they made going back. They all do. That's why they almost never slice."

Later in the day I mentioned this opinion to Jay Hebert. "Oh, there's no question about it," Hebert said. "Byron's dead right. Look here! Let me show you something."

Hebert reached into his pocket and pulled out an assortment of tees. Then he sat down on his haunches and started pushing a white tee in the ground. "Let's say this white tee represents the ball and you're going to hit along this line to your left. Now we stick the red tee six inches in front of the ball and slightly inside the line and we stick a yellow tee six inches in front and slightly outside the line. If the club head strikes the red tee on the follow-through, you've hit yourself a slice. If it hits the yellow tee, you've hooked the ball. And that's all there is to it."

A few hours later I was showing the trick to Dow Finsterwald on the putting green. "That's a good one," Finsterwald agreed. And without a moment's hesitation he said, "Here's another one."

He then proceeded to borrow a pack of cigarettes from his caddie, another pack from Julius Boros, and still another pack from an interested spectator. "You lay two cigarette packs lengthwise slightly behind the ball and slightly outside the line of direction," he explained as he lined up the packs on the ground. "Then you lay a third pack slightly in front of the ball and slightly inside the line of direction like so. Now the trick is to hit the ball without disturbing

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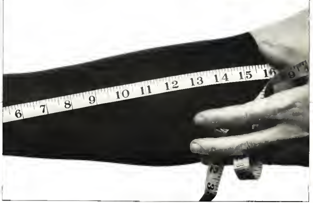

Where to buy it? See page 313.

the cigarette packs which you can't do without swinging outside in. And you can't do that without slicing. Try it sometime.

The notion that the club head must be swung from inside out in order to hit the ball properly is really a mechanical impossibility. A ball struck in such a manner can do one of two things, hook or push, depending upon whether the club face is square or open. A reasonably straight shot can only be hit when the club head and the club face contact the ball squarely on and through the line of direction. But mechanically impossible though it is, the *feeling* that the club head is traveling from the inside out is essential to a proper swing because it defeats "the natural tendency to do the obvious," which is to hit the ball from outside in. As the late British professional Percy Boomer pointed out in *On Learning Golf* (Knopf, $3.95), easily the most impressive book on golf I have ever read: "You play golf by feeling, not by scientific analysis."

"Every teacher has to keep continually in mind the fact that the natural thing for any golfer to do if he thinks first of hitting the ball to the hole rather than of making the shot correctly," Boomer goes on to say, "is to swing the club head down the desired line of flight. The urge to do this is so strong that a merely academic knowledge of where the club head ought to be felt to go cannot stand against it. William James said that where there is a conflict between the Will and the Imagination, the Imagination always wins. So no Will to make a correct swing—unless reinforced by our conscious control—can resist, when imagination of the ball flying straight to the hole supervenes. What usually happens is that before the swing is completed the player *transfers his attention from the matter of making the correct swing to the matter of where he wants to hit the ball*, i.e., somewhere at the top of his swing he switches from a correct in-to-out swing to one along the desired line of flight. Consequently he comes down *outside the ball*."

Something like these lines was in my mind when I ran into Sam Snead later in the day at the parking lot. "What do you do when you can't stop slicing?" I yelled as he jumped into his car. Perhaps because he seemed in a hurry, his answer was curt. But the more I think about it the more brilliant it seems. "Hook it," Sam yelled back. ##

THE ORIGIN OF THE CLUB

In the new book, *Esquire's World of Golf*, Herb Graffis gives some data on the origin of the golf club:

"Record of the social history of golf begins in 1744 when several Gentlemen of Honour, skillful in the ancient and healthful exercise of Golf, petitioned the City of Edinburgh to provide a silver club for annual competition on the links of Leith. Twelve golfers entered the tournament, but only ten showed for play. The winner of the first club competition was John Rattray, an Edinburgh surgeon. A golf club was a group of golfers that had duly elected officers, according to the founding fathers.

"The Blackheath (England) club, formed in 1766, is the first golf club outside of Scotland. The oldest existing American club is the Royal Montreal Golf Club, which was founded in 1873. There is published record of a golf club holding meetings in 1786 at Charleston, South Carolina, but that club disappeared long ago."

The oldest golf club in existence in the United States probably is the Foxburg (Pennsylvania) Golf Club, which was founded in 1887 by Joseph Mickle Fox, who became interested in golf while on a trip to Scotland. Yonkers, New York, had an informal course as early as 1888. ##

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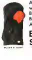

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FILMS

DWIGHT MACDONALD

That Masque at Lincoln Center

I have just emerged from the Third New York Film Festival into the light of common day, blinking owlishly and famished for some common movies after twelve days' existence on that "exalted and adventurous plane" on which, according to codirector Amos Vogel, the Festival "perpetrates its errors and hopefully its triumphs." The verb is accurate, the adverb not. A most unfestive Festival in the style of Poe's, or Roger Corman's, Masque of the Red Death, in which the revelers—who paid from two dollars to four dollars a seat to revel in The Art of The Cinema—are struck down by the stalking figure of pestilence, here represented by a parade of lethal films. Of the twenty-six features the Festival showed I saw in whole or in part twenty and enjoyed seven (of which three were revivals). Not brilliant, considering that by "enjoy" I mean no more than the film was appealing enough to sit through without squirming; there was nothing major, nothing new or exciting, no triumphs were perpetrated. Of the six films I skipped the only one I regret, from reports, was Chris Marker's *The Koumiko Mystery*, which several people told me was "charming," the equivalent of "terrific" in the context of the Festival. The others were Franju's *Thomas the Impostor*, Milos Forman's *Black Peter* (about a seventeen-year-old boy; I'd had enough by then of adolescence), *Twilight of Empire* (a documentary about India), *Identification Marks: None* (one of two films by this year's Festival "discovery," a young Polish actor-director who might better have been left undiscovered judging by his other—and, I'm told, better—film, which I did see), and Jean-Marie Straub's *Unreconciled*, which, according to codirector Richard Roud, "has revitalized the German cinema," a job that needs doing but one which, my agents tell me, unanimously and emphatically, Mr. Straub's film didn't accomplish.

Granted that the past season has been a thin one, was it as thin as this? One doesn't know what films Mr. Roud, who single-handed makes the final choice, turned down nor what films he wanted but couldn't get, so it is impossible to know how much the dreariness was due to his taste and how much to factors beyond his control. But certain things were in his control. He could have, for example, shown only thirteen films instead of twenty-six.

He could also have chosen his revivals better. Antonioni's *Camille Without Camellias* is one of his finest pre-*Avventura* works and it is good to have it shown over here at last. Stroheim's *The Wedding March*, though it didn't look as good as I remembered it in 1929, is a historical "classic" and still has many scenes of power, wit and magic. Keaton's 1925 comedy, *Seven Chances*, while not on the level of his best (except for the final chase), was well worth $2 if not $4. But why dredge up René Clément's trivial and faded *Knave of Hearts*? Or John Cromwell's *Of Human Bondage*, which shows Bette Davis at far from her best and is of interest only as a corrective to nostalgic assumptions—encouraged by this Festival—that in the old days they knew how to make 'em; they often didn't, at least Mr. Cromwell didn't. And granted that two hours of Louis Feuillade's serial *The Vampires*, which as a boy I used to follow every Friday at the Carleton Theatre without suspecting it was "a supreme masterpiece of the cinema" (Roud) or "one of the major works of art of the twentieth century" (André Breton), though I would have agreed—then—with Roud's "convincing portrait of the fascination of evil," granted two hours but not granted the six inflicted on us, and without a single subtitle. The photography is splendid—that wonderful old nitrate film stock, so much better than the improved stuff we use now!—and there were, in the two hours of it I sat through, a few action scenes of interest. But even as camp it was disappointing—I'd expected something much more baroque.

They also could have chosen the shorts better. (I say "they" because some say Mr. Vogel was guilty.) Or just chosen them. Of the twenty-two they showed I saw fourteen and of these just three were not terrible: a Polish cartoon, *Portraits*, by M. Kijowicz; *The Bell* (Jean L'Hote), a seventeen-minute French comedy that actually "recaptured" the inventive wit of old-style slapstick; and Norman MacLaren's *Mosaic*, an abstract cartoon a bit on the academic side compared to some of his earlier ones but still quite good. Some of them weren't even bad, simply inexistent—random unstructured assemblages of pretty pictures, as two American items, Richard Longo's *The Longest Bridge* and Homer Groening's *Study in Wet*. There must be hundreds of shorts made every year by aspiring young movie makers, if only because it costs so little, and I cannot believe the Festival selection was the best that could be done.

Suspicion is also aroused by the

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hard-sell quality of Mr Roud's program notes and of Mr Vogel's written tribute to his Festival Do they really think everything is as wonderful as all that?

Next month I plan to deal at length with the work and the reputations of Jean-Luc Godard and Luchino Visconti, so I will here note only that the latter's *Sandra* somewhat to my surprise, proved to be one of the more enjoyable films of the Festival, it reminded me in its qualities and its defects of Hitchcock's *Rebecca* bogus but bogus in the grand romantic style The prolific M Godard was represented as he was last year, by two films his current *Alphaville* and his first film after *Breathless* *Le Petit Soldat* both of which turned out to be, not at all to my surprise very much like his many other films since *Breathless* a mixture sometimes irritating and sometimes exhilarating of cinematic brilliance and originality, solipsistic self indulgence and moral-intellectual pretentiousness That Godard is the Festival's pet director is not surprising

Red Beard

"Kurosawa's masterpiece," trumpets Mr Roud "Only an artist as great as Kurosawa could have conferred epic quality on a theme that in other hands might have been sentimental or banal It is a parable of the human condition . . . With awe inspiring perception and compassion, Kurosawa reduces his audience to helpless admiration."

This last venture into precognition was not borne out at the screening that I attended the audience was reduced to helplessness of some kind all right, but many of them walked out at the intermission after two hours, as I did The theme remains banal and sentimental *Red Beard* is a reprise, thirty years later, of the *Dr Kildare* series with Toshiro Mifune hamming it up like Lionel Barrymore (sans wheelchair) as the wise, gruff old heart-of-gold hospital chief who instructs Lew Ayres (Yuzo Kayama) in life & medicine Why a major director should have made a faithful replica in 1965 of this antique bit of kitsch is one of the mysteries of the Orient cultural lag is the only explanation, but what a lag! I don't know what Roud means by "epic quality," since what Kurosawa has precisely not done is apply to his theme that cinematic vigor and sweep and virtuosity that made *The Seven Samurai* *Rashomon* *The Hidden Fortress* *Ikuru* and his version of *Macbeth* so exciting *Red Beard* is in wide-screen Tohoscope but it could as well have been done in sixteen millimeter, or in eight, or as a radio drama. Cinema erupts a couple of times in those first two hours—the earthquake scene, the obligatory skull-cracking, leg-breaking scene in which old Doc Mifune wreaks mayhem, single-handed and armed only with virtue and a knowledge of karate, on a gang of evil doers who are considerate enough to attack him one by one—but for the most part we are treated to lengthy scenes in which the characters talk lengthily to each other while the camera peers up into their faces like a faithful dog. Structurally, *Red Beard* also shows the Kildare influence, being a series of episodes in which secondary characters take stage center for a while with their little parables of The Human Condition and then disappear for good. The only connecting link is the compassionate wisdom of Barrymore-Mifune, which is so relentless that one feels it a bit arrogant when Ayres-Kayama confides misty-eyed "I want to be like him some day" It

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would be interesting to have Mr Reed's definition of 'sentimental' and 'banal' sometime

Charulata

Satyajit Ray made a deserved reputation years ago with his first film *Pather Panchali* a lyrical poignant humorous realistic meditation on a poor peasant family, slow and ruminatively sensitive in the style of Jean Renoir Its "plot" loose and convincing as life, and its center two remarkable child actors The two following films in "The Apu Trilogy" were to my mind less successful, though still of great interest It occurred to me after seeing *The World of Apu* in which the child hero of *Panchali* is shown as a young married man in the city that perhaps Ray was better with children and village life than with the more complex existence of adults in an urban setting *Charulata* confirms this hunch It is about adults who not only live in a city but also are rich and cultured, and it is a bore because they are for these reasons, less naively expressive than the villagers of *Panchali* not to mention the children, and Ray is unable to provide them with more than the most stock characterizations and the most flimsily theatrical motivations It is a period piece set in the British-ruled India of 1880 and it reminded me too much of one of those stately "three-decker" Victorian novels of the period not Dickens or George Eliot or even Trollope, but the kind nobody has read since then Its plot is stiff-jointed, slow-moving and implausible centering on a Westernized intellectual of staggering idealism and obtuseness who entrusts his crusading newspaper's treasury to a no-good relative with larceny written all over his face, and turns over his pretty clever wife whom he neglects for his proof sheets to a handsome brilliant young writer whom he asks to educate her The results were as one might expect. Although Subrata Mitra's photography—he has worked with Ray since *Pather Panchali* — was beautiful it seems to be a fact of cinematic life that the best photography cannot save a bad film though it may improve a good one

Gertrud

Carl Dreyer who in his youth made *The Passion of Joan of Arc* a silent classic that was highly stylized and highly effective (if in my judgment than and now a trifle antiseptic) has in his later years developed his less-is-more style beyond effectiveness into mannerism *Gertrud* is a further reach beyond mannerism into cinematic poverty and straightforward tedium He just sets up his camera and photographs people talking to each other usually sitting down just the way it used to be done before Griffith made a few technical innovations. The talk is not good nor is the script from a play by Soderberg Gertrud is a former opera singer still beautiful who is unhappily married to a prosaic lawyer—he loves her but cannot appreciate her soul, we gather—and who takes a boorish young composer for her lover "You are a strange woman," he remarks "Who are you?" "I am many things" Gertrud replies enumerating among others the dew that falls from the trees and a mouth that seeks another mouth. She adds that in her opinion life is but a dream. 'Really you think so?' he asks, puzzled by this novel idea "Yes" she replies firmly The affair comes to no good, not unexpectedly nor do her other affairs nor did her sad life move me very much For the fact is that Gertrud is a silly woman whose head is as full of bogus romanticism as Madame Bovary's

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was The difference is that Flaubert was aware of Emma's real nature, while Mr Dreyer seems to take Gertrud seriously His film oddly resembles those of the other old masters. Kurosawa's *Red Beard* and Ray's *Charulata* in combining a script of old-fashioned banality with direction that is remarkably primitive considering what they have achieved in the past I suppose that the latest work of such eminent directors must be shown at a highbrow festival, but I don't see why Mr Roud couldn't drop a few warnings, discreetly, in his notes instead of doing the opposite. I might add that *The Village Voice* critics both singled out *Gertrud* as the supreme moment of the Festival Jonas Mekas thought that "alone and by itself, *Gertrud* redeemed the Festival . . . as towering a masterwork as Brakhage's *The Art of Vision* . . pure radiant and perfect like a ring" Andrew Sarris was more explicit but equally puzzling "The one great film of this Festival is *Gertrud* . . . perhaps the high point of Dreyer's career, grimly implacable in its confrontation of love and death With this film it is possible to perceive with startling lucidity why Dreyer is a major artist and Bergman a minor artist. Dreyer cuts to the bone of existence without any of Bergman's flashy ambiguities Unlike Bergman Dreyer never asks questions he can't answer"

Personally, I prefer Ingmar Bergman's ambiguous flesh to Carl Dreyer's dry bones and I think the reason Dreyer can always answer the questions he asks is that he doesn't ask very hard or interesting ones

Raven's End

I have acquired a prejudice against novels or movies about sensitive young working-class males who aspire to write a book that will tell the truth the real truth about the life they know, especially when dad is a failed dreamer and mum is a bitter drudge, and Bo Widerberg's drably directed film about life in a Swedish slum did nothing to alter this prejudice There is a fine performance as the father by Keve Hjelm, but the rest is a slow retelling of a tale I have heard too often Mr Roud thinks "there is no doubt it is a most important work" but I think there is grave doubt, even though a poll of Swedish film critics placed it third as "the best Swedish film of all time"

The Shop on High Street

Directed by Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos who have been making movies together in Czechoslovakia since 1952 although this is the first of their work to be shown over here, *The Shop on High Street* has modest but solid virtues. It treats seriously—that *is*, with a quiet realism that doesn't exclude humor—a theme I can't recall having been attempted before except in documentaries the persecution of the Jews by the Nazis in this case by their followers in a small Czech town in the first years of the war The two chief actors, who carry the film are excellent Josef Kroner as the town failure whose successful brother-in-law the local Nazi chief makes him the "Aryan manager" of a Jewish shop, and Ida Kaminska as the elderly owner of the shop He becomes fond of the old lady and tries to protect her, but when the Jews are rounded up to be "resettled" in the East, his fear for his own skin proves greater than his decency and in a terrible final scene, he tries to force her to join the transport, the film ending with her death by a heart attack and his own suicide Honest moving, well-acted though it is,

the Wooletin

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The Shop on High Street is conventional as cinema and that it was the chief critical success of the Festival shows how limited the choice was.

Shakespeare Wallah

For me this was the other success of the Festival—again a modest but attractive work. James Ivory a young American who has worked with Ray in India and whose first film *The Householder*, I'm sorry to have missed wrote (with R. Prawer Jhabvala) and directed it and it is fresh charming, well-acted and handsomely photographed (by Subrata Mitra) His theme is for once in this rather dog-eared Festival unhackneyed the life of English expatriates in India, specifically of a small troupe of itinerant Shakespearean actors that consists mostly of a mother, a father and a daughter, all very nice respectable people The parents look back to the days of the British raj and find themselves increasingly strangers in the new India. The daughter falls in love with a rich young Indian playboy and he with her He has a film star mistress played with wit and style by Madhur Jaffrey, who tries to break up the romance But she is a comic villain, there really is no plot, things ramble along as in life and the girl finally breaks off the affair and leaves India when her lover scandalized by her making love in public as Desdemona tries to get her to leave the stage Everyone acts naturally—Shashi Kapoor as the young Indian and Felicity Kendal as the girl are especially good—and Mr Ivory's direction is light and sensitive managing to suggest the subtlety and comedy and pathos of Anglo Indian relationships.

Mickey One

Arthur Penn, who learned his trade in television and whose *The Miracle Worker* was a respectable movie, here tries for a "big" film pregnant with *angst* and symbolism "vibrantly contemporary . . Its sound of terror is the sound of now." He comes closer to Sax Rohmer than to Kafka Mickey—played by Warren Beatty with more energy than style—is a young stand up comic who is on the run from an omnipotent (and omnipresent) gangster syndicate who want to rub him out because he welshed on a gambling debt Or maybe it's all in his mind and he's running away from himself because he is guilty of being innocent." Point-of-view trouble which is never cleared up; in fact Mr Penn seems to think that by keeping it ambiguous, he can roam more freely on both planes reality and fantasy But the confusion—are we inside or outside of Mickey's head?—is merely confusing. If we are inside, then he is a paranoiac and we can't learn anything interesting about him or the rest of the cast or the *mise en scene* of junkyards, flophouses, cheap bars and nightclubs Mr Penn's camera shows us in such lovingly revolting detail What is more tedious, for anyone who is not a psychiatrist than the fantasies of a psychotic—and the wilder the duller? If we are outside Mickey's head then what is Franchot Tone doing in that butcher shop and why won't he tell Mickey how much he has lost and who are those unseen people who audition Mickey's act and why does

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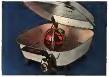

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Hurd Hatfield—a normally good actor who like the rest of the cast appears uncertain groping here perhaps because Mr Penn didn't let his actors into the secret either—crush that glass egg and how come that last shot of Mickey finishing his nightclub act seated at a piano under the stars on a dock beside the Chicago River? Busby Berkeley would never have dared a finale like that. Mr Penn's cinematography is as turgid and as pretentiously inept as his script shock cuts melodramatic lighting abrupt outbursts of inexplicably violent action brutally lit extreme close ups that make everybody look zombified he throws them all in hopefully A Madison Avenue art director's *katzenjammer* of chic alienation and chichi squalor Judith Crist of the New York *Herald Tribune* disagrees We've made it—or, to shove the chauvinism aside, Arthur Penn has made it—an American film that raises the New York Film Festival to rare heights *Mickey One* is a brilliant original screen work visually exciting and intellectually satisfying told in stark, fast-moving dramatic nightmare terms that pulsate with the disturbing rhythms of our time' The authentic Rondy note But I prefer another critic's formulation' No sooner do we begin to take some slight degree of interest in some cursorily sketched event than we are hurried off to some other for which a new feeling has to be built up only to be tumbled down as before' Poe was writing about a novel by Bulwer Lytton but sensationalism—the sacrifice of coherence for momentary effect—is no better in an arty movie full of the sound of now than it was in a Victorian potboiler

Walkover

Jerzy Skolimowski is this year's big Festival discovery He may be "the brightest star to appear on the Polish horizon for some time"—though Polanski a much brighter one made *Knife in the Water* only three years ago—but he is not 'a great new talent.' Indeed I don't think he is a talent at all As I say I shrewdly avoided one of the two films by him but my instinct for self-preservation wasn't strong enough to make me skip both so I saw *Walkover* to the bitter end It is even more jittery portentous and opaque than *Mickey One* Mr Skolimowski plays the lead—a Polish beatnik—in as inexpressively abrupt style as he directs Half the time you don't know what's going on—there is a continuing byplay about some scales that the subtitles never did clear up for instance—and the other half you don't care

Between Two Worlds

Marco Bellocchio's first film reminded me of another first film by an Italian Bernardo Bertolucci's *Before the Revolution* (shown at last year's Festival) in that it was a mess and a bore but one that suggested a lot of talent which the director was too young—and too much influenced by the fashion for what Mr Vogel calls 'visual ambiguity poetic complexity, restless improvisation not to mention explosive elliptic unpredictable" editing in which "time and space are telescoped or destroyed'—to discipline his ambitions into art The theme is "adolescent anguish" in a small Italian town and the hero rebels by epilepsy murder incest

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sadism—oh, does he, *really?* As in *Mickey One* we're never sure whether we are inside or outside of a psychotic's head—early in the film I thought I saw him impale himself on a sword but I must have been mistaken since the next moment he appeared standing on his head, and he survived to drown his kid brother, torment his blind mother in her wheelchair and rape his sister. Or so it seems—I may be wrong, of course.

Caressed

Laurence Kent's tribute to the teen-age syndrome, Canadian division, was without question the worst film shown at the Festival, being both amateurish and sleazily televisionly professional. No matter how hard-pressed Mr Roud was it is hard to understand how he could have fallen for this one even if he thought it "expressed the crude imperativeness of sexual hunger"—I'd say crude but not expressive. These last three films suggest two queries to the management: 1) Is it taken for granted that all an ambitious young chap needs to make a movie is a movie camera and some film? 2) Was it necessary for an audience composed largely of adults to view in a single Festival five films about teen-agers even if there was a variety of nationality: Czech, Polish, Swedish, Canadian, Italian? A third query is why the Festival showed this Canadian botch and turned down last year a really talented film by a young Canadian director, Claude Jutra's *A Tout Prendre*? I saw it at a press screening and I am glad that it has finally found an American distributor without the Festival's aid.

Sex in Paris

Fifteen-minute episodes by Rouch, Godard, Chabrol, Pollet, Douchet and Rohmer, each rather tenuously tied to a part of Paris. As a nicely colored travelogue, not bad, but people and plots keep interfering and they are much less interesting than the streets and buildings. Jean Douchet (*St Germain-des-Prés*) and Claude Chabrol (*La Muette*) have good-enough ideas to fill out ten minutes if not the entire fifteen, but the other four episodes are of monumental triviality.

Film

I admire Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*, but the trouble with this remake of it as a movie is quite simply that Mr Beckett is a writer and when he gives up words, as here, for a silent succession of images he doesn't communicate. Perhaps that is what he was after, of course. He is listed as author of the "screenplay" and Alan Schneider is listed as director, but since there are no words I don't understand what is meant by a screenplay, nor is it very clear just what Mr Schneider's part was. In any case the result is twenty-four minutes of the most chic kind of boredom as Buster Keaton goes through the Krapp routine without benefit of words—or of Keaton, for that matter, since we see him only from the back until the final thirty seconds. Mr Keaton has said he didn't know what they were up to, so that lets him out. But it is a depressing waste of Buster, who would think he could be dull? The program was fleshed out with a Canadian National Railways travelogue that has Buster making a transcontinental trip on a gas-driven handcar and that also wastes him, though less numbingly than the Beckett-Schneider film. And with the forty-five-minute *Seven Chances* (1925) where we see what Keaton can, or could, do. It contains the most brilliant cinema of the Festival, the long chase downhill in which Buster is pursued by a manic horde of rocks that gradually increase in size and number until the whole mineral world is in pursuit of his scampering figure. ##

Tough to wrap–

but great fun to open!

(The best Christmas gifts of the season—Wilson sports equipment!)

Where to buy it? See page 319.

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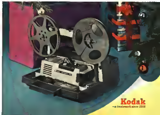

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Where to buy it? See page 318

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THE MOMENT-OF-TRUTH MENACE

Insight ecstasy la verité in sports the score has become irrelevant

by Bill Gilbert

During the middle Hemingway period the phrase Moment of Truth, was used to describe the act of sticking a bull in the ear with sharp cutlery It was a useful euphemism, enabling bull critics to practice without offending the A S P C A The Moment of Truth now has come a long way from the shady side of the bullring. I understand there were five Moments of Truth in the 1964 World Series—a new record At least three Moments of Truth were reported in the National Football League Clevelands against the St Louises twice, and the Clevelands against the Baltimores (The Clevelands had a very Truthful season) The unanimous opinion of the para-literary corps of novelists and poets who covered the Clay-Liston boxing match was that the engagement oozed Truth Recently I read the mimeographed bulletin of a pigeon-racing group about an Ohio-to-Maryland flight "It was the time of truth" reported the pigeon scribe as several hundred pigeons flew the coop

The migration of Truth is partly explained by the fact that fun and games are now in with the far out literary set Writers who used to cover bulls and Gertrude Stein for the biennial *Crabbed Apple Review* now write "Pugs I Have Known" and "Conversations with Casey" for the press services and slick magazines What has them hooked is the mystique of games. It is not important whether Roger Maris hits sixty one or sixteen home runs The hip scribes want to know does Maris strike the ball Truthfully?

All of this could be dismissed as a minor literary curiosity if it were not that Truthwise, sportsmen are beginning to imitate sportswriters. It is small wonder Nobody comes right out and says so but it is strongly suggested that in comparison with a Moment of Truth, the conventional pleasures of wine, women and song are as nothing When impressionable youth are told that Whitey Ford Cassius Clay and flocks of pigeons are having Moments of Truth they naturally want some of this spiritual shoofly pie for themselves Consequently we now have a new breed of sports They are not after bonus contracts grants-in-aid or big muscles with which to protect Mom against the taunts of toughs. Rather—like so many Galahads off a-grailing these cats roam the countryside looking for the Big T Unless soon controlled they will endanger themselves others, and American prestige in the neutral nations.

I first met a bona fide Moment of Truther in a cabin on the Bull Pasture River in western Virginia The cabin a bunkroom with a lean-to kitchen was used by spelunkers cavers On any weekend a fairly exotic group of crystallographers cave mappers, rock climbers and bat banders wander in and out at all hours Therefore those of us already bedded down were awakened but not surprised at 3 a.m on a Saturday, when half a dozen Yale undergraduates stomped into the bunkroom. They had driven straight through from New Haven and were understandably in high spirits (A severe lady bat bander to a feisty Yaley "George I do not know you You do not know me Get out of this bunk") But by and by they all found an empty rack.

Heckman and I were the breakfast cooks for our party When we got up there was only a faint mildewed sort of light filtering through the cabin windows Nevertheless one of the Yaleys was awake sitting up on a third tier bunk By the low light of a carbide head lamp he was writing in a notebook Hunched below the rafters clutching his book hanks of hair hanging into his hairy face, he looked more like an ape than Dink Stover

'What' asked Heck "are you doing?"

'Nothing' said the Ape in a resonant voice, "preliminary impressions"

"You should be bushed after all that driving"

'I can't sleep when there are caves to explore. The truth is too near '

At six in the morning in an unheated cabin this kind of remark closes out conversation Led by the Ape the Yaleys were soon up and during the day and evening they roped into two hard caves They surfaced at midnight, packed up and headed back toward Connecticut. Before leaving the Ape said he was not altogether satisfied with the trip "It was fun caving, but we can't be sure it was meaningful!'"

Crackers a white-water canoeist was less articulate than the Ape, but he quested after Big T as persistently and compulsively as lemmings are said to seek the sea One spring Crackers and I arranged by mail to spend a day exploring Raccoon Run a small swift stream in central Pennsylvania. Crackers arrived early in the morning Looming up at the head of our fog shrouded lane, he was an impressive figure He was encased in a black frogman's suit, shod in black sneakers capped with a black neoprene cowl Jutting out of the hood like a bunch of broom grass from a lava flow was a full wild yellow beard The phrase—"Come On"—was stenciled in magenta across the chest of the suit The same compelling words were lettered on the prow of his canoe

'Come on' Crackers said in a tight strangled voice.

'I just have to put up my canoe,

007 gives any man the license to kill...women

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change clothes," I apologized.

"You're not ready to go," Crackers said reproachfully. "I thought you'd be ready."

"Take a minute. Come on in, have some pancakes."

"Heavy food gives me stomach cramps."

"Cup of coffee?"

"Makes me nervous."

"Come in. Get out of the cold." This could not have been much of an inducement. Crackers had come all the way from Philadelphia swaddled in his rubber suit, and must have been cozy as a steamed pudding. However, reluctantly he did come into the kitchen. His appearance quieted the eat-your-cereal-the-school-bus-is-coming strife which goes on each morning between the people and children who live in the house.

"Who are you?"

"How do you go to the bathroom?"

"Are you a witch?"

Crackers responded by reaching into a rubber pouch he wore at his waist and taking out three soda crackers.

"Are those crackers?"

"Why do you eat crackers for breakfast?"

"He's crackers, he's crackers, crackers, hee-hee-hee."

Just as we were leaving, Crackers made his only contribution to the general conversation. Turning to my wife with the air of one making a determined social effort, he announced, "I love canoeing. I am white water."

He was white water. The first rapids on Raccoon Run were formidable enough to make me pull over to the bank to consider how and if I would get through. Crackers made it clear that there was no Truth in this pussy-padding technique. He came by me fast, his paddle spinning like a windmill. Leaning far out over the water, tipping his canoe on its side, he made half-a-dozen inspired strokes in the rapids, passing the worst boulders with a comfortable quarter inch to spare. For a moment, going over the last drop, he and the canoe were entirely airborne. When he did not reappear out of the turbulence below, I assumed the trip had come to a quick bad end. I rushed downstream over the rocks to commence salvage operations, but found Crackers negligently cutting 360-degree turns in the boiling white water. He appeared to be giving Raccoon Run another shot at him, like a golfer who spots a weak opponent a stroke and a half on five par holes.

"Come on," Crackers shouted impatiently.

We went. In one of several interesting maneuvers, Crackers demonstrated why Truthful paddlers wear rubber suits. Attempting to run a millrace sort of chute, Crackers hung up on a big jagged ledge. Calmly he dove out of the canoe, momentarily disappearing in the angry current. Seconds later his black arms like the mandibles of a great beetle emerged from the water, caught the prow of the canoe and pulled the stern free. Crackers scrambled up on a boulder and from the rock leaped into his canoe as it hurtled downstream. When I caught up to him he had pulled over in a back eddy and was nibbling crackers.

"That was tricky," I said, showing off my gift for vivid expression.

"Nothing there." Crackers nodded at the torrent from which he had emerged. "No drop, no speed," he added morosely, showing what he thought of the Truth in Raccoon Run.

In the afternoon we began seeing Army Engineer signs—fallen trees, slipped banks, muddy water. Like Beavers who do similar work in the same compulsive way, Engineers are secretive but range widely, prominently marking the

the Wooletin

VOL. 2 WW 1165 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL

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A wool coat like this one does wonders for a man
Warms him—without weighing him down
Goes to the country with him
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Gives him a soft touch that's so nice to sit next to
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nice things about the giver—even nicer things
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Sharkskin, sharkskin herringbone hopsacking—McGregor found them all in natural wool by Monteau Mills, specialists in the American Way with Wool. Put them in a great shawl collared coat that's warmly lined, tailored to perfection and called the Impresario (one who's always Well Dressed/Wool Dressed).
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A Show-stopper hat box parfum parfum de toilette measured mist (and refill) deluxe dusting powder, bath oil, talcum powder and creamy skin parfum, 35 00 B Flacon mist with dusting powder, 4 75 C Spray mist and dusting powder, 6 00 D Deluxe dusting powder and measured mist to match, 9 00 E. Measured mist and parfum, 10 00 F Parfum de toilette, dusting powder, bath oil, parfum purser, 10 00 G A sampler package of the four great ones in parfum de toilette, 4 50 H 'Imprevu' parfum a new feeling, a new fragrance (Imported from France) From 5 00 **COTY**

The Tigers are giving the Pussycats Coty for Christmas

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The formal shoe situation has been solved.
Now if someone would only invent a bow tying machine.

You may still mutter a few choice words while you're struggling with your bow tie. But you can't grumble about having to wear a proper shining shoe anymore. The virile formal shoe is here. It's designed like a casual. Slips on. Feels good. Looks like a shoe rather than a slipper. This shoe also happens to be light and supple. It's easy care, wipe-and wear. And all-weather resistant so you can wear it all seasons, all places. The reason for these remarkable benefits? It's crafted of CORFAM* the breathable new shoe upper material from Du Pont

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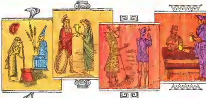
Where to buy it? See page 318

HISTORY of MIXED DRINKS

AND HOW TO MIX 42 GREAT ONES

The Spirited Story of MIXED DRINKS



. . . Intriguing legends trace liquor to ancient days

Who can say where the story of spirits begins? There are so many legends, we can offer here only a few of the fascinating, contradictory tales

But one fact emerges clearly Every civilization had its liquor. An Egyptian carving depicts distilling apparatus, and Shahs of India sipped liquors made from flowers in 800 B.C. Aristotle mentions liquor, and legend has it that Alexander the Great passed the first loving cup . . as a peace gesture between Macedonians and Persians It is said the Aztecs greeted Cortez with offerings of liquor

George Washington was one of the early American distillers The colonists were a hard-drinking lot, consuming many lusty, almost unbelievable concoctions Because this early liquor was anything but palatable, they created many ingenious mixtures to disguise its raw taste and bite.

In both trade and war, liquor figured in our early history In fact, rum has been called the real spirit of '76 Later, taxes led to the Whiskey Rebellion, and liquor interests migrated inland.

As the West opened up, new ingredients for making liquor became available, and distilling methods were gradually improved. As living became easier, gentlemen of the day began to make an art of creating fine liquor

during the plantation era of the Old South . .

One gentleman-of-leisure in New Orleans was a true perfectionist He was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. Carefully, he combined rare and delicious ingredients, and created an unusually smooth, superb liquor Thus Southern Comfort was born! The formula for this unique, 100-proof liquor remains a family secret to this day . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor of its kind on the market

Tale of the Cocktail

how it got its name

TIME Revolutionary War, 1777
PLACE Dobbs Ferry, N Y

In a burst of patriotism barmaid Betsy Flannagan once served Washington's officers a special drink made from rum, rye and fruit juices . . . decorated by tail feathers from a Tory neighbor's plump rooster Inspired, a French soldier in the group declared a toast "Vive le Coq's tail!" Thus a legend began *New Orleans version* A waterfront apothecary served liquor in "coquetiers" (eggcups)

How your Favorite Liquor got its Name

WHISKEY: The word "whiskey" evolved from "usge" or "usque," both of Celtic origin As early as the 12th century, the Irish drank "usge beatha", the Scots called it "uisgebah" Either way the term means "water of life"

SCOTCH Exchequer Rolls of 1494 list "eight bolls of malt to Friar John Cor, wherewith to make aqua vitae." This is the earliest official reference to Scotch liquor But early brews were so fearsome only Scotsmen could drink them Other countries demanded milder blends

VODKA Both Russia and Poland claim the birthplace of this potable almost as old as the Slavs themselves But its name stems from the Russian "vodka," meaning "little water" At one time vodka was made from potatoes . . . but American vodkas are made from grains

BOURBON The famous Whiskey Rebellion in Western Pennsylvania sent distillers west to Kentucky One of the first stills was near Georgetown, Bourbon County . . . and the product was called Bourbon County Whiskey

GIN A 17th century professor at Holland's Leyden University, experimenting with distilling (or mixing a batch of home brew), is credited with discovering "genievre" French for "juniper," a berry which gives gin its flavor It was the English who shortened the name to gin

RYE As American as Mount Vernon, where George Washington was one of the first developers of this grain's greatest potential . . . rye whiskey

RUM Originally "rhum," often called "Kill Devil," rum began as a by product of sugar manufacturing It was probably the first liquor distilled in colonial U S

SOUTHERN COMFORT Created for an era of gracious hospitality, its name is as significant to the man who enjoys "comfort" now as it was then The difference and deliciousness of this great liquor is easily proved Try the simple taste test on the next page You'll understand why Southern Comfort has remained popular for generations, and why it tastes good any way you serve it

How to improve many mixed drinks

These pages contain superb, simple recipes for the best-known drinks made with all the traditional basic liquors Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, brandy, rum and Southern Comfort Included are professional back-bar secrets that make the difference between a good drink and a great one One of these the art of switching basic liquors ... shows you how to *improve* the taste of many drinks A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort to achieve a smoother tastier base for your Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, Sours, Collinses, etc The difference, of course, *is in* the unique flavor and character of Southern Comfort itself It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can* Try *it* in your favorite Make one the regular way, then make one with Southern Comfort Compare them. The improvement will surprise you! Both recipes are in this guide

MAKE THIS TEST, prove it to yourself!

Your choice of a basic liquor greatly influences the taste of any drink Prove *it* this easy way First, pour a jigger of your regular Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice Sip *it* Now do the same with Southern Comfort Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different liquor—one that actually *tastes good* with *nothing* added No wonder a switch to this smoother liquor makes so many mixed drinks taste much better

Origin of the Highball

St. Louis, 1880's: Early railroaders used a ball on a high pole to signal engineers to speed up This was called a highball. Trainmen, always on a fast schedule, only had time for a quick drink which usually was whiskey and water They named *it* the "highball"

How to make better highballs, etc

Highball Jigger of liquor, ice cubes, soda or water Simple? Yes But ice must be *fresh* Old ice absorbs refrigerator odors and tastes Soda, dry or sweet should be cold (it holds carbonation better) Use the best liquor you can afford A fine liquor's flavor comes through, especially in simple drinks To enjoy liquor on-the-rocks, pour it over ice cubes in a short glass For a mist, fill glass with cracked ice Now try this

COMFORT* HIGHBALL

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • sparkling water
Twist of lemon peel or juice of ¼ lime (optional)
Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes, add lime juice or lemon peel Fill with sparkling water and stir

the OLD-FASHIONED story

One of the oldest American cocktails, the Old-Fashioned was first mixed one long-ago Derby Day in Louisville's exclusive Pendennis Club The "mix" has changed many times During Prohibition "fruit decorations" were added to hide the taste of that era's poor liquor. Today, in a modified way, they remain as a pleasant addition to the drink

traditional OLD-FASHIONED and the smoother OLD-FASHIONED

Dash Angostura bitters • ½ oz. water
1 tspn sugar • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
Slice of orange and a cherry

Stir sugar bitters, and water in glass Add two ice cubes pour in liquor and stir Top with orange slice and cherry Make one this way Then use the recipe at right Compare them You'll be amazed at the improvement this switch in basic liquor will make

Dash Angostura bitters • ½ tspn sugar (optional)
½ oz water • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Cherry orange slice, and twist of lemon peel

Mix it like the traditional Old Fashioned Then taste it One drink will prove it's the smoothest ever.

THE COMFORT* OLD-FASHIONED
As served at the Gaslight Clubs, Chicago, New York, Washington, Paris, Los Angeles

*Southern Comfort®

THE
Manhattan

—first one was worth fighting for

Native New Yorker? No! In 1846 in Maryland, a local bartender rushed to mix a reviving drink for an injured duelist He filled a champagne glass half full of rye, stirred in some syrup and bitters It was during the "Gay 90's" in New York that the drink became popular, and vermouth added, evolving today's recipe

ORDINARY MANHATTAN
½ oz Italian (sweet) vermouth
1 jigger (1½ oz) Bourbon or rye
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)
Stir thoroughly with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass Serve with a cherry

Rob Roy (Scotch Manhattan) 2 ozs. Scotch 1 oz. vermouth bitters. Serve with a twist of lemon peel

and today they make it even better

Comfort* MANHATTAN

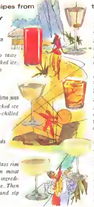
as served at Sardi's & Sardi's East, New York

1 jigger (1½ oz)
Southern Comfort
½ oz. French **(dry)** vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters
(optional)

Mix it like an ordinary Manhattan But what an improvement in flavor! It's the perfect prelude to dinner at home or a night on the town

*Southern Comfort®

Legendary recipes from the master mixers



BLOODY MARY
2 jiggers tomato juice
½ jigger lemon juice
Dash Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz) vodka
Salt and pepper to taste Shake well with cracked ice, strain into 6-oz glass

GIMLET
4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice
Shake well with cracked ice and strain into pre-chilled cocktail glass

MARGARITA
1½ oz white Cuervo tequila
½ oz Triple Sec
1 oz lime or lemon juice
Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind, spin moist rim in salt Shake ingredients with cracked ice Then strain into glass, and sip over the salted edge

DRY MARTINI
1 part French (dry) vermouth
4 parts gin or vodka
Stir with cracked ice, strain into a pre-chilled cocktail glass Add green olive, pearl onion or twist of lemon peel

COLD TODDY
¼ tspn sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz Scotch or Bourbon
Stir sugar and water in short glass Add ice cubes, liquor, and twist of lemon peel

To give a toddy a full body mix it with Southern Comfort

DAIQUIRI
Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon
1 tspn sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz) light rum
Shake with cracked ice till shaker frosts Strain into a cocktail glass

Daiquiri with a new accent Use S C instead of rum only ½ tspn sugar

THE STORY BEHIND SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE DRINKS

BLOODY MARY This drink toasts a Polynesian native of the South Pacific but originated in a New York bar

GIMLET: Originated in British Hong Kong, winning its name from its sharp, tart taste (Gimlet A sharp, small tool)

MARGARITA: Concocted by a Virginia City bartender in memory of his girl friend She was killed by a stray bullet in a rowdy Western brawl, and died in his arms

MARTINI This drink was first made at New York's Waldorf-Astoria during the "Gay 90's" And it was named after a Mr Martinez of New Orleans, for whom it was made

DAIQUIRI Originally a *tall* drink enjoyed by engineers in the iron mines at Daiquiri near Santiago, Cuba

ROB ROY Takes its name from a famous Highland outlaw This drink became popular as Scotch came into general use

Limmer's Old House Hanover Square
Headwaiter John Collins
made history with the

JOHN COLLINS

John's recipe used Holland gin Now it's Bourbon, rye, or Scotch. Mix it like a Tom Collins

Then they mixed it with
Old Tom Gin and called it

Tom COLLINS

1 tspn sugar • ½ jigger (¾ oz) lemon juice
1 jigger gin (or vodka) • sparkling water

Dissolve sugar in juice, add ice liquor fill with sparkling water stir (Use any London dry gin)

Today's perfected drink is
served at Miami Beach's
Fontainebleau Hotel

Comfort* COLLINS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice ½ lime • 7 UP

Blend Southern Comfort and lime juice in a tall glass Add ice cubes 7 UP and stir You'll find this one's not only the best but easiest to mix

As served at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

Comfort* SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz) Southern Comfort
½ tspn sugar • ⅓ jigger (½ oz) lemon juice

Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass Add orange slice on rim of glass and cherry. See why this sour's popular anywhere it's served

Whiskey Sour ½ jigger lemon juice 1 tspn sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz) Bourbon or rye.

**Southern Comfort®*

These great recipes are still making history

GIN RICKEY

Washington lobbyist "Colonel" Rickey drank it at Shoemaker's

Juice and rind ½ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin • sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz glass Add gin, lime rind Fill with sparkling water, stir

Ring in a great new rickey flavor—
with Southern Comfort instead of gin

HONOLULU COOLER

Native of Honolulu served at Sheraton Royal Hawaiian Hotel

1 jigger (1½ oz) Southern Comfort
Juice ½ lime • Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack tall glass with cracked ice Add lime juice, S.C. Fill with pineapple juice and stir.

RUM 'N COLA

Origin Havana, early '30's.

Juice and rind of ½ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass Add rind pour in rum Fill with cola and stir.

Next time see what a comfort S C is to cola

MINT JULEP

Created in Louisville, 1890's.

4 sprigs fresh mint • 1 tspn sugar
Dash of water • 2 oz Bourbon

Chill tall glass Crush mint, sugar in water, pack with cracked ice Pour in whiskey Stir until glass is frosted

For a really jubilant julep use S.C no sugar

SCREWDRIVER

A native of sunny California

1 jigger (1½ oz) vodka • orange juice

Put two ice cubes in 6-oz glass Add vodka, fill with juice, stir

Southern Comfort instead of vodka
gives a screwdriver a bright new turn

GIN 'N TONIC

Brought from the tropics by early British soldiers of fortune

Juice rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger (1½ oz) gin
Quinine water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz glass Add rind, gin fill with tonic and stir

Modern mixers skip the gin and use Southern Comfort's talent for tonic (with ½ lime)

As served at Antoine's, New Orleans

Scarlett O'Hara

1 jigger (1½ oz) Southern Comfort
Juice ½ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray
cranberry juice cocktail

Shake with cracked ice, strain into pre-chilled cocktail glass

This drink's as intriguing as the famous rebel belle who inspired it

The Romance of Liqueurs

One of the functions of old European monasteries was creating fine drinks for royalty of the day. So successful were their formulas of herbs and exotic ingredients that many are still intact, still held secret today—as prized liqueurs.

STINGER
1 jigger (1½ oz) brandy
½ jigger (¾ oz) white creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass

A stinger that's a humdinger: Use Southern Comfort instead of brandy

GRASSHOPPER
¾ oz. fresh cream • 1 oz white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender, strain

ALEXANDER
1 tbspn (½ oz) fresh cream • ¾ oz creme de cacao
1 jigger (1½ oz) Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

Shake with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass.

BLUE BLAZER
½ white creme de menthe • ½ Southern Comfort

Pour creme de menthe in cordial glass Float S.C., filling to top Ignite. When flame dies, let cool, serve.

ST. LOUIS COCKTAIL
As served at Stan Musial and Biggie's in St Louis

½ peach or apricot • Chilled Southern Comfort

Put fruit in sherbet or champagne glass, add finely cracked ice and fill with Southern Comfort Serve with a small spoon and cocktail straw

New liqueur!

COFFEE SOUTHERN

Proof Liqueur

Enjoy a perfect coffee liqueur—with *true* coffee flavor. It's ideal as an after dinner cordial, blends superbly with other liqueurs and desserts. Its secret formula uses imported coffees of unexcelled quality.

COFFEE AND COINTREAU
1 part Coffee Southern • 1 part Cointreau

Pour liqueurs over ice in a short glass stir gently

BLACK RUSSIAN
½ jigger (¾ oz) Coffee Southern • 1 jigger (1½ oz) vodka

Pour over ice cubes in an Old-Fashioned glass Stir

WHITE RUSSIAN
1 oz Coffee Southern • 1 oz vodka • 1 oz fresh cream

Pour over ice cubes in an Old-Fashioned glass Stir

the festive bowl . . . American tradition

PARTY PUNCH

Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
4 oz Jamaica rum • 8 oz pineapple juice
4 oz lemon juice • 8 oz grapefruit juice
2 qts champagne or sparkling water

Pre-chill ingredients mix in punch bowl, champagne last Add ice garnish with orange slices Serves 25

COMFORT* EGGNOG
1 quart dairy eggnog mix
1 cup (8 oz) Southern Comfort

Pre-chill ingredients Blend in punch bowl by beating dust with nutmeg Serves 10, pleases them all

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F. "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS Color-mated to glasses, say "Smooth Sailing" **Two packages of 40 each**	25¢

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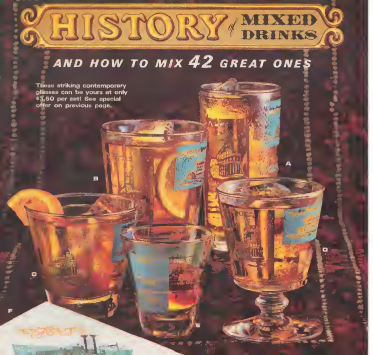

HISTORY of MIXED DRINKS

AND HOW TO MIX 42 GREAT ONES

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landscape wherever they go. The principal feature of the Raccoon River valley was a thirty foot concrete dam. The unguarded water poured over the dam in a smooth, silvery sheet. The flow hypnotized Crackers as a blacksnake does a robin.

"There," he whispered reverently, "is number nine water." (Canoeists describe the difficulty of white water on a one-to-six scale. Six is the most difficult water which can be negotiated in a canoe.)

"No," I said quickly, having learned what was Crackers' idea of good sport. "It is a dam, a portage. Crackers, a portage."

After the dam Crackers became dispirited. When he finished the trip I tried to cheer him. "It was fun—a good trip."

"No," said Crackers, "we didn't have anything better than four percent water all day."

"Well, it was a good workout. Interesting."

"I'm only interested in six water," Crackers complained, swung Come On atop his car and drove off into the sunset, searching for streams which flow with nine water and the Truth.

Perilous places are good but not the exclusive habitats for Truth. A Truthful place taken, for example, can inflame a patriot dickeybirder just as Victoria Falls might excite Crackers. Who can doubt that the Truth was met by the gentle Maryland birdbander who reported:

"While breakfasting I became aware of a disturbance in the larger of my two nets mounted in the back garden. I hurried outside, pausing only long enough to slip on my rubbers since the morning was damp. To my elation I discovered two Lapland Longspurs engaged in the mesh. With trembling hands I extricated the rare visitors, both males. The two prizes, the first of their kind to be taken at my station, were fitted with No. 1B rings and released. The *thrill* of twenty-seven years of banding."

Ornithological pursuits have a high Truth content. A falconer acquaintance told me: "When that bird begins her stoop, I am flying with her. I feel the wind on my face." Old Windy was the founder of a sect who flew hawks at motor-driven model airplanes. When a peregrine engaged a Cessna, the ground crew reacted as rapturously as though they were communicants at the Reformed Rattlesnake Church-in-the-Dale.

Conventional hunters have always harbored the notion that rapture is the reward for shooting holes in things. The Moment of Truth has, so to speak, escalated the ecstasy of slaughter. Nowadays, really hip nimrods do not brag of the number or size of the creatures they lay to rest. Rather they are concerned with metaphysical matters—which is more Truthful, a dead rabbit or a dead duck?

Fishermen by the school have succumbed to the Truth. The old piscatorial tradition—that fishing is a means of getting a fish out of the water into a frying pan—is as dead as Druidism. The dogmas of New Fishing are: it's not what you catch but how you catch it; the lighter the rod, the weaker the line, the smaller the hook, the more Truth in the fish. Fishermen appear to be working toward a technological breakthrough whereby they can dispense with tackle and take fish by an act of will, using only extrasensory equipment. At the moment the Cullers appear to be the closest to this union with Absolutely True Fishing.

I encountered my first Culler last spring. He was stretched flat on his stomach, leaning out over a small trout stream, hand in the water, gently wriggling his fingers. A retarded-looking trout swam slowly about, squinting at the bundle of fingers which to the weak eyes of a weak-minded fish may have borne some resemblance to a clump of coarse waterweed. Eventually the puzzled fish nosed in among the fingers. The Culler caught the trout about the gills and stood up, holding and admiring his prize. The Culler panted; beads of sweat stood out on his pale face—sure signs that he had engaged the Truth. Finally he whispered reverently, "You gotta feel a fish to feel a fish."

Considering the number and indifference of sports now moving after the Truth, it seems unlikely that Truth Hunting can be legally stomped out, as wrestling has been. However, it may still be possible to segregate Moment of Truthers and keep them under surveillance as we do fortune-tellers and typhoid carriers. A first step would be the creation of a Greater National Association for Truth in Sports. Under a vigorous high commissioner (one thinks, for one, of Norman Mailer), GNATS could codify the Rules of Truth: official length of a Moment, maximum and minimum amounts of Truth permissible in a Moment, standard scoring for trances, shrieks, swoons and cold sweats; number and type of witnesses necessary for certification.

Given sufficient regulatory powers, the GNATS commissioner could designate a special Truth Season, perhaps from February 22 to April 1. During this period untruthful sports can avoid games just as gun-shy citizens now stay indoors during deer season. For the same reason (protection of the innocent), Truthers should be required to plainly identify themselves: a dignified shoulder patch, a white bell pennant on a field of red roses, might serve. GNATS would also be the logical agency to sponsor Truth research. Is there enough Truth to go around, or can it be hunted into extinction like the passenger pigeon? Should there be a bag limit? Should small Truths, if caught, be released? There is a good chance that even such an ambitious program might ultimately be self-defeating. Properly supervised, Moment of Truthing has a great competitive and commercial potential. A

(*Continued on page 280*)

Of the big 3,* Keystone is the only Super-8 movie camera with power controlled zoom for as little as $\$119^{95}$

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*Kodak, Bell & Howell, Keystone

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Mr Sorensen's massive volume (*Kennedy* by Theodore C Sorensen, Harper & Row $10) provides a clear measured and to the best of my knowledge accurate account of the conduct of American policy during the late President Kennedy's occupancy of the White House It has only one fault—in the circumstances a pretty terrific one—and that is that it tells one absolutely nothing about Kennedy I mean about Kennedy as a man as a breathing sentient human being He appears, of course, as an outstanding President as a loving husband a doting father a worthy son etc. etc Even—and utterly absurdly—as a distinguished writer Every aspect of the familiar legend is diligently and in the neo-sycophantic style of a *New Yorker* profile or *Time* cover story skillfully presented What is left out is the connection, if any, between this lay figure of a model president and the easygoing amorous, rather indolent and snobbish amiable and agreeable American patrician of whom the late President's intimates sometimes speak in private conversation Mr Sorensen's *Kennedy* is entirely based on the lay figure without so much as a hint of a real man signaling from within to be released As far as this particular reader was concerned therefore, his book seemed stale flat and unprofitable and might just as well have been a study of the Duke of Edinburgh by Garter King of Arms

Let me not detract from the undoubted qualities of Mr Sorensen's offering As a political record it is first rate He was at the late President's elbow throughout his career Not a speech was prepared not an article written scarcely a joke made without his participation He is thus in the best possible position to survey the Kennedy record From the late President's first election to Congress, through the Presidential election, the White House setup, the controversies over civil rights and steel prices the Bay of Pigs fiasco the Vienna meeting with Khrushchev the Cuba confrontation, to the Dallas tragedy—all is adequately and fairly covered, always remembering that Mr Sorensen was himself a pillar of the Presidential *apparat* We do not

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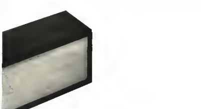

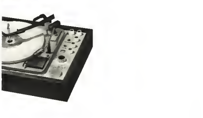

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expect a Knight of the Round Table to write dispassionately about King Arthur, or a pious Monsignor to give a wholly dispassionate account of Joan of Arc after her canonization. With this proviso, Mr. Sorensen has done the job well. The weighty sheaf he has added to the vast documentation of the age will take its deserved place on the shelves of many a current affairs library in universities, newspaper offices and legislatures throughout what we still fondly call the free world.

Mr. Sorensen does, it is true, provide details of the late President's attire, diet, relaxations and idiosyncrasies. He favored two-button suits, it seems, and liked to eat a little often rather than substantial meals at longer intervals. The dummy is dressed and makes its clockwork movements. We may deduce, indeed, from Mr. Sorensen's narrative how macabre a lot in life is that of the popular hero in an era of mass communications. The crutches must be hidden away even when they are desperately needed; the spectacles must never be worn in public, however strained the eyesight; a tan must be maintained all year round lest wrinkles show; the smile—that everlasting toothy and oh so tiresome smile, worn by all Kennedys, in and out of season, whether grouped or alone—must always be summoned up, whatever the mood and whatever the circumstances. No actor or actress even has been subjected to so inexorable a regime as is required of those who accept the destiny of democratic leadership today. Demagogue-divinities, unlike monarchs who rule by divine right, have to stretch out their hands to be mauled by the sovereign people. The Mikado prudently decreed that his subjects must never lift their eyes to look at him; an American President, on the contrary, must ever be in the public gaze. The ravening crowds wash round him, devouring him with their eyes and lacerating him with their touch. Like Prometheus, he is bound, and each day his entrails are plucked out by an adoring multitude. Dusted and caked with makeup, shining beneath the arc lamps, projected on the waves of sound and light, he provides a sacrificial offering. In the late President's case, all too literally.

In such circumstance, it is, perhaps, absurd to look for a real person. How could one possibly survive when the exigencies of the image were so overwhelming? The late President always seemed to me like a figure in a strip cartoon. His voice seemed dubbed in—and not always in sync; his movements and gestures had a queer, jerky quality, as though they were imperfectly related to one another; his words gave an impression of emanating elsewhere, as they usually did—from the agile pen of Mr. Sorensen or some other *apparatchik*. The whole effect, to me, was somehow sad, if not tragic. The President was a displaced person; a part had been foisted upon him which was not his, and whose unfamiliar lines he had learned with difficulty and had repeated mechanically.

Despite protestations to the contrary, Mr. Sorensen's book serves to confirm this impression. We shall never know what the late President really said and thought, as distinct from the words and thoughts which others prepared for him. Nothing in his life as recounted by Mr. Sorensen is his own for certain; there is not one single phrase or joke which can be attributed to him with confidence. This is a new development in history; a completely new kind of leadership. The late President was obviously not a moron, but he could have been one. All that was required was to smile and say the words and wear the clothes and reach out to shake multitudinous hands. If and when computers can

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smile and have pretty wives one may very well be programmed with all the requisite answers and fed with all the requisite speeches, and get elected to the Presidency. Why not? Such a computer might well be expensive, but someone as rich as Ambassador Joseph Kennedy would be able to buy one easily and groom and run it for office. I see no difficulty.

This development in the character and operation of leadership drastically affects, of course, the writing of history and biography. Take the case of Mr. Sorensen. He was an integral part of the Kennedy legend, which he helped to prepare and promote—to what precise degree probably he himself is scarcely aware. Thus in writing about the late President and his Presidency he is in a sense and to an extent writing about himself. That splendid oration which the late President delivered!—after all, he, Sorensen, wrote it. In the circumstances he can scarcely be expected to be impartial about it. And so on. We have had in the past plenty of adulatory biographies of public figures, and historians through the ages have displayed great readiness to approve what comes to pass, to the point that history itself often seems to be but the propaganda of the victor. What we have not had before is the biographer-historian who actually participated in creating the character he is writing about and his part in the history he is recounting. The advent of the speech writer under Roosevelt, and the subsequent development in the televisual and other promotion of contemporary rulers, opens up, it seems to me, a new historical era in which the legend of what happens is prefabricated as are the legendary figures who shape its course.

"His untimely and violent death," Mr. Sorensen writes of the late President, "will affect the judgment of historians and the danger is that it will relegate his greatness to legend." In any such process his own offering will infallibly work in the legendary direction. He writes throughout about the legendary Kennedy, about the dedicated mid-twentieth century demagogue with his head in the public-opinion polls and his feet firmly planted in ward precincts, endlessly preoccupied with the shabby, dreary, fraudulent processes of universal suffrage democracy. Surely, one says to oneself, it must be impossible for anyone actually breathing and normally equipped with human hopes and desires, to fashion a life out of Scotty Reston, Dr. Gallup and the early editions of The Washington *Post* and The New York *Times* fortified by those indigestible documents which the mills of government endlessly grind. Surely, one thinks, something must have happened or been said which could not possibly have been prepared in advance by one or other of the *apparatchiks*. Some joke not in that folder labeled "humor" which the Presidential train carried everywhere. Some spontaneous gesture other than stretching out to that forest of reaching hands. Something unbeknownst to Dean Rusk or McGeorge Bundy.

One looks in vain for anything of the kind in Mr. Sorensen's pages. The legend as he purveys it slays the late President as effectually as Oswald's bullets did. That burly figure with the kindly face who captivated so many abroad as well as at home goes down before his speech writer's adulation as he did before his assassin's crazy malignancy. With the best of intentions Mr. Sorensen has created a Frankenstein monster in the shape of a glamorized President. In life he served John F. Kennedy assiduously and ably with his pen; in death, also with his pen, he has extinguished him. ■

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she fell
'neath the spell
of his seven seas

Where to buy it? See page 319.

GASTRONOMY

JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Surprisingly, no one ever thought of doing The Natural History of Goulash, although the natural (and unnatural) histories of less piquant subjects have been written. I suppose in Hungary they have a whole encyclopedia of gulyás (as it is spelled there). Fortunately you wouldn't know, and neither would I. Hungarian is spoken only by Hungarians and some Hollywood screen writers. So this is the first non-Hungarian variation on a strictly Hungarian theme.

Goulash—let's stick for a time with the Anglicized spelling, with proper apologies and kissing the hand of any pretty Hungarian lady just walking by—resembles Mark Twain's weather. Everybody talks about it, and many people think they know what it is, but they don't. People's pseudo knowledge of goulash increases in geometrical ratio with the geographic distance from Budapest, the capital of Hungary—sorry, Magyar Népköztarsaság, which means "People's Republic of Hungary." (I told you that Hungarian is only for the Hungarians.) Even there I've met people who no longer know the difference between gulyás, pörkölt, tokany and paprikás made with chicken and veal. I do, and thereby, as they say in Victorian novels, hangs a tale.

On my first postwar trip to Budapest, in 1917, I spent my first evening and later all evenings that followed at Gundel's Restaurant in Városliget, the City Park. You may remember Városliget as the scene of Ferenc Molnár's wonderful *Liliom*.

Charles Gundel (the name was pronounced "Goon del") was the greatest chef and restaurateur in a nation that has paid proper attention always to good food and good drink, and gypsy music and illicit love, on the sound theory that life is short and should be enjoyed at somebody else's expense account. Gundel was born in Budapest in 1883 and had learned his profession under the great César Ritz, who once told him: "Charles, be creative and inspired about new sauces and new ragouts, but remain old-fashioned about your table arrangements."

After his apprenticeship, Gundel returned to Budapest where he met another young hotelman, Josef Marchal, whose father Edouard had been "grand chef" at the court of Napoleon III and was offered as a "present" to Alexander II, Czar of Russia. In those days people gave elegant presents. Later Edouard Marchal bought the Queen of England Hotel in Budapest. He taught the Hungarians "to use fewer spices and fewer fats and, in general, to make lighter dishes." I'm quoting Gundel.

Gundel later married the sister of Josef Marchal, bought a rundown restaurant called Wampetits, which he turned into a venerable temple of great eating—the one in Városliget—and also acquired the St. Gellért Hotel, a luxurious palace at the foot of St. Gellért Mountain, with thermal springs, gardens, terraces, parks and two swimming pools. One pool was enlivened by artificial waves, the other by air bubbles forced up through the floor in the pool. It was the Hungarian version of bathing in champagne, or en cocotte.

In the Gellért's sumptuous dining rooms Gundel sometimes had twenty parties and as many as three banquets going at the same time, memorable feasts offering chicken consommé au Tokay, vol-au-vent Aurora, saddle of venison à l'Anglaise, sometimes served to nine hundred people.

When King Victor Emmanuel of Italy came to Budapest in 1937, Gundel served a meal which made his name a byword among the great and wealthy of Europe. At his Városliget restaurant he had a staff of almost a hundred people, including two gulyás specialists.

Gundel's favorite saying was: "It is difficult to make something good out of second-class materials but it is also quite easy to spoil first-class ones." He admired the great French chefs, "our unsurpassed masters," and went to considerable lengths to give his guest the best of the best. He used only the famous fogas from Lake Balaton, *Lucioperca sandra*. He would put live carp taken from still lakes into screened tanks, and these he had lowered into the Danube for two weeks. The current would wash away the muddy taste. His carp were incredibly delicate.

Charles Gundel died a few years ago in exile in Austria. The restaurant, which still bears his name, is now a nationalized enterprise. Don't bother to go there. I made a belated pilgrimage not long ago. It was a bittersweet experience, like the taste of bad paprika.

There were only two paprika dishes on Gundel's menu. He said that "under the French influence" he had cut down on the use of paprika. A hundred years ago paprika was hardly known in Hungary where it is now the na-

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(See page 5)

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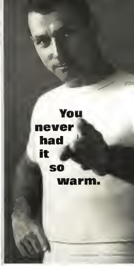

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

tional spice. Early nineteenth-century cookbooks in Hungary rarely mention paprika.

No one in Hungary (or in Hollywood) will admit it, but paprika is not a native Hungarian plant. It was probably brought to Europe in the sixteenth century from East and West. There is a theory that Columbus imported the plant from America to Spain. The Turks after their victory at Mohács in 1526—Mohács is for us what Waterloo was for Napoleon," Gundel said sadly—overran Hungary, bringing along large supplies of Oriental spices. Among them was *capsicum annuum*, probably from India, whose varieties were the larger pimiento in South and Central America, and the smaller, more aromatic paprika in the Balkans and Hungary.

Hungarian poets compare red paprika to "love and fire" but Gundel explained to me that paprika should be mild and sweet, with a piquant, never sharp aftertaste. It should "intrigue the eye and stimulate the palate." Fine paprika contains a certain percentage of sugar, is milder than curry or cayenne pepper. It must never be overheated, or the sugar content will turn too quickly into caramel and the paprika's color and flavor will be spoiled.

Foreigners often think of goulash when they see a dish that contains small pieces of meat in a paprika sauce. False, Gundel said. All paprika dishes are divided into four varieties. Gulyás is just one of them.

"Gulyás," Gundel said, "is prepared by cooking together finely chopped onions, cubes of potatoes and square pieces of meat, green peppers and tomatoes, caraway seeds, salt and paprika. Sometimes a dough is added which is nipped off bit by bit, between the forefinger and the thumb. The meat is beef. There should be plenty of broth, almost like a soup. The beef should be shoulder or rib—what the French call *deuxième qualité*."

Remember that the next time you make a goulash. It's not a dish for people who cook by the book. Hungarian experts are able to tell from the taste of the dough—csipetke—whether the cook was left-handed (or so they say). When it is nipped off between forefinger and thumb of the left hand, it has a slightly different taste (or so they say). Obviously there is an occult ingredient in csipetke, as in so many things Hungarian.

Once Gundel permitted me to stay in the kitchen while my gulyas was being prepared. The paprika was a fine variety from Szeged called "Edelpaprika." The potatoes, cut into small cubes, were later added. Toward the very end they put in pieces of tomatoes. Csipetke was made of flour, eggs and salt. The cook was right-handed. There was a very pretty girl in the kitchen. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would have liked her.

Gulyás is a democratic dish. For the Upper Classes Gundel made Mágnásgulyás, "the nobleman's gulyás," using filet or sirloin of beef. An old Tokay goes with it. Gundel called this "the wine of kings and the king of wines."

At this point you might reasonably expect some gulyás lore and paprika legend, say about the Huns and Attila, or some wild Hungarian king with wild-eyed mistresses, never less than three at the same time, and how they prepared their gulyas at night in the *puszta*, the Hungarian steppe where people love fast and die even faster. A metal vessel called *bogrács* would be hanging over an open fire. Men and women would sit around, like the smugglers in the third act of *Carmen*, singing melancholy songs and inhaling a pungent flavor of gulyas.

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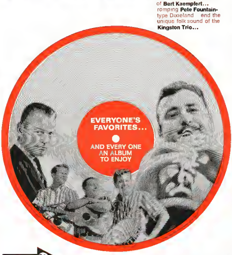
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Manhattan

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A pleasant vision but, alas, only a myth. The origin of gulyás is as prosaic as that of all stews, hashes, ragouts, thick soups. It was invented by people whose cooking skill was greater than their financial resources. They liked something that was good, could be made easily and wouldn't cost much money. Nomadizing Hungarian shepherds and fishermen were perhaps the first people who cooked a gulyás in their bogrács. Did they have wild-eyed mistresses? An interesting question.

Today the shepherds and fishermen have become workers in Hungary's nationalized industries, and gulyás is made in factory canteens. The kings are gone but some mistresses are still there, though some have left for Paris and Vienna, London and New York, where you may meet them in places called "Little Hungary" or "Old Budapest." There they cry as they eat goulash and listen to violins.

Another variety is pörkölt, which contains finely chopped onions, paprika and meat; the latter is in bigger pieces and from fatter animals—veal, mutton, game, pork, turkey, goose, duck. Pörkölt means "slightly roasted." It is often served with tarhonya, a barley-like dish made of flour and eggs with the dough pressed through sieves, dried and later roasted in fat with minced onions and parsley. The gravy is thicker than that of gulyás.

The third variety is called tokány. The meat—either beef or veal—is cut into lengthwise pieces. Tokány may contain sweet or sour cream, mushrooms, peas, parsley roots, but less paprika and less onions. And the variety called pepper tokány has fresh tomatoes; the gravy for it is made with white wine.

The fourth and my favorite variety is paprikás (pronounced "paprikash"). It is made of fish or fowl, lamb or veal, with whipping cream. It is the aristocrat among paprika dishes. A little essence of Tokay, Hungary's Trockenbeerenauslese, should be served with it. Gundel remembered the vintage of 1811—the year Napoleon prepared to March on Moscow.

The present popularity of goulash has not lessened the quality of the dish. A well-known Viennese chef writes that the best goulash is made in certain *Beisels* (joints) where it is never served fresh, always warmed up.

In Vienna goulash is served as an in-between meal, say at ten in the morning, too late for breakfast and too early for lunch. During the annual *Fasching* (carnival) season people eat Gulaschsuppe, a watered-down variety, after a night of dancing. The soup is said to have magical restorative effects, like oysters and matjes herring.

Restaurants all over the world offer many goulash varieties. There exists an "Old Viennese Goulash," perhaps served with a Johann Strauss waltz; a "potato goulash" (no meat at all); a "Saftgoulash" ("gravy goulash"—imagine!), "gypsy goulash" with beef and mutton, "peasants' goulash," with white-bread dumplings, "goose-liver goulash" (for people in the Onassis bracket), "Italian goulash" served with macaroni, "Krautgoulash," a Czech dish with white cabbage, "Znaim goulash" with pickled cucumbers, even "Hungarian goulash," adding insult to injury. A fine, authentic variety is "Szekely gulyas," with pork, sauerkraut and plenty of sour cream. Delicious.

There is no doubt but that Hungarian women and Hungarian gulyás varieties have conquered the world. Hungarians can afford to say, "We are poor, but we live well." I suppose it sounds even better in Hungarian. ###

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LETTER HOME

HELEN LAWRENSON

The filming of *Doctor Zhivago* began in December, 1964 in Spain and continued there for close to nine months. There had been some idea of making the picture in Sweden but the lack of unemployment in that country would have made it difficult to recruit the necessary thousands of extras. There was no such problem in Spain. Accordingly the entire film was made there, with two exceptions: some background shots of a tunnel at Kicking Horse Pass in Calgary, Canada, made by a secondary camera unit, with no actors; and a two-week side trip with part of the main company, to Finland for snow scenes. In Finland President Urho Kekkonen obligingly bestowed honorary citizenship on director David Lean and Omar Sharif, who plays the title role, and Lean celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday on the set with a cake large enough so that the words *Paljon Onnea* ("Happy Birthday" in Finnish) would show up clearly in photographs. Neither of these events received much press coverage outside Finland.

It was different with the daffodils. Someone thought it would be nice to show daffodils in one of the spring scenes, so last December the bulbs were imported from Holland—seven thousand of them according to the press agents; six thousand according to the man in charge of getting them planted; four thousand according to David Lean. Well, anyway, a *lot* of daffodils. They put them in the ground expecting them to bloom in May, but the winter was so unusually mild that they started coming up in January, instead, and had to be dug up, put in pots, and kept under cover until it was considered safe to plant them again.

That's the story—not exactly a staggering news flash, but it made papers and magazines all over the world. Every journalist who visited the film location was told the story, usually by all three press agents in turn, and dutifully jotted it down in his notes at least once. And the press agents were only slightly abashed when a visiting photographer remarked that when *he* was taking pictures on location with *Lady L* in England, *they* had two thousand acres of daffodils that all came up early. It's been a great daffodil year in the movies.

The only *Zhivago* story to get more press coverage than the daffodils has been that of Geraldine Chaplin. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first cast her in this $10,000,000 picture, they figured to pick up a little publicity because she is Charlie Chaplin's daughter. Not in the wildest press-agent fantasies, however, could they have envisioned the bonanza that was to come.

"There hasn't been anything like it since Marilyn Monroe," the M-G-M European chief of public relations said. At the same time, he confided, "It'll be a second *Gone With The Wind*." (For one stupefied second, I had a vision of Marilyn Marching Through Georgia with Ben-Hur.)

Reporters and photographers flocked to the *Zhivago* set in Spain, the former all asking Geraldine how she gets along with her father, the latter busily taking her picture. The rest of the cast twiddled their thumbs in the background; they consisted of Sir Alec Guinness, Sir Ralph Richardson, Rod Steiger, Rita Tushingham, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Omar Sharif and Julie Christie. One Hollywood flack referred to them as "a cast of unknowns." "I figure," he said, "that part of the tremendous press interest in this picture is because we have a cast of unknowns." He meant it. In his bright lexicon, known stars, big stars, are the ones like Cary Grant or Audrey Hepburn or John Wayne, real Hollywood Movie Stars whose names are known to *everyone*. The way he saw it, Geraldine was a godsend because she was at least *related* to a big Hollywood Star, though a former one. It would have been terrific, he thought, if Garbo had a daughter.

Still, that doesn't exactly explain it. After all, when Ingrid Bergman's daughter, Pia Lindstrom, made her movie debut in *Marriage Italian Style*, the press was, by and large, apathetic. Of course, she had only a bit part, whereas Geraldine, who has never acted before (save for a brief appearance in a French film), and who has never even studied acting, is playing a top role as Zhivago's wife, a role far more important than the one allotted to Siobhan McKenna, an established actress, or, to take a more pertinent example, to Rita Tushingham, the wonderfully unique and gifted young star of *A Taste of Honey*, *Girl with Green Eyes* and *The Knack*.

Lack of acting experience is not enough, either, to guarantee publicity. Other girls have had that qualification—ex-Empress Soraya, for instance—without inspiring any avid interest in the publishing world. Geraldine is not ex-royalty or a champion prizefighter or a girl friend of a Beatle. She is neither a raving beauty nor a candidate for sex goddess. She may turn out to have acting ability—but this is something no one knows as yet. There is nothing, really, to justify the avalanche of press coverage during the past year. She's not even related to Jackie Kennedy.

Nevertheless, before the filming was half completed, at least a dozen top American magazines had sent writers and photographers to Spain to do features about her, several of which included cover photographs. Her picture appeared in France on the covers of *Marie Claire*, *Elle*, *Paris Match* and *Jours de France*. Oriana Fallaci, the well-known Italian woman journalist, interviewed her for *L'Europeo*, German photographers and writers came from *Der Spiegel* and *Quick*, and representatives of various leading magazines in Great Britain, Austria, Holland, Argentina and Chile all showed up with assignments to do Geraldine.

True, there was a segment of the press which included in their coverage other aspects of the production. Among these were *The Atlantic* and a medical news magazine which sent both writer and photographer to Spain, presumably on the basis that some of the scenes show Dr. Zhivago performing opera-

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tions. In preparation for one of these, I saw Omar Sharif fiddling with a piece of brown string "I'm practicing tying knots in a suture," he said. The company doctor just showed me how."

The concentration of the world press on Geraldine was viewed with varying degrees of equanimity by her fellow workers, some of whom were less determinedly philosophic about it than others ("Omar is just lucky they didn't cast her brother Michael as Zhivago," was one of the remarks.) The situation was perhaps epitomized in this incident: a *Vogue* photographer waiting for Geraldine to get into costume, began snapping pictures of Guinness, who was sitting in one of those canvas folding chairs they put around movie sets for stars and directors. The photographer stood behind the chair and told Sir Alec to turn his head and look into the camera. As he took the pictures, someone said, "Oh my God!" On the back of the chair, almost smack under Sir Alec's chin, the name Geraldine Chaplin was clearly painted in large black letters. Guinness stood up and glanced at it. His face was, as the saying goes, a study. "Well, that's where the publicity is, isn't it?" he said very gently. His eyes were carefully bland, his inflection deft. We got the message.

I asked Rod Steiger (who had just received rave reviews for his performance in *The Pawnbroker*) about this touchiness that flickered to the surface now and then. He gave me a stern and righteous look. "There is no resentment at all," he said. "The rest of the cast is too professional for that."

It hadn't seemed quite that way to me: no matter how professional actors are, they are not notoriously devoid of vanity. However, they could take some solace from all being ignored together. Besides, after the novelty of Geraldine had worn off, maybe they would get their turn in the limelight. Meanwhile, one problem was solved: they didn't have to be jealous of each other or worry about which of them should get the top billing. Since it had been decided to list the main actors alphabetically in all the advertising, this meant that lo! Geraldine Chaplin's name shall lead all the rest—just like Abou ben Adhem.

I made two trips to Spain to cover *Zhivago*. The first time, I, too, was doing a story about Geraldine (for *Cosmopolitan*). I expected to spend the time in Madrid, at the Castellana Hilton ("where the Spanish and the international 'elite' meet," says the Iberia airline welcome-on-board booklet), so I left my boots and other rough-weather garb in London. This was unfortunate. I arrived on a Sunday afternoon and the next morning the whole film company unexpectedly moved to Soria, a mountain town about a hundred fifty miles north of Madrid, known as the coldest spot in Spain. Lean had been waiting for weeks to shoot snow scenes there. The only thing that had been holding him up was that for the first time in thirty years there was no snow. Then suddenly an M-G-M lookout posted in Soria flashed the good news: snow! When we got there it was almost knee-deep in the streets and everyone went around bundled up like Nanook of the North. The few hotels in town were taken over by the movie people, so it had been arranged for me to share a furnished flat with the unit press agent (a portly, white-haired gentleman who started in the business in 1923 in Hollywood, doing publicity for Bull Montana), Dimitri Kessel, the veteran *Life* photographer, and a reporter for the London *Observer*. The only heat in the flat came from a

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small coal stove in the kitchen. Hot water could be obtained by lighting a butane-gas contraption that went on and off with an alarming boom and on which was pasted a handwritten sign giving instructions in Spanish prefaced by the cheery words, 'Important warning! Danger!'' The lock on the bathroom door didn't work—Oops! Excuse me!—and mornings took on the air of an overage youth hostel with all of us flying around clutching our towels and toothbrushes. The press agent, a very large man, loaned me his white terrycloth robe, in which I was so completely enveloped that I looked like an elderly female member of the Ku Klux Klan. I was cold the whole time I was there. I was also tired. I sleep lightly so it didn't help matters that one of my flat mates snored loudly and clearly in different rhythms all through the night.

The cast was bored stiff in Soria, as there was nothing to do and nowhere to go, and the publicity emphasis was embarrassing. There may have been nothing new for the press to say about actors like Alec Guinness or Ralph Richardson, but the others, especially Courtenay and Julie, might reasonably have expected some attention. Courtenay, thin, tense, unassuming, is acknowledged as one of the finest young actors in England. His first film was *The Loneliness of The Long Distance Runner*, in which he gave an extraordinarily sensitive and disturbing performance; this was followed by the movie version of *Billy Liar*.

Prior to *Zhivago*, he went to California for his first American film, *King Rat*. I asked him how he liked Hollywood. "It's not my spiritual home," he said wryly.

It was with Tom, in *Billy Liar*, that Julie Christie first drew the attention of the film critics two years ago. Her part only lasted eleven minutes, but it was long enough to set the sparks flying, as did her appearance in a small role this year in *Young Cassidy*. She has a quality that lights up the screen—a sort of lustrous sensuality. ("There is no other actress like her in England," Rita Tushingham said to me.) This sexy nimbus that she projects on camera is not immediately apparent when you meet her face to face, but she is a very good-looking girl, with long, straight, blonde hair worn hanging below her shoulders in the current sheepdog, or folk singer, style, the bangs almost hiding her lovely grey eyes. Her manner is ingenuous, and she doesn't try any verbal doodling to disguise her feelings. "Sometimes I think 'If my father were world famous, I suppose they'd all be coming to talk to me,'" she said. "But I guess it doesn't really matter. Anyway, Spain has been good for me, because I was beginning to get a bit flash. You know what I mean? I was raising my voice in public and calling people *Dahling*.'"

Julie, who plays Lara, spent three years at a London drama school, a stint in repertory, television, small parts in comedy films, and a tour with the Royal Shakespeare Company. In London she lives in a big, rambling flat with two young men ("I can't stand living with girls")—a journalist and a graphics designer—and is engaged to Don Bessant, a twenty-four-year-old art teacher from Kent. Her friends are all from the worlds of art and journalism. ("When I was young, I wanted to be a painter, but I just wasn't good enough.") Her first starring role, in *Darling*, with Laurence Harvey and Dirk Bogarde, was finished before she went to Spain. Already, the English press has excitedly called her "the new golden girl of the films."

Steiger, Sharif, Julie and

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Geraldine all had their own apartments in Madrid, rented for the duration. The rest stayed at hotels. Richardson and his wife, the actress Meriel Forbes, lived at the Palace. 'We always used to stay at the Ritz,' Richardson told me, "but they won't let any actors in there any more. Seems an American film star made quite a rumpus there, so now we're all barred. Pity." (I heard later that the star in question had said, "This is what I think of your hotel!" raised her skirt and proceeded to urinate in the Ritz lobby. She then moved to the Hilton, and employees there say that she livened up things considerably during her stay. According to their stories, she used to order food or drinks sent to her suite and would open the door without a stitch on. One thing, she got very prompt room service.)

Among the visiting press was Violette Leduc, author of the French best seller *La Bâtarde*. (The book had not yet been published in English so I asked her what it is about. 'It's about a woman who is a bastard and Lesbianism and love affairs," she said. "A novel?" I asked cautiously. "Oh, no,' she said. "It's autobiography.") Violette, a protégée of Simone de Beauvoir, is a woman in her sixties I should say, with a warm, lined face, tiny, shrewd, blue eyes and a nose that is a feminine version of General de Gaulle's. She speaks no English and had never been on a movie set before. She thought everything pretty confusing. I introduced her to Steiger and found myself trapped as interpreter. She had never heard of Steiger and wanted to know what he had done. He said he had recently finished *The Loved One*. I struggled through a feeble translation. '*L'Aimé*,' I said. '*C'est un conte d'un cimetière fameux aux États-Unis.*" Violette looked dubious. '*Un cimetière—comme Père-Lachaise*,' I offered (and was immediately unsure whether *Père-Lachaise* was a French cemetery or a novel by Balzac). She obviously thought I had got it wrong. "What does he play?" she asked, probably hoping to get a clue. I didn't know how to say embalmer. '*Un homme qui travaille avec les morts. Il travaille dans le cimetière. Il s'appelle Joyboy—Garçon de Joie.*' Violette gave us both a look that meant, 'Oh la la, these so droll Americans!' and scribbled in her notebook. Then she said and I followed her train of thought, "*Dites-lui que je connais Genet.*"

Lean was the attraction for most of the *Zhivago* cast, with his reputation for making few films, but good ones. Rita Tushingham who only appears twice—at the beginning and again at the very end—said she took such a small part because it was her first opportunity to work with Lean 'and the way he works I might not get another chance for ten years!" She hadn't read the book and neither had Guinness ("My wife read it for me,' he said.) Those who had were not wildly enthusiastic, except Julie, who said she had read it "several times and loved it.' I found this hard to believe. I have met few people who were able to get all the way through it without skipping. (One British writer covering the filming said he told his editors if they wanted him to read the book they'd have to pay him extra.) Ralph Richardson was indignant because the blurb on his paperback edition compared the author to Tolstoy and Dostoevski. 'Absolutely ridiculous!'" he said. "Far from being a great book, it's not even a good one. And his poems are worse." I read it for the first time before I went to Spain and was astounded. I thought it was one of the worst written books I had ever read, a soppy soap

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opera with a message more carminative than clarion I don't wonder the Russians were embarrassed when Pasternak got the Nobel Prize

Despite its shortcomings as literature it should make an interesting film considering the director, the cast and the script by Robert Bolt a far better example of craftsmanship than the book and replete with such provocative stage directions as, 'He looks postcoital and glum (This is an improvement over Pasternak's descriptive style, which lets him say of Lara, 'Her hands were like a sublime idea.')

Bolt has built more of a sexual bonfire and has altered the narrative in such a way that the characters appear more admirable than in the original In the book for example, Lara, at sixteen, has an affair with her mother's lover, Komarovsky The mother attempts suicide by swallowing iodine. At her bedside Lara and Komarovsky exchange looks and 'she gave him a sly wink of complicity Both of them were pleased it had all ended so well—their secret was safe'" Then more than three years after the affair ends Lara gun in muff goes after Komarovsky for the sole purpose of getting money from him Now in the film while Lara emerges as a peccant angel with plastic values she is spared the callous vulgarity implicit in her attitude toward her mother's attempted suicide, and when she shoots Komarovsky, it is at the time of their affair—not three years later—and for reasons that are emotional rather than financial Similarly Zhivago acquires in the film a nobility lacking in the peevish vain woe is me character of the book given to keeling over in fainting fits, weeping spells, and cries of, 'Oh God! God!' as he vacillates between his wife and Lara and inveighs against the Revolution for interfering with his love life. The script leaves out all mention of the *third* girl Marina who in the book becomes his common law wife after Lara who bears him children and supports him and them by working in the post office and is then deserted by him To have included this episode in the film would surely have diminished the effect of the big love affair between Lara and Zhivago which is the keystone of the movie

Both Bolt and Lean insist that the picture in no way takes sides but shows the Russian Revolution as 'simply a background for the story of a great love" which I suppose is one way of looking at history Some European journalists have claimed that the script is obviously slanted against the Bolsheviks "I know damn well it's not' Bolt told me However, before filming could start the script had to be okayed by the government, and nothing is going to be approved in Franco Spain that could be construed in any way as *pro*-Communist (They had to refrain from playing the *Internationale* in scenes where it was essential to the story although Maurice Jarre the young French composer who is doing the music said 'It'll be heard in the film, *of* course, but we'll have to put it in after we've left Spain.')

It is understandable that Bolt and Lean should wince at any suggestion of political bias but I don't think they have to worry about anyone going to see the film in order to get a clear picture of the Russian Revolution In the year of its publication the book caused in some circles a furore however artificially created but even epics are ephemeral in the mind of the general public especially an epic as little-read (though widely bought) as this one The subject matter is not nearly as widely known as one might think. As an American air-base officer said to me in Madrid "*Doctor Zhivago?* Oh yes that's science fiction isn't it? ■

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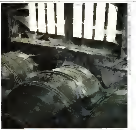

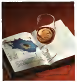

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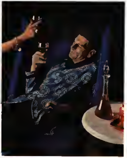

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POKER

JACK RICHARDSON

Gambling is a much abused area of human study. For one of man's more dramatic pastimes it has, like sex, attracted to it a peculiarly bloodless and unimaginative body of students. The books that an inquisitive card or dice player might purchase, hoping to uncover some secret information on why eighteen hours of his day are spent being bumped up and down by fate, generally fall into two classes: the psychological, which treat games of chance as superficial arenas for sexual difficulties and inform a reader that during his last night at a blackjack table he dashed through a dozen Krafft-Ebing chapters while losing fifty dollars; and the theoretical, which dispense, as though incanting the lost Druid formulas for immortality, a few depressing lessons on odds and probability theory. The irrelevance of these approaches is compounded by the fact that quite often they are mutually exclusive. The psychologist informs the gambler that he is really abjectly creeping toward a booted flagellant and has total obliteration in mind, while the mathematician and/or professional gambler is presenting a machine-like strategy for victory—a deadly toxin to masochistic sporting blood.

Caught between these extremes, the average player runs back to the tables with his old comfortable baggage of brute instincts, amulets, mystic systems, unbuttressed hopes and an uppity belief that fate finds him peculiarly attractive. If guilt brings him there, it is for exorcism, not atonement. If he wins, he has no intention of sharing the triumph with an impersonal calculus. If he loses, he is certain that dark forces are at work which could be propitiated if he were to abstain from his favorite food for a week. Nearly all the experts—medical and mathematical—deprecate this aboriginal behavior and look forward to a world of rational, percentage-playing men and women who would understand that the *sotto voce* plea "God, if I may just fill this inside straight, I will never ask for another, nor will I dip into my daughter's college fund again" has no influence either on a divinity or on a wished-for three-of-spades. Such a world may indeed come to pass, but it is distant, and I doubt anyone now old enough to draw five cards in a game of stud will live to see it. Only cruel prophets exhort their followers to a promised land they will never reach. And indeed, it is doubtful that any gambler of the present world would wish to be in a Utopian poker game where play is for fun, palms are dry and healthy, and expectations are no greater than that allowed by a fourth decimal point. No expert counsel on chance, if it is to be realistic and useful, must take human nature as it is, and that means accepting the fact that wherever dice are thrown or cards are shuffled, the Dark Ages get another turn on this planet.

This said, I feel more comfortable about presenting myself as an authority on poker—a game that has cost me thousands of dollars since my grandfather first taught me its principles thirty years ago. My approach to the game was then, as now, unabashedly medieval. If this is in one way impoverishing, on the other side there is the concomitant gain of a full emotional and fantasy life. I have no commandments about stud, draw or high-low which, if grimly followed, will produce profits at the end of a session, but I can offer tried advice on the best ways to stifle the urge to whine for your money back after an exceptionally destructive run of luck, or, *mutatis mutandis*, how to make moist eyes and whimpering efficacious. I have known the exhilarating thrill of the "chase" in stud poker where one doggedly holds one's breath and waits for a fifth card that might beat what an opponent has showing with his

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

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Come take a closer look at Continental for 1966. Accept your Continental dealer's invitation to drive it, experience it, and to discover how easy it can be to own a Lincoln Continental.

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second I am also adept at keeping to a minimum the sounds of internal hemorrhaging while bluffing, and when the pretense succeeds, I can advise you on the exact amount of superiority to put into your smile so that humiliation is dispensed but murder not invited. I have experienced a hundred shades of defeat that begin where one has been justly outplayed and end with the black certainty that one must have absentmindedly desecrated a temple on the way to the evening's game. I have mumbled prayers to a dozen gods, my dead mother, my ex-wife, my former analyst, Blaise Pascal and Nick the Greek—and all for different reasons I'm sure have failed to bring me safely home to a full house when called upon. I have promised years of my life for a third King, and I once swore to make a gravid waitress in Reno an honest woman if my two Jacks finished high in the biggest pot I had ever been in.

All this and still I stand debited in the ledger. Yet Poker holds my fealty, for it has never failed to turn up in me another depth of primitive unmentionable behavior each time I sit down to play. And if Rousseau was right that to know one's own heart is to know all men, then, *hypocrite lecteur*, I know the black, syncopated hearts of you who wait for straights and flushes as signs of love from heaven.

However, let me not seem coy. I do not always lose. In fact, I was helped through college by my winnings from a physics instructor who, though only some four-and-a-half feet in height, was a formidable playing opponent. His head, twice the size it should have been for such body, sported an incredible expanse of forehead behind which, I felt certain, lay a mass of analytic brain tissue that would not allow the minutest advantage to slip by unrecorded. From our first encounter he regarded me in the same way Bertrand Russell might have Mrs. Eddy: I was a mire of superstition that he was going to drain and enlighten at a price. He was the paragon percentage player, demanding no miracles from the fifty-two cards, and I knew his myopic eyes would read every hand I held.

However, with all his scientific honors, he had a fatal flaw which hurtled him to defeat each time we played. Perhaps the overabundant cerebral matter had produced a hypersensitive network of nerves, or perhaps my style of play was more sickening to him than I imagined. Whatever the cause, when that authority on the world's molecular structure held a sure winning hand, he threw up right there at the card table. Aware of his complex inner tuning, he carried a supply of paper bags with him at all times during play and tried to regurgitate as discreetly as possible. After a month or so I ferreted out this pattern of play and he was mine through my entire sophomore year. Still, I paid a price for that early success: my enthusiasm for winning has been tempered by association with the sight of that retching macrocephalic physicist.

I could recount other victories, but they somehow seem pallid when compared to defeats. Winning gamblers are all alike, but those who lose lose uniquely. To write about poker is to honor these unique failures. Perhaps to the uninitiated seeing the world in a deck of cards may seem precious, but to those whose lives have been a stretch of unfilled straights, pipped flushes and second-best pairs, no plague of Thebes is needed to prove the gods inconstant. Ignored by most, dismissed by the experts as fools, they will now, for a time, have a chronicler among them. #

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

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THE GROWNUPS' HOUR.

When Generations Meet

The rise of the excellent gin called for by today's martini is also a story of generations.

THE MARTINI could speak volumes if it could tell its own tale—the story of the *grownups'* hour: a pause where the business of the day drops away and the flow of events moves forward free of trivial concerns.

It is a time when adult relationships flourish and when generation may speak clearly to generation across the span of memories and years.

The light dry martini was born to serve this hour. But it needs a superior gin.

Fathers and sons

One young householder, newly moved with his growing family to a large apartment, learned this when he mixed a martini for the first time in his new establishment.

Children were tucked away, dinner was coming along. All was in order. But a gin, a good, ordinary serviceable gin, produced a dull martini. Simply not up to the job.

Kindness prevailed. The father went out to get something better in gin.

Pitcher and glasses went back to the refrigerator where they acquired the deep chill that preserves the excellent *coldness* of a great martini.

And as soon as the father returned, a great martini was made. The ice *smoked* as the gin was poured over it in a pitcher of ample size. Chilled glasses received the new martini.

Not another word was spoken on the subject. An excellent gin made all the statement that was needed.

The grownups' conversation went on to children and grandparents when *they* were children and other things that really matter.

NOTE: In this family the martini was mixed six parts gin to one part vermouth—a not unreasonable proportion when an excellent gin sets the tone. Lemon rind was rubbed around the edges of the glasses. One way to enjoy a great martini. (But if you share this taste, be sure it's just the *rind* of the lemon. The lemon itself will drown the clear note of gin and produce an interesting drink but not a martini.)

Something better in gin

Gin was born in the 17th century when a Dr Sylvius (Franciscus de la Boe), a professor of medicine at the University of Leyden, invented a drink that used the juniper berry as its main flavoring. His purpose was to make a medicine for the fever that attacked Dutch seamen.

The English, whose soldiers fought in the Low Countries, picked up the drink, and by the time of the Restoration, in 1660, England was distilling her own gin in large quantities. This was a lighter, clearer drink that relied not on the juniper alone but also on a list of other herbs and barks and roots and fruit rinds, a list that has grown in length as gin has become a more civilized drink.

But in those early days gin remained a seaman's and soldier's drink, sold by the glass in the gin shops that abounded in the growing cities of 17th and 18th century England.

In 1820 a small distillery was opened in Lambeth, within long bowshot of the Tower of London. Here James Burrough devoted himself to distilling something better in gin. His purpose was to make a gin fit to rank with the noble whiskies, the aged brandies and the great wines that graced the Georgian gentleman's sideboard.

The clean spirit

One of the requirements of a great gin is to start with an utterly clean spirit. The slightest trace of alien flavor, a trace too small to be detected by scientific analysis, can throw off the delicate balance of the final flavor the distiller seeks.

In ordinary gins, such minor blemishes may be masked. In a great gin they cannot.

The invention of the column still by Aeneas Coffey in 1830 proved a great step forward in the venture, making it possible for the Burroughs to distill the doubly cleansed spirit needed for their gin in larger quantities.

From this time forward a superlatively dry, soft-finished gin became more widely available, fulfilling the demand of discriminating martini men for "something better in gin" today.

NOTE: Beefeater gin, the Burrough family gin, got its name from the Royal Yeomen who stand guard over the crown jewels at the Tower of London. The Beefeaters were formed as a corps by Henry Tudor, grandfather of Elizabeth I, in 1485. Termed "buffetier" from one of his duties, that of supervising the buffet at royal banquets, the royal guard became known as a "Beefeater" through the same process of cockney slang that made the inn name "Enfanta de Castile" into the well known "Elephant and Castle."

The gift of excellence

The tradition of good cheer that comes to the fore as generations meet at this time of year has its counterpart in the world of business. But kindness in *business* has its limits.

As an example of this, a famous English wine shop recommends Beefeater gin for its "Director's Parcel" and "Manager's Parcel" but ordinary gins for the "Deserving Staff Parcel" and other gift packages.

There is only one Beefeater gin.

"We use our original stills today," reports Eric Burrough, "and when, as is obvious, we have to add a new one, it is made to the exact old pattern."

The excellence of Beefeater gin is doubly safeguarded by family care. A member of the Burrough family personally attends the measuring of ingredients for each batch of Beefeater gin. A member of the family personally approves each finished batch before it is allowed to leave the famous Lambeth distillery.

This care is amply rewarded. Wherever English is spoken, Beefeater is the leading premium gin. Care well rewarded! The real reward can be yours, and perhaps your friends', in the coming holiday season.

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER.
Excellence doubly safeguarded

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OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL

A buudle of really first-class letters in various moods from the pens of

Groucho Marx
(Waggishly yours)

John Kenneth Galbraith
(Sardonically yours)

Cole Porter
(Despairingly yours)

James Michener
(Reflectively yours)

Robert Johnson
(Winningly yours)

Allen Ginsberg
(Sincerely yours)

Dylan Thomas
(Encouragingly yours)

James Tburber
(Pointedly yours)

Ezra Pouud
(Optimistically yours)

A Certain Romauce with Words

One evening when they were at dinner together, Groucho Marx happened to mention to Bergen Evans that he had just completed a book, Memoirs of a Mangy Lover. *Groucho, admittedly no grammarian, humbly offered to send the manuscript to Evans, and Evans, a grammarian by profession, said he'd be more than happy to read it and would make whatever technical suggestions he thought were needed. Evans read the book and then sent a short note to Groucho's publisher, Bernard Geis, listing a few minor infractions. Geis sent this on to Groucho, who replied to Evans as follows:*

April 10, 1963

Mr Bergen Evans
Northfield, Illinois

Dear Bergie:

Your letter to Mr. Geis was sent on to me and I thank you.

You say you don't care for tubercular and prefer tuberculous. Personally, I wouldn't care to have either of them.

Since I never travel without a healthy (or unhealthy) supply of sodium amytal, I can assure you that there is such a soporific.

I did mean betel nuts instead of beetlenuts. What my secretary does with the classic phrases I dish out is beyond my control, but you must realize she is Italian and has only been in this country for twenty-seven years. (Incidentally, she was quick to tell me that she went to Northwestern University, where I understand you are now majoring in Trivial Corrections.)

I have always been under the impression that gibbons were simians which are generally found swinging from branch to branch in the Congo. I've always known that Mr. Gibbon was responsible for *The Decline and Fall,* not only of the Roman Empire, but of many a student.

I, too, prefer Henry James's to Henry James'. The fact of the matter is, I prefer Jesse James.

Regards,
Groucho Marx

Sex in College

Every so often, between riots over Latin diplomas and Pogo for President campaigns, the men of Harvard settle down for serious controversy: female visiting hours. This form of hospitality is governed, somewhat generously, by what is known as "parietal hours," and the fairness or unfairness of these rules is for good stiff debate at least once a year. This time one member of the faculty, recently back from New Delhi and a less affluent society, voiced his bored contempt for it all in a letter to The Harvard Crimson *and* The Harvard Alumni Bulletin. *Professor John Kenneth Galbraith has rarely been in better form.*

To The Editor:

I can't tell you how depressing it is to find Harvard having another discussion of these so-called parietal rules [governing the hours when women guests may visit undergraduate rooms]. For forty years, undergraduates with a special talent for banal controversy, and no doubt a secondary interest in sex, have known that this subject could be counted on to arouse certain frustrated maternalism which lurks, however unhappily, in the interstices of any academic administration. The resulting debate has invariably combined exceptional dreariness with a crushing misinterpretation of the nature of a university.

The responsibility of the university to its students is to provide the best teaching that can be associated with the scientific, literary, artistic or other scholarly preoccupations of the faculty. Additionally, it provides libraries, laboratories and, though less indispensably, places of residence. Once when Harvard College was in part a privileged academy for the socially visible, it needed to assure parents that their more retarded offspring would have the supervision of men of the scoutmaster type who, however ineffectually, would try to protect them from the natural penalties of indolence, alcohol or lust. Otherwise needed and prestigious clients would be committed to other institutions. All this, happily, is now over. Thousands of men and women clamor for admission for the serious purposes of the university. It can be part of our bargain that they look after themselves.

Accordingly, rules need only reflect the special requirements of the academic community—the quiet, good order and opportunity for undisturbed sleep that facilitate reflection and

(continued on page 264)

Unfond Recollections

Paul Whiteman was going to play Cole Porter's hit song Rosalie *on his radio show, and to give it a little extra something, Whiteman wanted to relate a background anecdote about it. He wrote to Porter asking for a story and got in reply the totally unexpected note which follows.*

New York, May 9, 1946

Mr. Paul Whiteman
American Broadcasting Co.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Paul:

This is the only story I have about the song *Rosalie*.

In 1937 I was writing a picture for M-G-M called *Rosalie* and it was very important that the title song be good. I wrote six before I handed one in, but I was very proud of No. 6. Louis B. Mayer asked me to play the score for him and when I finished he said to me, "I like everything in the score except that song *Rosalie*. It's too highbrow. Forget you are writing for Nelson Eddy and simply give us a good popular song." So I took *Rosalie* No. 6 home and in hate wrote *Rosalie* No. 7. Louis B. Mayer was delighted with it, but I still resented my No. 6 having been thrown out, which to me seemed so much better.

Six months later when the song became a hit, I saw Irving Berlin and he congratulated me on it. I said to him, "Thanks a lot, but I wrote that song in hate and I still hate it." To which Irving replied, "Listen, kid, take my advice, never hate a song that has sold a half million copies."

This is the only story I have about *Rosalie*. I am delighted you are playing it and shall listen in with great interest.

Your old friend,
Cole Porter

A Writer's Public Image

*In 1962, James Michener (*Hawaii, Tales of the South Pacific*) ran unsuccessfully for Congress from Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The following year he went to Europe and toured Spain during the height of the bullfight season, arriving in Madrid in time for the San Isidro Festival. While there, he was invited by Tennessee Williams to attend a dinner party at which he met Elaine Dundy (author of* The Dud Avocado*). At dinner Michener and Miss Dundy began the conversation he continued some weeks later in the letter below.*

Pipersville, Penna.
May 28, 1963

Dear Miss Dundy,

Quite the intellectual highlight of my trip to Spain was the discussion I had with you over the statement of Gore Vidal's that he regretted and indeed sometimes lamented that he had not been fortunate enough to have established early and strong a public image of himself. This has given me more food for contemplation than anything else I have heard for a long time, and I keep coming back to it.

My initial reaction, as you know, to the Vidal statement was one of confusion. I was unable to see why a writer with his talent and success would worry about this apparently trivial problem, and I pointed out that so far as I was concerned I would much rather be Vidal with no public image but with his talent than a couple of other writers I mentioned who had a damned strong image but very trivial talents. This, of course, is an impeccable position.

But then I thought about the good luck that Truman Capote had in getting that early image strongly fixed on the public and of the adroit manner in which he capitalized on this to his great advantage. Granted, he had a considerable talent with which to fortify the haunting image, but I did have to agree that he profited in an honest way from the luck that had befallen him. At this point for the first time I realized what Vidal was talking about, and I saw some merit in his position.

A writer, painter or actor is indeed fortunate when a public image of himself as an artist is established early and is one whose confines he has the talent to fulfill. All sorts of advantages must accrue to this position in the public eye, and they are by and large honorable ones, for this business of making a living in the arts is terribly difficult, and one needs all the help he can get. So, fundamentally one must agree with Vidal and honor his position.

But the more I thought about this the more I was driven onto what one might call my "first position." It seemed to me that what we were discussing in Vidal's statement was a basic problem of all artists and one which has historically been answered in one of two ways. There is the Ernest Hemingway solution whereby the artist is consciously built up into a public figure whose image stands for something almost concrete with the public and whose life work fulfills that image. And there is the equally honorable method followed by James Gould Cozzens who permits and encourages no image whatever and who lives wholly outside the public gaze, writing to fulfill some inner-generated image of himself in relationship to his particular world. (I suppose there is an immense third group into which most of us fall: that of the people who would like to have an image they could call their own but who have neither the talent nor the inventive genius to support such an image.)

I would argue facilely rather than profoundly that most popular histories of literature focus primarily on the first group, the image-makers, whereas most lasting analyses of an age's literature focus primarily on the second group, those who are strong enough to survive without the aid of an image. I am sure that this dichotomy would not hold up under hard inspection, but there is enough truth in it to provide an avenue into the problem.

Thus one cannot drive from his mind the image of Edgar Allan Poe, who is almost the beau ideal of the image-gang and who was also a rather dreary poet, but if he tries one cannot conjure up an image per se of Herman Melville, who is the archetype of the kind of writer who can exist with no image and who was also a most impressive novelist. Who carries with him an image of Jane Austen, Edmund Spenser, Stephen Crane or Robert Penn Warren? Who fails to carry an image of Percy Shelley, Mark Twain, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow or Arthur Miller? I tend very strongly to prefer

(continued on page 264)

Victorious Skipper to Ship Designer

The Ticonderoga *was not built as a racing yacht. Yet in the thirty years it has been afloat, it has managed to break more elapsed-time sailing records than any other yacht ever built. Since 1963 the boat has been owned by Robert Johnson of Portland, Oregon, who has raced it often, and after every race, win or lose, writes an account of its performance to its venerable designer, L. Francis Herreshoff, one of the deans of American naval architecture. This is such a letter, written in the flush of victory the day after an exciting race from Los Angeles to Honolulu.*

July 16, 1965

Mr. L. Francis Herreshoff
The Castle
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Herreshoff:

John Barkhorn of Honolulu greeted us upon our arrival in *Honolulu*. Today he told me that he had sent you the newspaper clippings of what I now call the Great Ocean Race. I am not alone in this because when and where else have two other ships sailed over 2400 miles of ocean, never more than a few miles apart, and finished within five minutes and both in record-breaking time? As you know this race has been going on for 50 years. There have been large ships in it. The 161-foot schooner *Goodwill* has run it several times, the two 350-foot square-rigged Japanese training ships ran it in 1959. Many big schooners of more than 100 feet have now run the course, but none has ever equaled the time of the ketch *Morning Star*, a 98-foot ship with a crack crew that set the record in 1955, beating all previous records by nearly a whole day!

This year two ships, your *Ticonderoga* and another called the *Stormvogel*, broke the all time records and finished within five minutes of each other. After more than 2200 miles *Stormvogel* came out of a rain squall about 75 miles from Honolulu and downwind from us. When she saw us, she reached up and crossed our stern within about 100 yards. From this point, we started a whole new race, boat for boat, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean!

As you well know a great many people believe that the *Stormvogel* is capable of higher speeds, under certain conditions, than any sailing vessel ever built. She is a foot longer than *Ticonderoga*, her aluminum masts are as tall or taller, she has a "fin" keel like a Star boat. She is the product of several designers and was built by the owner, Cornelius Bruynzeel, in South Africa. I have become acquainted with him since we got here. Oddly enough, he is in the timber business in South Africa, which happens to have also been my business. He is indeed a very fine gentleman and sportsman. He tells me *Stormvogel* has attained speeds of 22 knots, momentarily, under wind and sea conditions that will permit her to "surf." I believe him. Few will believe it I'm sure but *Ticonderoga* will "surf" too. In this race we far exceeded our previous top, which was 17 knots. We "hit" 18½ and then twice exceeded the limits of our electronic speed indicator which goes only to 20 knots.

When we first saw *Stormvogel* 75 miles out, we had just been able to get sights and determine that we were on our course within a degree or two of Koko Head. It was late afternoon and although we didn't know it then, *Stormvogel* was uncertain of her proper course to the finish and therefore elected to come up to us feeling that they could beat us in a boat-for-boat race to the finish and be safer than pursuing her own course to the finish. Actually, they were right. Our course was correct and proved so hours later when we picked up Makapuu Light just off our starboard bow bearing 227° magnetic and right where we figured it would be. Since they were downwind from us, their course, had they maintained it, would have been low off the mark. When we saw them, they were "close" with a spinnaker and gaining ground rapidly. We knew we had to do something so we dropped our spinnaker and put on a "reacher," headed up to windward about 15°. Soon they followed suit, changing course about 20° and reached up to us at tremendous speed, passing our stern within 100 yards. Then they changed to our course, but lost ground.

Next they changed course again and went further up to windward. We guessed correctly that they wanted to change their angle to be in a running position with the wave direction running directly down to the mark—Diamond Head. The wind by this time was at least 30 knots and as we approached the Molokai Channel, it increased to 40 knots (about standard for this stretch of water where the wind "funnels" between the great mountains of the Hawaiian Archipelago). From this position *Stormvogel* came back down and in all my sailing I have never seen anything like her performance. We started to surf. The seas were mountainous. We never went under 11 knots and on the waves were getting 14-16, even at times 18 knots! Yet *Stormvogel* was closing rapidly. She must have been getting her 20-knot spurts.

We simply kept ahead by staying with our shorter course. She sailed miles further in these last few hours to the finish line. But when she came back down from way up to windward, we still had our 100-yard lead. At Koko Head, six miles from the finish, we jibed from port to starboard tack.

(continued on page 274)

Portraits by r.o. blechman

Discovery of a New Kick

Among the great prototypes in beat literature is a man named Neal Cassady. A friend of people like Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, Ken Kesey and others, Cassady was one of the original beats and has appeared as various characters in the writing of the last decade. Allen Ginsberg carried on a long correspondence with him and in this letter he makes the first mention of a new kick he had discovered: Zen. It would soon capture the imagination of the entire beat movement.

May 14, 1953

Dear Neal:

Where shall I start again? So long a time. I hardly remember you, who are you? I can't remember!

Justin came to town. While back, I wanted to talk to him one day while here and finally phoned him—saw him late before hardly with Justin at the San Remo. In fact, we dreamed over to his hotel, The Biltmore (really to sound him out on advertising jobs if he knew anybody in N Y in the business) and we then lit, right over Grand Central, for the first time—a tremendous peacock'd lounge I had never laid eyes on. Filled with young Princetonians, plenty well bred young ladies in silken threads with a cocktail hour-but-from-the-same-country-seat look standing about waiting for colleagues to date there richly. A is privileged New York! But the lounge was I tell you positively enormous, like one of the darkened halls of a continental heaven, with great marble pillars enclosing an open space vast as a grand ballroom, whereon were located a hundred small tables filled with cigarette ashtrays and cocktail glasses and young people who looked as if they didn't have to wonder where their worldly

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Solace from Swansea

At the age of nineteen, Dylan Thomas placed a notice in the South Wales Post asking for literary contributions to a proposed publication that he would edit and a grocer named Trick would publish. One of those who replied was Trevor Hughes, who sent in short stories that Thomas liked tremendously. Although the journal never got off the ground, the two young writers became fast friends, and it is said that Hughes was the first adult to recognize the true depth of Thomas' talent. Two years after this first meeting, Hughes was in London, his much loved brother had died and his mother was seriously ill. Dylan wrote him from Wales.

January, 1933
Swansea

Dear Trevor,

Thank you for your letter, and excuse mine, written in pencil on the world's worst paper. The only thing I hope is that it is legible. You certainly did let the mind run, scouring even the mechanical medium of the typewriter, and pouring your thoughts—they were of course sunk in a deeper melancholy than mine could ever be—in immaculate calligraphy. Your letter was beautifully sincere. In my little ivory temple, immune from the winds and whips of the world, that, if you like, Proustlike in my conservatory, I find it hard to think in any but a cynical and theoretical manner of the blood and withering diseases you have such firsthand knowledge of. Beauty, you say, comes out of suffering. For we are born in other's pain and perish in our own. That, to those who have suffered, and so spoke of it are still capable of appreciating and, sometimes, creating beauty, must appear perfectly true. I can't appreciate it, firstly because I have never known very bitter physical suffering and no actual hardships or heartbreaks, and secondly because, as the poet of it all, I can't reconcile life and art. Obviously one is born before one can be an artist, but what is it decent?

(continued on page 280)

The Secret Life of James Thurber

Enterprising students often send what-have-I got-to-lose letters to famous people they are writing papers about. Guy Smith mailed one to James Thurber (see below). The reply he got could not have been more Thurberian (see below below).

Dear Mr. Thurber:

For several months, ever since you were accorded the dubious honor of being my subject material for an article in our university literary quarterly, I have been culling material, rereading your books and collections of short stories, your biography of Ross and The New Yorker. *It has been extremely interesting but, for my purposes, slightly frustrating.*

Since the article is to be more than the born-married-success story, I have found a decided gap in my material—namely, your personal life.

And so I have come straight to the horse's mouth, so to speak. It is easy to find out that:

1) *Your first piece of writing was a poem entitled* My Aunt Mrs. John T. Savage's Garden at 185 South Fifth Street.
2) *Your most recent major work is the biography of Ross.*
3) *You were born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1894, went to Ohio State, worked on several newspapers after graduation, etc.*

But I would like to know:

1) *Are you now living in the place you said you wanted to eventually settle down in as stated in your preface to the* Thurber Carnival? *To wit: the Great Good Place, an old colonial house surrounded by elms and maples, equipped with modern conveniences and overlooking a valley where you can raise poodles, read* Huckleberry Finn, *lay down a wine cellar and do all the other things you have long worked for.*
2) *Do you follow a definite writing pattern and how do you spend a typical day—e.g. Rise at 6:30, breakfast with my children (coffee, one egg slightly browned, Connecticut flapjacks, etc.)*
3) *Did you always have designs on writing humor ever since your undergraduate days at Ohio State? Or did you start out writing serious pieces (like me) that everybody ended up laughing at?*
4) *Anything else that would help make you come alive. In an article, I mean. At first glance these requests probably sound foolish. At second look you are probably tempted to throw this letter away and mutter something about "crazy college kids." However, in all seriousness, I entreat you to please answer this. While I realize you are probably an extremely busy man, I would appreciate anything you could let me know on Thurber—the man and his work.*

In most of your drawings on the War Between the Sexes, I can't help wondering who the subject material is, especially on your wife's side.

*Have twenty years of water over the dam changed your mind about your notion (*Preface to a Life—1937*) that humor writers are not gay of heart and carefree. That they lead an existence of jumpiness and apprehension. That they must necessarily write short pieces to avoid delving into the deep mysteries of life?*

I know that the above questions sound an awful lot like the lady in the cartoon I saw recently who was asking the author to tell her all about his recent book so she wouldn't have to buy it. If it does, my apologies. You have also probably heard of the common complaint that our college students are lazy and inefficient. This letter will probably only add fuel to the fire. However, you will probably agree with me that it is the only possible way of writing a true article about any author if the writer does not have the necessary funds to drive out to Connecticut and visit you for a month as a writer for Life *or any of the more mercenary magazines will do.*

If you do not feel like answering this letter, it is your privilege. However, I feel that you can profit individually by letting me introduce to some 4,500 students at Marquette University the inside sketch of a man whose work I have admired for a long time, ever since I read your short story about your grandfather and the rumpus he caused when his bed fell down.

Whatever your decision, best of wishes for more and better humor and writing from one James Thurber.

Sincerely yours,
Guy F. Smith

West Cornwall
Connecticut
November 21, 1957

Mr. Guy F. Smith
Milwaukee 13, Wisconsin

Dear Smitty:

College guys and dolls, and kids all the way down to the first grade, are lazy, not very ingenious, and almost never possessed of a talent for research. Your letter is one of the brightest, though, of several hundred asking me to write their pieces about me, so I'll take a few minutes out of the few hours I have left.

In looking up a guy like me, you should con- *(continued on page 286)*

Tidings from Pound to Joyce

Ezra Pound "discovered" James Joyce in 1914 by writing to the then-unknown writer at the suggestion of William Butler Yeats. During World War I, they conducted a voluminous correspondence. Pound sent news from London, raised money to help support Joyce and his family, got Joyce printed, and reviewed his work. The following letter refers to a grant from The Royal Literary Fund which Pound elicited with the help of Yeats and Edmund Gosse. Cecil Dorrian, London representative of Oliver Morosco, Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, considered Joyce's Exiles *at Pound's instigation. J. B. Pinker was Joyce's literary agent. The efforts to start a magazine, with the help of John Quinn, New York lawyer and art patron, did not bear fruit until Pound's collaboration in 1917 with* The Little Review, *which serialized* Ulysses. *The clippings Pound enclosed were his own articles in which he dealt with Joyce's work. Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, the Vorticist sculptor and collaborator with Pound and Wyndham Lewis in* Blast, *1914, had just been killed on the Western Front.*

8 September 1915
5 Holland Place Chambers, Kensington W.

Dear Joyce:

Pardon the bloody apparition of this page, but the other half of the type ribbon is tired.

I am glad the committee has coughed up something. I could have done nothing with 'em if it had not been for Yeats's backing. He has had an amusing correspondence with Gosse in which Gosse complains that neither you nor W.B.Y. have given any definite statement of loyalty to the Allies (it being a mathematical impossibility that it should ever have occurred to either of you that such a statement would be expected... etc.) Anyhow, Yeats has pacified him, and he, Gosse, has passed on your name to someone who may (??? possibly) know of something you could do in Switzerland. However I think you'd calm G's mind and comfort him if you sent him a note full of correct, laudable, slightly rhetorical (but not too much so) protestations of filial devotion to Queen Victoria and the hem of her body.

Damn the syndicate anyhow, still if C[ecil] D[orrian] has refused the play I suppose it will only bring you glory and not cash. I have a blind faith in the knowledge of these curious people who think *exactly* like the multitude, with the exception that they know they do, that they are conscious of the multitudinous banality of their perceptions.

I am writing Pinker for the play, which I expected C.D. to send on to me. Tho' god knows what I can do with it. The Drama league in Chicago might put it on, or it might be done at some art theatre in America, or *Drama* might print it, all of which things are highly uncertain.

No, your books haven't been wholly useless, even cashily, as without 'em we could have extracted nothing from the committee and £75 is "all that anyone gets for a novel." The public demand for a work being in inverse ratio to its quality, one exists by chance and a series of ignominies. *La Gloire* becomes, only after a long time, a commercial asset. It insures one's being rejected by the editor instead of by the office boy.

Even if I get a magazine (it still would be monthly) there won't be floods of gold in it. Still there'd be something. I think you are right about not wanting to do a rubric and you are certainly better employed reading your own stuff than you would be in reading Papini or the young Italians, who seem all tarred with the futuristic taint, i.e., spliced cinematography in paintings and diarrhea in writing.

The other disadvantage of reading or criticizing one's contemporaries is that those *(continued on page 286)*

ESQUIRE PRESENTS

PHYLLIS DILLER AND GODFREY CAMBRIDGE

IN THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1968!

A Musical Extravaganza

By THEODORE BLACK

Miss Diller's sandwich by Merit Farms. Mr. Cambridge's robe by John Braden based on a timely inspiration. Miss Diller's tennis shoes lent by a little old lady. Flurries by other little old ladies. Hospitality by the Old South. Special effects by the Freedom of the Press. Dedicated to Our Great American System of Free Elections. In Memory of past Political Campaigns. With a partly registered cast of 193,473,000, not including the Armed Forces Overseas. All tickets are poll tax deductible. Staged and photographed by Carl Fischer.

Unlike my previous efforts, which were cast in the form of best-selling books, I have chosen to present to you the 1968 election as a musical extravaganza. I use the word "extravaganza" advisedly, because this campaign was so unprecedented and many-dimensional and, if I may say so, colorful, that, if I may say so, no flat black and white words suffice to describe it.

Firstly, of course, the nation had to come to the realization that the South was now the voice of the Democratic Party. America had slowly adjusted to the change during the administration of President Lyndon Johnson. First there was the information that the F.B.I. had infiltrated the K.K.K., which was a move Southward to begin with. Then the rumor spread in 1965 that many K.K.K. members held high-ranking Federal jobs; thus it seemed that the Klan had infiltrated the Government. This may have been a reciprocal move; it was, however, a successful one. The Democratic Party was thereby dominated by those tired, long-suffering, yet withal dignified gentlemen of the Ku Klux Klan, that nonprofit, secret, benevolent, patriotic organization of a fraternal nature.

There was, after that, to be a reversal in what seemed a natural assumption, but the nation was not to know—until the Democratic Convention itself—that, in reciprocation for the reciprocation, yet *another* group had infiltrated the Klan. Such is the nature of secret organizations.

All of this we shall see as our pageant unfolds.

A second realization came deep in the heart of the nation, when the Grand Old Party, the Republicans, decided to a man that since President Johnson had, in Vietnam and suchlike, actually out-Goldwatered everything many of them had repudiated Goldwater for, they might as well repudiate Johnson. The result was a reaction, among the reactionaries, that would inevitably cause them to Cause against the 1968 Democratic choice in every way.

I cannot, therefore, fail to invite your attention to a factor without whom this offering could not have been produced: those respectable ladies known as The Mothers of White America (The M.W.A.). Some did their great work at flower shows, some in tennis sneakers, others held truly magnificent meetings to express the hope that the Senate will steadfastly continue to protect the American people from fluoridation and to express appreciation to their speakers, the news media, and the musicians.

In gratitude to all the above, I can only add that they were the best performers I have ever played with. It was a great game, folks, but only two could win. I hope we do it all over again in 1972.

The beginning was full of premonitions of things to come, as beginnings almost always are. Behind the scenes in the Democratic Party, strong, grave men made their decisions in smoke-filled rooms. Out on the streets, Americans went their way with silent faces. Implicitly in the air hung the knowledge that a great structure of power was changing hands—the power to build and to tax, the power to create and the wisdom to peaceably intervene. America had had her Johnsons, and history knew not what was to come. As I have said, the air was full of implications. I was there, and I know.

But from the Democratic Convention at the State House in Mississippi, word was already leaking out. An announcement went to the press: the Convention was, from then on, to be called the Konvention.

Almost anyone would have believed, as I did, that the soundings now were clear. So there was no astonishment when, suddenly, delegates rose as one.

At signal, sing as follows, to the tune of KKKKatie:

KKKKK, KKKKK, you're the only Klan
we give a doodad for
When the ccross flames
Over the cowshed
We'll be breakin' in the old
kkkitchen door

KKKKK, KKKKK, you're the only only
one that we adore
When the mmoonshine's
Ripe in the woodshed
We'll be beatin' Ol' Black Joe
up on the floor

By the end of the evening all was decided. America's great Democratic Party had chosen its Kandidate!

But all was not over!

The Kandidate stood to greet his followers, ripped off his mask, and, in the most exciting, spectacular, not-to-be-forgotten moment it has ever been my privilege to witness in American history, declaimed the immortal words:

"Look, guys, it's me!"

Some gentlemen—sitting up in the balcony—were to explain it later. While the Klan had infiltrated the Government, they had infiltrated the Klan. History was unfolding.

The moment belonged to the Kandidate. And now, a stirring new song was rocking the majestic old hall.

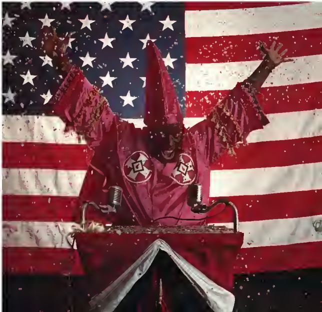
All togethah, now, to the tune of Friendship!

Soul Food, Soul Food,
Black-eye Peas is Soul Food,
When othah menus have been forgot
Ours will still be hot!

In a moment, everyone was singing. Those of us reporters who were lucky enough to be present found ourselves weeping unashamedly.

By the next day the Kandidate had changed his name to Kombridge. And a great new motto was chanted along the length, breadth, and in the Kennedy Compounds of the land:

"Look guys, It's me!"



At the other Convention, held in an exclusive New York restaurant, the mood could be read from the start As true-blue reactionaries, the Republicans would have to oppose the Democrats on every count possible So the gauntlet was cast *Women are the White Hope of America* it read The near-election of Margaret Chase Smith in 1964 had laid deep roots for the decision that the candidate would be a woman, as for the rest of the slogan, it was the inevitable reaction to the Democratic choice

Ladies, to set the tone of our Convention, shall we sing? The tune will be The Wizard of Oz

We're off to pick our Whizard
Our wonderful Whizard of W A S P
We know she is a whiz of a W A S P
If ever a W.A S P there was

And now, in unison, let us sing to the tune of Sweet Genevieve (Sopranos only, please)

O genocide sweet genocide,
Though years may come and years
may go,
We'll save from that black mother's
hide
Our precious genes of long ago-o-o

Up until now the spirit of the Convention had been rather wistful,

Married Maidens Gather
Down the International Communist Conspiracy
IMPEACH HO CHI MINH
WHERE DID YOUNG ABE LINCOLN GO WRONG?

rather nostalgic, but now the emotions of the yearners churned into warmth Now the Convention stood poised between America's great past and a visioned future

Chant, ladies

We'll be the Social Register
We'll be the Social Register
It'll be ours, that Social Register
In the Old Society!

With this new realization, it was done It only remained to determine who was the M W A of M W A 's, and there was hardly a question about that The nomination was made The quintessential M W A — Miss Phyllis Diller!

Now, with millions of valiant women of good family behind her, a specific and established platform

End immigration
Visit Philadelphia
Honor Thy Mother
No Taxation Without
Misrepresentation
Preserve our National Monuments,
especially the M W A
There is Nothing like a Dame
Repudiate!

With "The Old Society" as a motto, the campaign was well a-trail Iced tea was served

Between the opening of a campaign and the end of it, as between the dark and the daylight, comes the time known as the twilight hour. That is the time when neither journalists, nor anyone else, can see very far ahead, and motorists must turn their lights on. And, in this glorious American tradition of ours, photographers were getting out their flashbulbs.

At 7:30 p.m., New York time, on September 12, the first of the Great Debates began. It was the first time the M.W.A. and the Kandidate had met eyeball to eyeball, and it was to determine the course of American history.

Naturally, fusion groups accompanied the campaign. Their slogans, as the stage of politics became ablaze with intensity, were the ringing cries of

"CORE? What for?
SNICKS? Hicks.
K of C? Not for me.
We'll never lose.
The News is FUSE."

And of course the now-classic theme which has become a part of America's heritage:

"White makes right
But black is might.
Might black be right?
Right. Black is white."

The Kandidate, for some reason, did a lot of his speaking from the back of a bus.

The M.W.A. revealed that, although always a lady, she had too the common touch.

In an appearance the M.W.A. (above) fulfilled a mother's precious function.

Above, left: The Kandidate pokes fun at [illegible] and horn-rimmed glasses. Right: in campaign-style headgear.

Above: the Kandidate follows traditional campaign policy of sampling regional foods.

The M.W.A. takes a moment to relax (left). Right: She, too, enjoys dishes of our nation's diversified ethnic groups.

The Kandidate addressed himself to natives of many persuasions.

So did the M.W.A.

At Plymouth Rock, M.W.A. denounces immigration.

The Kandidate followed Senator Goldwater's 1964 no baby-kissing policy. He did, however, take candy when he could.

In some areas the Kandidate was less warmly greeted than in others.

INVEST IN THE FUTURE OF AME
Near the close of the campaign, the M.W.A. poses for photographers, seemingly making her views unmistakably clear.

But the great road of politics, like the great road of life, can sometimes take strange turnings. M.W.A. and the Kandidate had met face to face during the Great Debates. Each had come to understand the other as a warm human being, now, as they listened to each other's speeches while the campaign progressed, while they watched each other's paid political announcements on television, something was happening in their hearts and minds. History will probably never know which of them was aware of it first, if either of them was, or whether the recognition came to both simultaneously. She had Grown Accustomed to his Race. The Kandidate and the M.W.A. were in love.

Soliloquies

(sing softly in the moonlight)

SHE:

Stars in my eyes do I have, you bet
Fallen in love is what I've, you bet
Spring in the fall has arrived, you bet.
I'm deeply in love with a shade

HE:

Do I have a chance for her hand?
Nyet.
For the loveliest M.W.A. in the land?
Nyet
But do I dream of that lily-white hand?
You bet!
I enjoy being a shade

(chant dreamily in counterpoint, simultaneously)

SHE:

Would I want him to marry my sister?
No!
Would I want him to marry my sister?
No!
Would I want him to marry my sister?
No!
I want he should marry me!

HE:

Would I want to marry her sister?
No!
Would I want to marry her sister?
No!
Would I want to marry her sister?
No!
I want I should marry she!

There was only one decision possible, and wisely, though with secretly troubled spirits, the M W A and the Kandidate made it If they were to run the country at all, they must run it together

America seethed No real political analysis or historical judgment is possible on a matter so immense as the decision of the Democratic Party to merge with the G O P I have, however, made one The reaction boiled down to these themes:

1 An Integration Party would put donkeys all over the nation in the same pen with elephants, which is manifestly unfeasible

2 That civil rights stuff is a lot of hogwash and we should just go on miscegenatin' and perhaps, even at this late hour, the nation should turn to Nixon

Polls, of course, were taken At first they ran against the Integration Party In a glorious example of America's deep concern with what would be, after all, an altering of her very history and future, five percent of the voters said 'yes,' loud and clear, seven percent said "no,' in ringing accents, and the rest were undecided Doubtfully, at a time when they were absolutely alone together and no reporters were present, the M W A said to the Kandidate, "Maybe we should call the whole thing off"

But slowly, massively, the trend changed Americans, and perhaps this is our strength as a nation, can rarely resist the impulse to join forces in times of really great emotion Out of suburbia, out of the minds and the hearts of our countrymen, came the call

Elated and stirred on that crisp November morning, the nation went to the polls

And as the long day wore on, we knew what the returns would be The country had come to terms with its essence

So it is that on Inauguration Day the M W A and the Kandidate stood together, with full hearts and without reservation, and stated, and I quote:

'We solemnly swear that we will faithfully execute the office of Presidents of the United States and will to the best of our ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution, so help us God.'

I believe I can safely say that the wedding which followed, and the glittering Miscegenation Ball under the Rotunda which followed that, have never been equaled in our historic capital for sheer brilliance, pageantry, and elegant comportment

May I, as an individual, express the belief that all Americans hope they live happily ever after, again invoke the help of God, and add with deep seated conviction that, for this great nation of ours, flowing as it does from coast to coast and from valley to mountain, timeless and forever, this was our finest hour

Curtain

Can a simple Welsh lass of thirty-six find happiness with a Macedonian rock-and-roll star of twenty-four?

Yes, says Sybil Burton Christopher. Hear, hear, says the author. (Yeah, yeah!)

by Elaine Dundy

Sybil Burton Christopher heroine, surely may be the most revolutionary character of the Sixties for having proved—and acted out in public for all to see—that you can be a perfectly nice, perfectly sensible, perfectly ordinary woman and still land on your feet. Certainly whatever happens she is more authentically Girl of the Year than pseudo-events like Baby Jane Holzer who, however persistently one was assured was here was there, was simply all over the place, was—well, exactly *where?* If you looked closely at the model with all that hair who turned up occasionally last year in the fashion pages of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*, she may or may not have been Mrs. Holzer, but there was no way of being sure since the name was never mentioned in the accompanying caption. Meanwhile Sybil's face and name turned up almost daily in every newspaper fashion and gossip column. Meanwhile also, as Co-Director of The Establishment Theatre Company, she was instrumental first in producing off-Broadway *The Ginger Man*, then the highly successful play *The Knack*, followed by the not-so-successful but highly interesting new Jack Gelber play, *Square in the Eye* at the Theatre de Lys, and conceiving, organizing and triumphantly opening Arthur, the discothèque to end them all. After which she upped and married Jor— But the rest is history. All this is not for a moment to compare her achievements with those, say, of the Extraordinary Women like Mrs. Roosevelt, but in this context ladies like Mrs. Roosevelt are quite beside the point. What she was proving was that you don't have to be a combination of Scarlett O'Hara, Becky Sharp, and Cleopatra to survive a personal disaster. ("I was never one to be tickled to death at having passes made at me," says Sybil casually. "Very often I didn't even realize they were being made.") What she was proving was that by dealing with disaster as it should be dealt with, competently, a woman can thereby reduce it almost to insignificance, and still remain nice, warm and unaffected. "One talks of a person's 'warmth,'" says the actress Leueen MacGrath, "but so often there's a trailing affected quality about it. Sybil's warmth pops out of her as naturally as a hiccup."

The other aspect of Sybil Burton Christopher, heroine, that makes her a Significant Figure today, and has added considerably to the gaiety of nations as well, is her sudden marriage to Jordan Christopher—for if ever an ex-husband was one-upped by a wife's second marriage it was Richard Burton. In strictly contemporary terms, that is. What Richard Burton had got off with, let's face it, was a gorgeous but by today's standards old-*fashioned*-type personality: The Movie Star. What Sybil came up with was—and has been since Beatlemania—the very In-most of the In-est thing: the *dernier cri*, the last shriek—1965's gift to the world: Part of a Rock-and-Roll Quintet. Liz Taylor, after learning the Watusi for her new film, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, was reported to have said, "And now I'm going to open a discothèque." If it's true and somehow it has that ring of authenticity, what it shows, besides a pretty display of wit, is that—well, well—it's Liz who's watching Sybil now.

Not everybody (and by *everybody*, I mean of course We the Public who had been watching the Burton Soap Opera for two-and-a-half years) approved of the Christopher marriage. A couple of columnists got off some very nasty cracks indeed, especially about the twelve-year age difference. But in general the newspapers quickly realized two things: first, that all the world loves a lover and second, that they all loved Sybil. The wedding pictures were the kind of ecstatic, attractive set any bride could ask for. Scouting around among Sybil's friends and acquaintances for their reactions to her marriage, one is struck by a recurring phenomenon. Just as men who are the most deeply offended by other men wearing their hair long nowadays ("No, it isn't that it looks dirty . . . No, it isn't that it's unconventional . . . Yes, I know this is the first century that men's hair hasn't been worn long . . . It's just that it's . . . I don't know . . . it's . . . it's affected") are generally themselves balding, so the people most deeply offended over Sybil Burton's second marriage are those most unhappily or irregularly married themselves.

"It's awful, it's disgraceful—let them have an affair if they want to, but they should never have gotten *married*," says young Mrs. Blonde Mop with an irate toss of her mane. "I mean when he's thirty-eight she'll be an old bag of fifty. It's disastrous."

"That's interesting. Do you intend to be an old bag at fifty?"

"Oh, come off it. You know what I mean. At least when I'm fifty Henry will be fifty-six." (*And*, one wanted to reply, knowing the setup, *what difference will it make? You won't see any more of him than you do now.* For Henry, besides stockbroking, has devised a perfect round of activities from mountain climbing to fishing to daily squash at the Yale Club to keep Mrs. Blonde Mop almost permanently out of his sight.)

Or "It's *Pal Joey*, that's what it is," disgustedly says the hard-bitten newspaperman who is on his shaky third marriage and who finds refuge from his wife's alcoholism in one-night stands.

On the other hand, Dr. Kinsey, juggling a few million statistics, came up with the conclusion that the average American male reaches his sexual potency at eighteen, the average female at thirty. (After that folks, it's downhill all the way. Sorry.) However there's the twelve-year age difference—so statistically, one might say, the Christopher marriage makes perfect sense. And casting about in fiction, we have such examples as the eighteen-year-old Marchbanks' wild infatuation for the matronly Candida of Colette's Chéri eventually dying of love for a woman twenty-four years his senior, and, in both life and fiction, Thomas Wolfe's celebrated passion for Aline Bernstein from the distance of nineteen years. George Sand had a six-year start on both Alfred de Musset and Chopin, and so, as a matter of fact, does the wife in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* on her husband. Fiction aside, Sybil Burton's marriage to Jordan Christopher brought out into the open something that has been going on in private for a long time: the romantic coupling of the younger man with the older woman (and without necessarily tragic results) which today seems—at least in the leading fun centers throughout the world—to be almost as common as the younger-woman-older-man more accepted sort of thing. One explanation may be in the word "romantic." As parental, social and religious obstacles long since have lost their efficaciousness in hotting it up for a pair of determined lovers, perhaps some barrier still needs to be present to satisfy the romantic situation that the Choice has been Special, Difficult, Unique, and—above all—in Defiance of Convention. In any case, Sybil Christopher is thirty-six and Jordan Christopher is twenty-four and *not* twenty-seven as is sometimes reported. "Jord is twenty-four," says Sybil firmly, and she smiles as she says it, and there is no doubt that she is *pleased* that he is. The Obstacle has been hurdled, the Romantic Stand taken, and Marriage, a Public Commitment, has been consummated. So much for Defiance.

"I think it's a matter of vitality, of energy," says Sybil. "I've always had a tremendous amount of energy. I used to run Richard ragged. I noticed last year that I tended to enjoy myself more with younger men, enjoyed going out with them more I mean." (Though how even Sybil could tell precisely whom specifically she was supposed to be out *with* at any given moment last year is a moot point, surrounded always as she was by at least a dozen friends and fans *of all ages*.) "I even mentioned it to a friend of mine in England, a woman married to a man, oh, at least fourteen years her junior and who couldn't be happier. 'Forget it,' she said. 'Don't give it another thought. It's the most natural thing in the world if you have your particular kind of energy. What would be dangerous for you to get mixed up with is a man who wants to sit home with his pipe and slippers every night.' And you know, it's funny, I see that sort of thing with married couples I know all the time at Arthur. The women sit there gorgeously dressed, alert, looking all around them, all set to have a wonderful time, and the husbands are sort of slumped and uninterested and probably dying to go home. And it isn't as though the wives are dragging them out every night or anything—it's usually the one night of the week they go out, but there it is, over and over again. No—that would have been a ghastly mistake for me to have made. . . ."

As she is saying this one finds oneself remembering having cocktails with her last summer in Quogue along with another pair of newlyweds. "So now," says the other bride, leaning toward Sybil with a sympathetic moue, "so now you won't have to go to Arthur so often, will you?" The implication being—so now that you're *married*, etc. "Oh, but I *like* going!" replies Sybil enthusiastically in her lilting Welsh intonation, her head high, eyes sort of rainbowing out, giving the clear impression that the greatest deprivation in the world would be to be denied Arthur at least three times a week. And really, to be perfectly practical about it, what's to say that once a woman gets married, especially to a nightclub entertainer, she's suddenly got to stay home every night. How much more practical in fact to live by *his* schedule?

"One of my best friends is simply furious with me," says Sybil wryly. "*Her* boyfriend was ten years younger than she and they'd decided to give each other up because of it when Jord and I got married. Now she's so confused, poor love, she doesn't know what to do.

"I first met Jord when his group, The Wild Ones, had auditioned for Arthur. I don't believe in love-at-first-sight-BOOM-across-the-room and all that. But I do believe if someone's going to matter to you at all, the first meeting means a great deal right then and there. And it did. I was attracted to Jordan right off, very strongly, but I couldn't believe it, wouldn't let myself even think about it. It wasn't the age difference that shocked me about my feelings. What I kept saying to myself all the time was: Sybil, what *are* you doing, you, a simple Welsh Methodist lass with . . . with Rock and Roll?"

And here we may come to the heart of the matter which is that one's image of oneself never changes. In order to understand Sybil's self-image, to understand what a simple Welsh Methodist lass is doing with Rock and Roll, it is necessary to go back to her beginnings.

Sybil arrives at Sardi's East at four in the afternoon for tea. Tea being breakfast as well, she orders Eggs Benedict along with it. She is got up very much in what we have come to accept as *le style Sybil*: glittering white hair sprigging high from a side part and ending abruptly in short, straight edges just below her ears, a smooth, creamy "English" complexion, a short, sleeveless, brightly colored shift from which emerge plump rounded arms and legs, and no jewelry except for a large gold wedding band.

("Big, isn't it?"

("Oh, yes, I'm going to have to get it cut down.")

Those expecting an Older Woman are disappointed. There is nothing "period" about her, nothing redolent of past lives and loves, nothing in the least sophisticated. Nor is there anything particularly contemporary about her: kinky, kooky, fey, or whatever one associates with today. The immediate impression is that of—yes—of a *lass*, shrewd and bright and blithe and bonny and gay. And when she comes up to you at a party and whispers in your ear, it is something like, "Have you a tissue, love?" rather than, "Do look at that ghastly girl making such a fool of herself."

"I was born in Tylorstown," she says tucking into her eggs and sipping her tea, "a small mining village in South Wales. My father was an Under Manager of the mines. His first wife had died and he'd married again. I was the third of his second lot of children. When I was about nine years old we moved to Mardy, two villages along. Tremendous move it felt at the time. It was there that I got interested in theatre. Life as in all Welsh villages centers around Chapel and one of the things they did at Chapel was put on plays. I made out very well. Always played leads. The one I remember most was the lead in *Bill of Divorcement* when I was thirteen years old, if you please. I've since seen the Katharine Hepburn film of it—wasn't she wonderful?—but what I remember about it was that I had to smoke a cigarette and I didn't know how. My dad taught me. Oh, yes, taught me to hold the cigarette solidly in my teeth and to *inhale*, so it was none of that behind-the-barn stuff for me. There I was smoking right out in the open at thirteen. Have been ever since. I was ten years old when my mother died and fifteen when my father died and then an older sister, Elsie, looked after us younger ones. She got married when I was about eighteen, and then came the splitting up of the family. I was sent to Northampton to stay with another sister who was married to a schoolteacher. It was my first time in England." Sybil pauses, contemplating the enormity of the step, and one suddenly realizes that how- *(Continued on page 314)*

Rock of Ages

Since 1878 Salvation Army bands have created a classic Christmas scene —a cluster of men and women, bundled up in blue, playing God's music in the snow, filling their kettles with money for the forgotten. Still, why on earth would people stand out there on the street corner in the lousiest weather—weather so cold their lips stick to their instruments —altruism notwithstanding? "I feel this is what God wants me to do," says Peter Hafmen, one of the cornet players. Vernon Post, the other, says, "...we find we are able to reach many people who may be indifferent or unresponsive to other means—whether we are playing on the curbstone, in prisons or in cathedrals." David Robinson-Cooke, who has beat the drum since he was six, says, "Salvation Army music is to bring blessing, and cheer, and to provide a spiritual uplift." Albert Avery, who plays the flügelhorn, says: "There's always someone we can serve." Even you. That's why they're there.

Photographed by Ben Somoroff

"I suppose I did let him down pretty hard, Kyle, but after all it wasn't just the account he was after, it was my manhood."

Résumé of the Young Man as a Non-Generation

by Howard Junker

Between the Lost Generation and the Teen-age Generation came the Silent Generation, now one of them speaks up

We could become the great shining example of the world: we could radiate peace, joy, power, benevolence. But there are ghosts all about, ghosts whom we can't seem to lay hands on.
—Henry Miller: *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*

I am fed up with the Good Copy, Youthquake Generation. Therefore an apology for us, born at the brink of the war, pubescent with the Police Action, into college with Sputnik, of age with the Catholic President, recently out of grad school, grown up just as the world's gone teen age.

We were the last and the first, an unsung, in-between, bypassed generation.

Last children of the non-nuclear, non-cybernetic, non-Little League age. Last radio children. Last to see a zoot suit, the Third Avenue El, bopping gangs, a show at the Roxy, The Village the way it used to be.

We thought sexy dancing meant cheek-to-cheek. Movies were movies. *Lady Chatterley* was a book we read—if we could get it—for its Literary Value.

Russia, for us always was The Enemy. We mimicked Mister Chairman, I have a point of order. We never met a live Communist.

Tell us about the Depression and the Lower East Side. And how Lindy went wrong and why Chaplin left. And what it was like before Guggenheims and Fulbrights. And the Bird.

We made model airplanes without sniffing glue.

When I get back from the war, said the elders, things will be different. We absorbed their guilt. We shared responsibility for Buchenwald and Hiroshima, the grey-flannel suit and the P.T.A.

I saw the best minds of my generation go to graduate school. We kept quiet and were called the Silent Generation, kept out of trouble and were called Apathetic. And studied hard, which is all we thought we were supposed to do.

If we had something to say, it was No. I will not conform, adjust or accept. Everything popular is bad. I will not sell out. The hell with striving for material comfort. The world is so phony I could almost puke. It's absurd. So what. Dig.

We wanted to belong, but only the Lost Generation seemed worthy. We wanted to be different, not lumped together in the Organization, certainly not with the rest of studentdom, which we considered, and in different terms would still insist, is from squaresville.

We were outside, alienated, anti-Our Culture, without a cause. We were incoherent, unsure of what we wanted. Like, you know, like don't bug me.

Self-expression: it was obvious and easy for us to paint like Pollock, sing like Seeger, act like Brando, write like Ferlinghetti and Ionesco. (All this was before film making.)

We believed in Grove Press. And in the Great Men—Eliot, Hemingway, Cummings, Faulkner, Camus—who were still living. In Durrell and Salinger. And in T. E. and D. H. Lawrence, Hesse and Dostoevsky/Nietzsche. Available in paperback.

We valued anguish. Man is he a sick cat! bordered on terms of praise. We were anti-Freud, pre-consciousness-expanding. We tempered self-pity with self-laceration. We were serious. There were no put-ons.

Susan Sontag wrote the *Howl* of the Sixties. If we had a "sensibility," it was the opposite of a Matter of Taste, a Question of Attitude, what's happening, baby, now is where it's at. Instead of fashion, we had an avant-garde. We had problems, not hang ups. We wanted pads not possessions. We struggled with the idea that you are the way you make your living. We never conceded that a button manufacturer (even) if he wanted to be hip could make the scene after-hours. Rent-a-beatnik.

Enjoy, enjoy.

We had strange, mistaken ideas, especially about the Possible. We thought that the four-minute mile and Babe Ruth's sixty would last forever. A planetarium showed us all that we ever expected to know about the universe, which in those days was not called Space.

Politics were dirty, innocuous or futile.

Everyman a Jew?

We assumed that the future would resemble the past. Life would be a lifelong struggle. We were unprepared for Instant Devour, sen of Excess Exposure. (Arthur L. Kopit is the first of our age group to flame out.) In the old days, no one would have suggested that a Tom Wolfe, of which there were none, being but thirty-four, could be "capable of development." Likewise, no Nureyev, of which there were none, gathered his rosebuds while complaining that next year the cultists would find another darling.

We worshiped Europe and its Way of Life, until we got there. We discovered India and Japan and Africa, née The Dark Continent. We visited Harlem as tourists to twist. We giggled at the Yellow Menace and remembered the last war as if it had heroes and villains.

It was discovered that women had been emancipated and were emasculating us. The homosexual revolution.

There was more to it than sex. For example, we talked of "a relationship." We were Kinsey adolescents. We were pre-pill.

We had hopes for the novel and for jazz. And for off Broadway, musical comedy, Williams and Miller.

At times we thought the whole culture bit had had it. After Cage, Ayer, Pollock, Robbe-Grillet, Beckett, what? Sometimes we wished we were dumb slobs and could drink beer, lay girls and turn off. Sick jokes.

Orwell was our social conscience. We dreamed of running guns to Miami, joining Fidel in the mountains. We wanted to go on the road, down and out. Be sort of engagé without really being —. Involved, she said, let's not get involved.

Our protest, in its almost negligible positive aspects, was high-minded and abstract, on the order of Ban-the-Bomb and Integrate-the-Fret. Like the New Critics we felt sufficient unto ourselves. We never wished we were W.A.S.P.'s. We sympathized with minorities, but we were against groups and against enthusiasms. We pitied Student Leaders. Yet we were the first generation of social workers. Shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations.

Mother, I'd rather do it myself.

We will peak out in 1984.

No one has encouraged us. We have no idea what to expect. We learned yesterday's skills for tomorrow's jobs. Live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse, cha-cha-cha.

Perhaps, but what does it lead to? #

THE WORLD (THIS ONE), THE FLESH (MRS. OEDIPA MAAS), AND THE TESTAMENT OF PIERCE INVERARITY

by Thomas Pynchon

As the executrix of a millionaire's will she was of sound mind and body—to begin with, anyway

One summer afternoon Mrs. Oedipa Maas came home from a Tupperware party whose hostess had put perhaps too much kirsch in the fondue to find that she, Oedipa, had been named executor, or she supposed executrix, of the estate of one Pierce Inverarity, a California real-estate mogul who had once lost two million dollars in his spare time but still had assets numerous and tangled enough to make the job of sorting it all out more than honorary. Oedipa stood in the living room, stared at by the greenish deadeye of the TV tube, spoke the name of God, tried to feel as drunk as possible. But this did not work. She thought of a hotel room in Mazatlán whose door had just been slammed, it seemed forever, waking up two hundred birds down in the lobby; a sunrise over the library slope at Cornell University that nobody out on it had seen because the slope faces west; a dry, disconsolate tune from the fourth movement of the Bartók *Concerto for Orchestra*; a whitewashed bust of Jay Gould that Pierce kept over the bed on a shelf so narrow for it she'd always had the hovering fear it would someday topple on them. Was that how he'd died, she wondered, among dreams, crushed by the only icon in the house? That only made her laugh, out loud and helpless. "You're so sick, Oedipa," she told herself, or the room, which knew.

The letter was from the law firm of Warpe, Wistfull, Kubitschek and McMingus, of Los Angeles, and signed by somebody named Metzger. It said Pierce had died back in the spring, and they'd only just now found the will. Metzger was to act as coexecutor and special counsel in the event of any involved litigation. Oedipa had been named also to execute the will in a codicil dated a year ago. She tried to think back to whether anything unusual had happened around then. Through the rest of the afternoon, through her trip to the market in downtown Kinneret-Among-The-Pines to buy ricotta and listen to the Muzak (today she came through the bead-curtained entrance around bar four of the Fort Wayne Settecento Ensemble's famed variorum recording of the Vivaldi *Kazoo Concerto*, Boyd Beaver, soloist), then through the sunned gathering of her marjoram and sweet basil from the herb garden, the reading of book reviews in the latest *Scientific American*, into the layering of a lasagna, garlicking of a bread, tearing up of romaine leaves, eventually, oven on, into the mixing of the twilight's Whiskey Sours against the arrival of her husband, Wendell ("Mucho") Maas from work, she wondered, wondered, shuffling back through a fat deckful of days which seemed (wouldn't she be first to admit it?) more or less identical, or all pointing the same way subtly like a conjurer's deck, any odd one readily clear to a trained eye. Still, it took her till the middle of Huntley and Brinkley to remember that last year at three or so one morning there had come this long-distance call, from where she would never know (unless now he'd left a diary), by a voice beginning in heavy Slavic tones as second secretary at the Transylvanian Consulate, looking for an escaped bat; modulated to comic-Negro; then on into hostile Pachuco dialect, full of chingas and maricones; then a Gestapo officer asking her in shrieks did she have relatives in Germany, and finally his Lamont Cranston voice, the one he'd talked in all the way down to Mazatlán. "Pierce, please," she'd managed to get in, "I thought we had—"

"But Marge," earnestly, "I've just come from Commissioner Weston, and that old man in the fun house was murdered by the same blowgun that killed Professor Quackenbush."

"For God's sake," she said.

Painting by Philip Hays

Photographed by Ben Somoroff

Mucho had rolled over and was looking at her with some curiosity. "Why don't you hang up on him," he suggested, sensibly.

"I heard that," Pierce said. "I think it's time Wendell Maas had a little visit from The Shadow." Silence, positive and thorough, fell. So it was the last of his voices she ever heard. Lamont Cranston. That phone line could have pointed any direction, been any length. Its quiet ambiguity shifted over, in the months after the call, to what had been revived: memories of his face, body, things he'd given her, things she had now and then pretended not to've heard him say. It took him over, and to the verge of being forgotten. The Shadow waited a year before visiting. But now there was Metzger's letter. Had Pierce called last year to tell her about this codicil? Or had he decided on it later, perhaps even somehow because of her annoyance and Mucho's indifference? She felt exposed, finessed, put down. She had never executed a will in her life, didn't know where to begin, didn't even know how to tell the law firm in L.A. that she didn't know where to begin.

"Mucho, baby," she cried, in an excess of helplessness.

Mucho Maas, home, bounded through the screen door. "Today was another defeat," he began.

"Let me tell you," she also began. But let Mucho go first.

He was a disc jockey who worked further along the Peninsula and suffered regular crises of conscience about his profession. "I don't believe in any of it, Oed," he could get out. "I try, I truly can't," way down there, further down than perhaps she could reach, so that such times often brought her near panic. It might have been the sight of her so about to lose control that seemed usually to bring him back up.

"You're too sensitive." Yeah, there was so much else she ought to be saying, but this was what came out. It was true, anyway. For a couple years he'd been a used-car salesman and so overly aware of what *that* profession had come to mean that working hours were incessant torture to him. He could have given us definitive monographs on Myths, Images, Aspects of the Used-Car Salesman, but that would have required a sense of humor. Mucho shaved his upper lip every morning three times with and three times against the grain to remove any remotest breath of a moustache, new blades, he drew blood invariably but kept at it, bought all natural-shoulder suits, then went to a tailor to have the lapels made yet more abnormally narrow. On his hair he used only water and then combed it like Jack Lemmon, to throw them further off. The sight of sawdust, even pencil shavings, made him wince because his own kind had been known to use it for hushing sick transmissions. Though he dieted he still could not as Oedipa did use honey to sweeten his coffee, like all things viscous it distressed him, recalling too poignantly what is often mixed with motor oil to ooze, dishonest, into gaps between piston and cylinder wall. He walked out of a party one night because somebody used the words "cream puff," it seemed maliciously, in his hearing. The man was a refugee Hungarian pastry cook talking shop, but there was your Mucho: thin-skinned.

Yet at least he had believed in the cars, maybe to excess: how could he not, seeing people poorer than him come in, Negro, Mexican, cracker, a parade, seven days a week, bringing with them the most godawful trade-ins: motorized, metal extensions of themselves, of their families and what their whole lives must be like, out there so naked for anybody, a stranger like himself, to look at, frame cockeyed, rusty underneath, fender repainted in a shade just off enough to depress the value, if not Mucho himself, the inside smelling hopelessly of children, or supermarket booze, or two, sometimes three generations of cigarette smokers, or only of dust—and when the cars were swept out you had to look at the actual residue of these lives, and there was no way of telling what things had been truly refused (when so little he supposed came by that out of fear most of it had to be taken and kept) and what had simply (perhaps tragically) been lost: clipped coupons promising savings of five or ten cents, trading stamps, pink flyers advertising specials at the markets, butts, tooth-shy combs, help-wanted ads, Yellow Pages torn from the phone book, rags of old underwear or dresses that already were period costumes, for wiping your own breath off the inside of a windshield with so you could see whatever it was, a movie, a woman or car you coveted, a cop who might pull you over just for drill, all the bits and pieces coated uniformly, like a salad of despair, in a grey dressing of ash, condensed exhaust, dust, body wastes—it nauseated him to look, but he had to look. If it had been an outright junkyard, probably he could have stuck things out, made a career: the violence that had caused each wreck being just infrequent enough, far enough away from him, to be miraculous, as each death, up till the moment of our own, is miraculous. But the endless rituals of trade-in, week after week, never got as far as violence or blood, and so were too plausible for the impressionable Mucho to take for long. Even if enough exposure to the unvarying grey sickness had somehow managed to immunize him, he could still never accept the way each owner, each shadow, filed in only to exchange a dented, malfunctioning version of himself for another, just as futureless, automotive projection of somebody else's shadowy life. As if it were the most natural of practices. To Mucho it was horrible: a kind of endless, convoluted incest.

Oedipa couldn't understand how he could still get so upset. By the time he married her he'd already been two years at the station, KCUF, and the lot on the pallid, roaring arterial was far behind him, like the Second World War or Korean War were for older husbands. Maybe, God help her, he should have been in a war, Japs in trees, Krauts in Tiger tanks, gooks with trumpets in the night; he might have forgotten sooner than whatever it was about the lot that had stayed so alarmingly with him for going on five years. You comfort them when they wake pouring sweat or crying out in the language of bad dreams, sure, you hold them, they calm down, one day they lose it: she knew that. But would Mucho ever forget? She suspected the disc-jockey spot (which he'd got through his good buddy the KCUF advertising manager, who'd visited the lot once a week, the lot being a sponsor) was a way of letting the Top 200 and the comfortable sounding news copy that came jabbering out of the machine—all the fraudulent dream of teen-age appetites—be a buffer between him and that lot.

He had believed too much in the lot, he believed not at all in the station. Yet to look at him now, in the twilit living room, gliding like a large bird in an updraft toward the sweating shakerful of booze, smiling out of his fat vortex ring's center, you'd think all was flat calm, gold, serene.

Until he opened his mouth. "Today Funch," he told her, pouring, "had me in, wanted to talk about my image, which he doesn't like." Funch being the program director, and Mucho's great foe. "I'm too horny, now. What I should be is a young father, a big brother. When these little chicks call in with requests, naked lust, to Funch's ear, throbs in every word I say. So guess what, now I'm supposed to tape all the phone talk, Funch personally will edit out anything he considers offensive, meaning all of my end of the conversation. Censorship, I told him. He came back with his stock line, 'At KCUF, no matter how short the skirts of our listeners get, or how tight the trousers, babies still come by stork.' So I muttered 'fink' and fled." He and Funch went through some such routine at least once a week.

She showed him the letter from Metzger. Mucho knew all about her and Pierce: it had ended a year before Mucho married her. He read the letter and withdrew into embarrassment.

"What am I going to do?" she said.

"Oh, no," said Mucho, "you got the wrong fella. Not me. I can't even make out our income tax right. Execute a will, there's nothing I can tell you, see Roseman." Their lawyer.

"Mucho. Wendell. It was *over*. *Before* he put my name on it."

"Yeah, yeah. I meant only that, Oed. I'm not capable."

So next morning that's what she did, went and saw Roseman. After a half hour in front of her vanity mirror drawing and having to redraw dark lines along her eyelids that each time went ragged or wavered violently before she could take the brush away. She'd been up most of the night, after another three-in-the-morning phone call, its announcing bell clear cardiac terror, so out of nothing did it come, the instrument one second inert, the next screaming. It brought both of them instantly awake and they lay, joints unlocking, not even wanting to look at each other for the first few rings. She finally, having nothing she knew of to lose, had taken it. It was Dr. Hilarius, her shrink or psychotherapist. But he sounded like Pierce doing a Gestapo officer.

"I didn't wake you up, did I," he began, dry, not caring. "You sound so frightened. How are the pills, not working?"

"I'm not taking them," she said.

"You feel threatened by them?"

"I don't know what's inside them."

"You don't believe that they're only tranquilizers."

"Do I trust you?" She didn't, and what he said next explained why not.

"We still need a hundred and-fourth for the bridge." Chuckled aridly. The bridge, *die Brücke*, being his pet name for the experiment he was helping the community hospital run on effects of LSD 25, mescaline, psilocybin, and related drugs on a large sample of suburban housewives. The bridge inward. "When can you let us fit you into our schedule."

"No," she said, "you have half a million others to choose from. It's three in the morning."

"We want you." Hanging in the air over her bed she now beheld the well-known portrait of Uncle that appears in front of all our post offices, his eyes gleaming unhealthily, his sunken yellow cheeks most violently rouged, his finger pointing between her eyes. I want you. She had never asked Dr. Hilarius why, being afraid of all he might answer.

"I am having an hallucination now, I don't need drugs for that."

"Don't describe it," he said quickly. "Well. Was there anything else you wanted to talk about?"

"Did I call you?"

"I thought so," he said, "I had this feeling. Not telepathy. But rapport with a patient is a curious thing sometimes."

"Not this time." She hung up. And then couldn't get to sleep. But would be damned if she'd take the capsules he'd given her. Literally damned. She didn't want to get hooked in any way, she'd even told him that.

"So," he shrugged, "on me you are not hooked? Leave then. You're cured."

She didn't leave. Not that the shrink held any dark power over her. But it was easier to stay. Who'd know the day she was cured? Not him, he'd admitted that himself. "Pills are different," she pleaded. Hilarius only made a face at her, one he'd made before. He was full of these delightful lapses from orthodoxy. His theory being that a face is symmetrical like a Rorschach blot, tells a story like a TAT picture, excites a response like a suggested word, so why not. He claimed to have once cured a case of hysterical blindness with his number 37, the "Fu Manchu" (like German symphonies, many of the faces had both a number and nickname), which involved slanting the eyes up with the index fingers, enlarging the nostrils with the middle fingers, pulling the mouth wide with the pinkies and protruding the tongue. On Hilarius it was truly alarming. And in fact, as Oedipa's Uncle Sam hallucination faded, it was this Fu Manchu face that came dissolving in to replace it and stay with her for what was left of the hours before dawn. It put her in hardly any shape to see Roseman.

But Roseman had also spent a sleepless night, brooding over the Perry Mason television program the evening before, which his wife was fond of but toward which Roseman cherished a fierce ambivalence, wanting at once to be a successful trial lawyer like Perry Mason and, since this was impossible, to destroy Perry Mason by undermining him. Oedipa walked in more or less by surprise to catch her trusted family lawyer stuffing with guilty haste a wad of different-sized and -colored papers into a desk drawer. She knew it was the rough draft of *The Profession vs Perry Mason, A Not-so-hypothetical Indictment*, and had been in progress for as long as the TV show had been on the air.

"You didn't use to look guilty, as I remember," Oedipa said. They often went to the same group-therapy sessions, in a car pool with a photographer from Palo Alto who thought he was a volleyball. "That's a good sign, isn't it?"

"You might have been one of Perry Mason's spies," said Roseman. Then after thinking a moment he added "Ha, ha."

"Ha, ha," said Oedipa. They looked at each other. "I have to execute a will," she said.

"Oh, go ahead then," said Roseman, "don't let me keep you."

"No," said Oedipa, and told him all.

"Why would he do a thing like that," Roseman puzzled, after reading the letter.

"You mean die?"

"No," said Roseman, "name you to help execute it."

"He was unpredictable." They went to lunch. Roseman tried to play footsie with her under the table. She was wearing boots, and couldn't feel much of anything. So, insulated, she decided not to make any fuss.

"Run away with me," said Roseman when the coffee came.

"Where?" she asked. That shut him up.

Back in the office, he outlined what she was in for: learn intimately the books and the business, go through probate, collect all debts, inventory the assets, get an appraisal of the estate, decide what to liquidate and what to hold on to, pay off claims, square away taxes, distribute legacies.

"Hey," said Oedipa, "can't I get somebody to do it for me?"

"Me," said Roseman, "some of it, sure. But aren't you even interested?"

"In what?"

"In what you might find out."

As things developed, she was to find out a lot. Hardly anything about Pierce Inverarity, or herself; but all manner of revelations about what remained: their Republic. It had somehow, before this, stayed away, there had hung the sense of buffering, insulation. She had noticed the absence of an intensity, as if watching a movie, just perceptibly out of focus, that the projectionist refused to fix. And had also gently conned herself into the curious, Rapunzel-like role of a pensive girl somehow, magically, prisoner among the pines and salt fogs of Kinneret, looking for somebody to say, "Let down your hair." When Pierce had come along and said it she'd happily pulled out the pins and curlers and down it tumbled in its whispering, dainty avalanche, only when Pierce had got maybe halfway up, her lovely hair turned, through some sinister sorcery, into a great unanchored wig, and down he fell, on his ass. But dauntless, perhaps using one of his many credit cards for a shim, he'd slipped the lock on her tower door and come up the conch-like stairs, which, had true guile come more naturally to him, he'd have done to begin with. But all that had then gone on between them had really never escaped the confinement of that tower. In Mexico City they somehow wandered into an exhibition of paintings by the beautiful Spanish exile Remedios Varo; in the central painting of a triptych, titled "Bordando el Manto Terrestre," were a number of frail girls with heart-shaped faces, huge eyes, spun-gold hair, prisoners in the top room of a circular tower, embroidering a kind of tapestry which spilled out the slit windows and into a void, seeking hopelessly to fill the void: for all the other buildings and creatures, all the waves, ships and forests of the earth were contained in this tapestry, and the tapestry was the world. Oedipa, perverse, had stood in front of the painting and cried. No one had noticed; she wore dark green bubble shades. For a moment she'd wondered if the seal around her sockets were tight enough to allow the tears simply to go on and fill up the entire lens space and never dry. She could carry the sadness of the moment with her that way forever, see the world refracted through those tears, those specific tears, as if indices as yet unfound varied in important ways from cry to cry. She had looked down at her feet and known, then, because of a painting, that what she stood on had only been woven together a couple thousand miles away in her own tower, was only by accident known as Mexico, and so Pierce had taken her away from nothing, there'd been no escape. Yet what did she so desire escape from? Not Kinneret, certainly, nor that "prison of the self" people ran endlessly off at the mouth about. For such a captive maiden, having plenty of time to think, soon realizes that her tower, its height and architecture, are like her ego only incidental: that what really keeps her where she is is magic, anonymous and malignant, visited on her from outside and for no reason—her blank innocence doesn't merit it. Having no apparatus except gut fear and female cunning to examine this formless magic, to understand how it works, how to measure its field strength or count its lines of force, she may fall back on superstition, or take up a useful hobby like embroidery, or go mad, or marry a disc jockey. If the tower is everywhere and the knight of deliverance no proof against its magic, what else?

She left Kinneret, then, with no idea she was moving toward anything new. Mucho Maas, enigmatic, whistling *I Want To Kiss Your Feet*, a new recording by Sick Dick and the Volkswagens (an English group he was fond of at that time but did not believe in), stood with hands in pockets while she explained about going down to San Narciso for a while to look into Pierce's books and records and confer with Metzger, the coexecutor. Mucho was sad to see her go but not desperate, so after telling him to hang up if Dr. Hilarius called and look after the oregano in the garden, which had contracted a strange mold, she went.

San Narciso lay further south, near L.A. Like many named places in California it was less an identi-

(Continued on page 293)

Two Boston Irish faces

My Boston

by Senator
Edward M. Kennedy

The junior Senator from Massachusetts first saw the city while holding onto Grampa's hand, here he recalls the people and places that make Boston unique

"What it is that makes a city appealing"

When I was six years old, and my grandfather, John F. Fitzgerald, was seventy five, he used to take me around Boston and show me the historic places. I would meet him at the Bellevue Hotel next to the State House. We would have lunch in the dining room where all his political friends would stop at his table to say, "Good to see you, Honey Fitz," and he would introduce me, very solemnly. In the same way he would take me to the kitchen to meet the chef and his staff. After lunch we would walk together down Park Street to the Old South Meeting House, where the speeches of James Otis and Samuel Adams had fired the Revolution, and then we would go to the Park Street Church, where William Lloyd Garrison had preached against slavery. Grampa would show me the place on the Common where British soldiers drilled, and where they had boarded the boats to go to Lexington and Concord. We would wander over to Spring Lane, the site of a well from which Boston had drawn all its water for a great many years, and over to Beacon Hill, where he showed me the cobblestones of Louisburg Square, which, according to legend, had been used as ballast in ships that brought the immigrants.

We would go down to the harbor, with its rusting old wharves and trawlers and its sea gulls feasting on discarded scraps of fish. He always said that Boston, not New York, should have been the great port of the East, since it was about two hundred miles closer to Europe than New York.

Bandstand on Boston Common in winter

Grampa had been Mayor between 1906-07 and 1910-14. He had put the first Christmas tree on the Common, and built the first bandstand. He knew everything that went on in the city. "Have you heard that Mary O'Reilly has left to teach school in New York?" he would say. "We have to pay our teachers more." Or, "They haven't had squash pie at Hayes-Bickford's restaurant for three days. Can't we get the food to market faster?"

Grampa was very proud of his city. His slogan was "A Bigger, Better, Busier Boston." To me he will always be the spirit of Boston.

Later on, with my brothers and on my own, I saw the other parts of Boston which tourists rarely reach. Originally almost an island, little more than a mile square, Boston grew by scaling down its hills and using the earth to fill in the water. It is nothing you can tie together. It was never laid on a grid, or planned by a council. People built houses where they wished and made paths to visit their neighbors. Out of these grew little streets, impossible to follow, which twist and narrow and end in flights of stairs. Every neighborhood is different. The tides of immigration have moved in and out. No one could ever say who would come next, or where they would settle, or what they would do.

The North End is a taste of southern Italy—crowded streets alive with people, the smell of the bread shops and the open-air markets piled with fresh produce, cheeses, sausages, live snails and squid, enormous wedding cakes in the windows of the stores, groups of men on street corners arguing and playing mora. Its streets are tiny. My brothers and I used to play a game to see who could cross Hanover Street—the main street of the North End—in a hop, a skip and a jump. The red-brick buildings are old, but inside they are clean and modern, and people tend gardens of orange trees and fig trees on the rooftops.

Charlestown, because it is on a hill and receives the sea breezes, is a very different place, open and airy, remote from the stress of the city, its life shaped by the triple-decker houses and men who work close to the sea. East Boston is even closer to the sea, its streets named after the great ports of the world—London, Havre, Paris—its houses fitted with widow's walks, where women kept watch for their men bound homeward in the fishing boats.

Beacon Hill is staid and proper, with streets named Joy and Pinckney and homes with lavender windowpanes. It is no longer the citadel of the Brahmin. Large apartments have been built at its foot, and many of the buildings with their tunnels and secret gardens have become apartments for young single people. But the tone of the Hill is still set by the ladies who go to the symphony on Fridays, and to evenings of waltzes at the Plaza Hotel.

South Boston with its churches and wide beaches, Roxbury with its brick row houses, Back Bay with its libraries and museums and concert halls—Boston is all of them, with their different moods and different kinds of people.

Like a sponge in the sea, Boston is an accretion of small pieces of charm deposited over a long period of time by people who cared. My wife can go to the Harvard Musical Association on Beacon Hill and play a piano free of charge, because ladies like Mrs. Lucy Marsh loved music and wanted people to have a chance to play. Mrs. John Lowell Gardner II had a palace built in the Venetian manner, lived in it, filled it with art, of which some was selected by Bernard Berenson, and left it as a public museum.

Boston is a feeling—a sense of having learned long ago what it is that makes a city appealing. If the finest architects and landscapers and the best experts in modern living were asked to plan an ideal city, they would come up with much that Boston already has.

Like a river. Every great city should be on a river. It gives a feeling of space and sky, majestic by day, shimmering by night. Some cities have cut their people off from their rivers by expressways and such, but not Boston. Sailboats and sculling boats fill the waters. Students study on its banks. I take my children to the Esplanade on the riverbank to hear concerts by the Boston Pops Orchestra. Last year, a proposal was made to cut down nineteen sycamore trees on the Cambridge side of the river. The nation's most famous public relations man led a campaign of protest. Students threatened to chain themselves to the trunks. The plan never had a chance.

Or like a Common in the middle of the city, and a Public Garden. Not a small park tucked away between skyscrapers, or a meager piece of green space in a new development where pathetic little trees are tied to wooden rods for safety—but seventy two acres of the most valuable real estate in town, next to the busiest shops and the center of government. The Common gives every man in Boston an estate, a place to relax in the sun before plunging into the life of the city. In the spring it is full of flowers, in summer it is a lazy place where children ride on swan boats in a lagoon, at Christmas, it is a wonderland with lights and caroling and live animals in the manger.

Or a way of doing business that is graceful and unhurried. Boston is the mercantile center for almost ten million people, but men still work at standup desks and eat at restaurants with sawdust on the floor and stop to visit with each other on the street. They take some extra time off at lunch to leaf through obscure magazines at the Athenaeum. The central office of one of the largest banks retains the wooden chairs and lanterns of an old countinghouse. It is still possible to have new heels put on men's shoes in the middle of the business district, while they wait, at lunchtime.

Bostonians like the feeling of being steeped in history. They give special deference to the old—the ancient buildings, the small shops, the restaurants with the large overhead fans where their grandfathers ate, the old characters who stand around the Court House. The bell ringers have been playing the same music from Louisburg Square since the turn of the century. No one will disturb these, because they are what makes Boston distinctive.

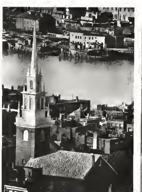
A nineteenth-century city, Boston has allowed the present to be imposed upon it without wincing. It realizes its responsibilities, as a center of medicine, culture, education and scientific research. It knows it is a part of the wealthiest and most industrial area in the world, that its population will increase, as well as its importance, and with them will come the need for more skyscrapers, apartments and expressways. Many parts of Boston that are shabby and devoid of history are coming down. The city is bigger, better and busier—my grandfather would have been proud.

Yet something in the Boston spirit *(Continued on page 249)*

Photographed by Nancy Sirkis

"Acorn Street on Beacon Hill, above, is ten feet wide and paved with smooth round stones from the beaches of Boston Harbor. It has no parking problem. Below, the Old North Church from which the lantern was hung that signaled the beginning of Paul Revere's ride. The steeple looks down on the nearby chimney pots and across to the boats in the harbor. The boats bring back their catch from as far as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland."

"President Kennedy's first campaigning in 1946 took place in three-decker homes like these. He would meet the Sullivans on the first floor, the Murphys on the second and the Dohertys on the third. Climbing the stairs was hard work, but I remember how much he enjoyed it. A very different atmosphere exists in Louisburg Square, below—a venerable private park on Beacon Hill overseen by Aristides the Just. Aristides was one of the great leaders of Athens—a city very important in the culture of nineteenth-century Boston."

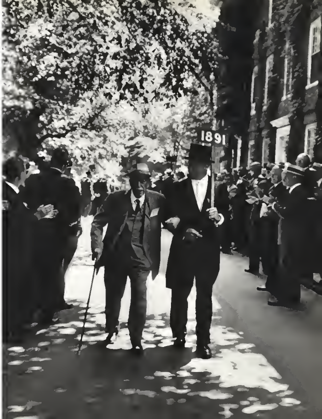


"Different moods, different kinds of people"

"I consider the Boston Symphony Orchestra one of the city's greatest cultural resources. Many of the people who attend on a Friday afternoon got their tickets by inheritance. Subscriptions have been in the same families for several generations. However, two hundred fifty tickets at sixty cents each go on sale to the general public and the line forms many hours in advance. Above, a Radcliffe girl waits patiently outside. Within, conductor Erich Leinsdorf rehearses. Boston loves parades, too. Below, spectators at the big one on St. Patrick's Day."

"A vast complex of electronics and scientific research has grown around the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where professors like Hans Mueller, above, and his students engage in pure and applied research. Technical leadership of this kind continues a long Boston tradition that began when Donald McKay built his clipper ships and Francis Cabot Lowell founded the textile industry. Social and civic leadership also concerns Boston. Below, an interested citizen attends a debate on an urban-renewal proposal."

(Opposite page) "I love this picture of Kenneth Brown, the oldest living member of Harvard, Class of 1891, as he takes his place in the alumni procession on Commencement Day. Founded to educate sons of Yankee families, today Harvard has students from all over the world. Harvard is a tradition as ancient, vibrant and self renewing as Boston itself."



The Double Snapper

by Irvin Faust

In the wonderful world of
Madison Avenue,
a little integrity is a dangerous thing;
drink deep—at lunch

Six months after he came to Apex, in answer to the memo, 'Please. Here. Now,' MacBean walked into the red-leathered office at precisely the moment that the great red-leather chair swiveled away from him, pointed down Madison Avenue and floated the suggestion that he sit down and make himself nice and comfortable. Savoring the exquisite timing, MacBean sat down on a leather-covered chair with enfolding wings and waited. He counted two beats, a wisp of smoke, the creak of a great chair, waited one more beat, and watched as P. Nelsms, tucked neatly into the corner of the red, swung into view. P. Nelsms braked with a tiny foot, held, took the pipe out of his mouth and said gently, "Something really stinks, Mac." And MacBean who had early recognized his partnership in the ritual, held another beat, just long enough for the interval to say, *Oh? Such as?*

"I'll tell you what stinks, Mac," said P. Nelsms. "Here it is. I am here for one reason, right? Right. And that is for us to stop being number two. You know what number two is, right?" MacBean winced and nodded. "You know," said P. Nelsms. "Ergo, you are here for us to stop being number two."

"We used to be number three,' MacBean said. 'And before that number four.'

"True." P. Nelsms rotated three hundred sixty degrees and coasted thoughtfully to a stop. 'Still it is not engraved on the Koran that this network shalt not be number one."

Reviewing the late-show litheness of the song-and-dance man balanced before him, MacBean concluded that he had lost none of his style. "True," he said. "It is not."

'Mac," said the thoughtful hoofer, "I brought you in here, did I not?"

"Yep."

"And I made you number-one V.P. Thrust you high up there above the mob ... ."

"They're not too bright, Nels."

"All right. That's not the point. They can't help themselves. They're encrusted. The point is I said you're my boy. I said the hell with his messy background, I want him in that office."

"Messy background but it proves I'm literate."

'Don't be insubordinate. You wanna go back to educational TV?"

"No please I'll be good." MacBean's head dipped. When it rose P. Nelsms was perched on the end of his desk, gazing down at him.

"Kenyon College,' said Nelsms. "One thing they never taught you squarish types out West is a thing called intuition."

"That's an inborn trait, Nels, like a congenital heart murmur ... ."

'All right I murmur. I shout."

"Yes, Nels?'

"My shouting intuition is telling me something. I will tell you what it tells me. It tells me Billy the Kid and Jesse James are dead."

"Oh?"

'And likewise Cantrill's Raiders and Long George Custer. At least for the time being."

"Well, I suppose there has been some overexposure."

"Dead. They are dead. And so is World War One. And Two."

"And the Civil War?"

"Dead.'

"How about the Spanish American War and the Mexican War?"

"War is hump. We've milked it dry." P. Nelsms floated to his red couch and hung on an arm. 'I know what you're going to say. *Able Baker* has a ten three, *Yankee Soldier You Die* an eleven one. Strictly momentum. They're dead.'

'And your intuitive heart shouts make a move before they're buried."

"You read me beautifully, Kenyon." P. Nelsms got up and walked to his desk and sat on it. "Very frankly, I'm tired of World-wide dancing on my behind. The time is now. You're my creativity department. You've been gestating for six months, right?"

"Right."

"You wanted all those little magazine writers nobody reads. I got them for you, right?"

"Right.'

P. Nelsms's red telephone flew up in a perfect arc and clamped onto his ear, indicating end of interview. He looked down solemnly. 'Okay, so create.'

In his office MacBean picked up his Executary microphone, leaned back, closed his eyes, clicked on and monotoned:

"Order of the day, opus three ... ahhhh
Have to break out, have to get esthetic
D Day a passé and so is that rat duck
Jesse you're messy, ho Jonas Salk
our pulse you can't find, our seams you
don't calk.
So ... shatter the mold, those items so fancy
let's see ... For Medic is dad (sic!)
and gimp all romancey,
ahhh ... Mitties and Hillties, good
old *Bonanza*
tax all our wit, strain our ... credanza
Yeah, the hell with tornado, that
charged-up white knight,
We got to get with it, now isn't that right?
Right."

He clicked off and let the laughter bubble up unrecorded, then removed the band and slid it into an envelope with Opus One and Two and filed under Personal. Slipping another band over the rollers, he picked up the mike, frowned into it and clicked on.

"Sally, pick this up fast and shoot it out to the writers. ... Memo. From Grayson MacBean. Subject, new vital material. Text. Mr. Nelsms is disturbed by lack of freshness *gism* in major continuity series which will result inevitably in sagging Trendex, Nielsen. I'm inclined to agree. This could be break we have waited for, chance to assert common belief that originality, talent, ideas and underline—marketability—are not necessarily incompatible. Caps last three words. New paragraph. Let's clean out cobwebs. Let ideas foam up. Tease them out. Then posthole. Underline that. I know you can do it. Remember my door is always open, don't hesitate to hit me. Okay, Sally.'

Replacing the mike, he slapped the desk hard, wheeled around, landed on his toes and walked out to lunch.

II

By Friday, the outlines began to come in. The first and longest was from Istvan Stulpski, whom he had recruited on the London

collage by chas b slackman

The Children's Hour

Kids grow up too fast nowadays.
We who have come to
man's estate confront daily
more terrifying monsters than
are dreamed of in Hollywood,
and have developed an immunity
to horror.
But we can look back fondly
to the days when we were
terrified by the ape on the
Empire State Building,
Karloff in the laboratory.
Why, then, do our kids just laugh?
Monster kits are big business.
The blood-dripping mummy
is a friend at bedside
and the ghoul holds soap
for the evening bath.
Toy-wise, monsters are bigger
than soldiers.
Why aren't the kids scared?
Do they know something
we don't?
If they have discovered the
secret of being unafraid
maybe they could tell us
something about Mao Tse-tung.

Photograph by Ben Somoroff

scouting trip His reaction card listed Stulpski as "Traditionalist, classical background, tension poised on twin prongs of hatred for Germany, Russia, could produce if and when analysis tips scales." Stulp submitted *The New Adventures of Joseph K.* "Groping, fumbling, fever-ridden search in modern world context. (Ouch!) Switch accusation to values. Suggest Joseph be Southern Californian, perhaps wetback or bracero in which case José K Poss locales—San Diego, San Fernando Valley, Tijuana, Central America, Honolulu, etc. Have him eliminate local dictator each episode, e g goddamn druggist hog farmer, feed man, etc '

MacBean sighed and penciled a neat, 'Thank you, very interesting Some problems here in identification for American viewers Also possible conflict with José Jimenez. Keep punching ' And on his card he typed, "Still hasn't come out of it"

He turned to Gibby Bergman, the *Washington Square Review* alum whose react card said, "Remarkable drive. Frenzy? Could be, but worth a shot One room black coffred 4 a m ventilator gut spiller Play father figure for this one.' Gibby had handed in *Les Fleurs du Mal* verse drama built around inner life of Buddy Delaire, cabdriver-poet-prober into core matters of this stinking reeking hellish, crap-filled world Ain't seen you lately, you mad? I do something? What? Come around Sat, four chix dying meet you, very softik guar action, or if you want change your luck Know perfect Buddy D Me"

"*Gracias* man," he wrote in red "It really grabs but question if John Q and Mary are tuned in You know? Also policy here (which I support) to separate assignments. And personal aside Stay away from acting man Nurse the wound let it fester, don't externalize and dissipate that talent I knew you possess Give the bow something to work with Course I'm not t o'd Got problems too, you know? Promise see you soon"

On Monday afternoon Sally dropped Marty Broad's memo into the basket. It was smeared, scratched out, curled up on itself Like rough, tough, poor little Marty "Young Algren, worlds of potential needs solid English course"

Jerk

' We have here a vertical look in depth of a soda jerk, arktypical American He is a guy who sweats it out in this chain drug store and relates non-threatingly but meaningly to customers and passersby and to all the paperbacks by guys like Neechie Kant, Marx O'Neal and Sinclairs-Upton, Lewis What we have here of course is classic bartender-priest-father symbol, but translated into hard hitting human-comedy terms Couple titles *Egg Cream Cupajoe, A Brome for All Time, Fry One-Blood it* "

Rugged he thought, very rugged, as he wrote "Nice feel here, good universality but wellll? Hang in there fella." He stared out at Fifty first Street and wondered if he could have been wrong after all Maybe. No Time, give it time. But. No dammit, time He got up and walked past Sally and said, "Through for the day honey, anyone wants me I'm at Toots's '

The bar was filling up rapidly and he wedged in between the man from *Viewpoint* and a *Look* photographer "Regular, Charlie," he said "So dry I ve got to inhale it."

"Check, Mr Mac," Charlie said bending, mixing, shaking, pouring "Tough day?"

"Tough" Tasting and nodding, he breathed deeply and turned to *Viewpoint* ' When're you coming to work for me, Paul?" he said

"For you anytime. For that little vulture you slave for, never" *Viewpoint* threw down a drink and smiled at him "Never"

' Oh come on," MacBean said, vaguely annoyed "He s only trying to do a job He's got to cut it close, you know we can't compete in the marketplace"

"I know '

"He's not running for mayor '

Viewpoint held up a hand. "Hey, he's *your* problem So what else is new?"

Laughing MacBean dug into the peanuts and scanned the house. A thin presence pushed in between him and the *Look* man and he inched over ' Place is full of action today ' he said and *Viewpoint* looked around and nodded. ' Here s where I really wanna work," he said, 'if Toots'll only have me" MacBean felt a tap on his shoulder and inched over some more as he said, "You'd never make it, Paul" He thought of *Jerk* and looked at Charlie "You," he said thoughtfully, "do not have Charlie's detached relatedness" Again he felt the tap and this time he turned to the thin presence He overshot the head, dropped his eyes and looked into the serious-shy face of Harry Braxton, who cleared his throat and said, 'Excuse me, Mr MacBean "

' See, see," said *Viewpoint* "your goddamn education is showing again Does Nelsma know you read a book?"

"He knows" He made room for Harry, who was holding a beer but not drinking 'Hi Harry," he said "I ve never seen you here' His file card flashed ' One flop academic novel One beautiful section, two excellent hits Whole doesn't hang History major, psych minor May be in over his head, but needs outside world to produce "

"I thought you might be here" Braxton said "I took a chance. I left a little early"

"That s okay, Harry"

"Well I took a chance I wouldn't ordinarily I d like to talk to you about Benedict Arnold "

Viewpoint was nudging him. 'Isn't that Gloria Vanderbilt over there? With the hair?"

"Hell, no,' he said. "That's Cindy Kvetzer, from Seiden-Loughlin The whole conformation's different. What're you drinking boy? What did you say, Harry, Arnold Bennett?'

"Benedict Arnold"

'I like that" said *Viewpoint* "In my heart of hearts I've always yearned for Gloria Vanderbilt I've always felt she had so much more than just money '

'Benedict Arnold Mr MacBean

'I tell you," MacBean said, 'there's no connection They're two utterly different types Physically Emotionally Backgroundwise What about Benedict Arnold, Harry?"

'Well I think," Harry said, 'he'd be right for a series He's a very interesting

"What Harry?"

"Hey Mac," *Viewpoint* said, "I'm gonna move in You care to join me? She's got a friend"

"No, thanks, I've got to shove soon You were saying, Harry?"

"He's a very interesting character Developmentally And his contemporaries and his times have not, to my knowledge been explored on the television."

He winced You went to *the* Allegheny College Harry? *Viewpoint* was nudging again "No go ahead, Paul," he said 'Good luck Er Harry, I er " The heat the noise, the extra dries were closing in, but he fought them off, reached out, clamped onto Benedict Arnold and began to posthole Saratoga. Whomp! West Point. Whomp! Washington Whomp! Philadelphia. Whomp! Peggy, Drive, Energy, Greed, Success, Despair Whomp, Whomp, Whomp Whomp, Whomp, WHOMP He saw *Viewpoint* walking away, saw him sit down beside Cindy saw him smile and begin the pitch But all around him now the action had become video no audio the arc in his mind had closed and he realized the thing had happened, just as the little sonuvagun knew it would. Grayson MacBean could indeed bridge the gap

He gazed down at Harry "Harry, baby" he said, "give me no intensive treatment. Overview Direction Slant. The works Get under his skin Slide around in there Beaucoup empathy You can do it, Harry, baby"

"Thank you Mr MacBean. I knew I can '

III

"All right,' said P Nelsma, "convince me"

'This" said MacBean, pacing in front of the great desk, "is really in the American grain Top general, brilliant man, confidant of Washington Gorgeous wife The beautiful American curve. Ascent, triumph, the thrust to the top It permeates our culture."

' I'll buy that So?"

"Whoosh" Plummeting into a leather chair, MacBean crumpled up and clutched his stomach He peeked over the arm "*Alles kaput*"

'Zero?"

'Minus zero."

"Hmmmm ' P Nelsma stared, swiveled, stared "The old snapper" His eyes were thoughtful.

'Complete. Unadulterated"

"Hmmm" said P Nelsma He bounced up and poised against a bookcase "O Harry I don't know if it'll play today'

' Nels listen '

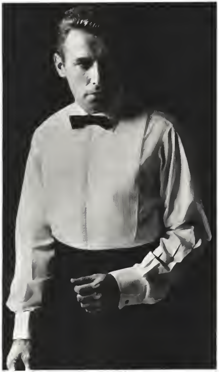
"Excuse me, said Harry Braxton from a corner of the red-leather sofa He sat up knife-straight. "Mr Nelsma Benedict Arnold was a very complex man"

"Yes?"

"A very complex very sensitive man This would not be a one-dimensional series, Mr Nelsma.'

"I'm listening" said P Nelsma. "That's part of my secret. I listen"

"That's it Nels" *(Continued on page 304)*

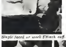


For stores selling Esquire's fashions shown in this issue see page facing third cover

Photographed by Terry Stevenson

Esquire Predicts:

The days of the gaping shirt front are numbered. A revolutionary new dress shirt designed by Pierre Cardin offers a sensible solution to between-the-buttonhole bulges that often reveal glimpses of undershirt (Shirt, $30, from Dores, Cannes; tie, $5.) The difference is the closure: a fine-tooth slide fastener extending from just beneath the neck opening This is the first of what could turn into a popular trend. Bosom, collar and cuffs of this shirt are made of a deep-corded cotton piqué. The slide itself is hidden by horizontally pleated ruching Body and sleeves are made of a lighter-weight cotton broadcloth Next step, of course, is business shirts, then sport shirts, perhaps We don't exactly foresee the disappearance of the button just hard times.

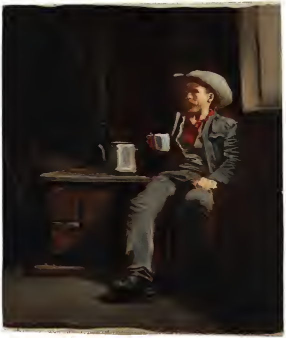


Single faced or mock French cuff.

Slide fastener

Black-satin pleated bow, pre tied.

Free swinging saddle shoulder styling



Back at the wilderness shack after a day's hunting, cowboy Rod Allen drinks strong coffee

The Artist As Buffalo Hunter

by Harvey Dinnerstein

Anachronisms persist: the buffalo is still hunted today—by Indians for meat, by white men for trophies, and by artists who know there may not be many more chances

I have always been fascinated by the realist artists of the nineteenth century and their interest in man's relation to nature, beast and wilderness. Homer's paintings of the north woods and the sea, Eakins' hunters and studies of cowboy life, and also Catlin's exploration of the West. It was with great anticipation that I entered the wilderness that exists today in the Northwest Territories of Canada. I was to be a member of a buffalo hunting party which included two Indian guides, two cowboys, an undertaker, a clergyman and two Canadian government workers. The buffalo herd had grown to a considerable size, and the government had invited hunters into the area.

The first Canadian city that I stopped at was Edmonton, which had been described to me as the fastest growing city in Western Canada. From Edmonton, I flew to Fort Smith, a bleak frontier town beyond which is the wilderness. I arrived in late autumn, when the leaves were almost gone.

I stayed overnight at the one hotel in Fort Smith. When some of the Indian children in town heard that I was on my way to the hunting camp, they wanted to know all about the cowboys and their horses. I found out later that C. B. Brewster, who had been called in by the Canadian government to set up the camp, had brought his horses down the Slave River on a barge of some kind and then back into the bush country (about eighty miles). The Indian children at Fort Smith were quite excited about the cowboys and especially the horses. They rarely have an opportunity to see or ride a horse, and the visit of the cowboys was especially exciting. The two Chippewayan Indian guides who worked at the camp had never been on a horse before this expedition, but when I arrived they were riding quite well.

The Indian guides were cousins, Germaine and Joe Toranjeau, who had trapped throughout the area and knew it intimately. During the trapping season they went alone into the wilderness, with dog team and sled. Indians were permitted by the government to hunt buffalo, and their hunting was done mostly for meat. The white hunters, on the other hand, were here mainly for trophies. From my conversations with the Indians I gathered it was rather unusual for them to hunt for trophy. Later, when I returned to Fort Smith, I met a woman doctor who told me that some Indians believe the soul of the animal resides in its head; these Indians would cut off the head and place it aboveground on a tree to help the spirit on its way.

From Fort Smith I flew in a small Cub plane to the hunting camp. There are no railroads in this part of the country, and the roads are few and very poor. On the flight, the pilot pointed out bear and herds of moose and buffalo in the wilderness below. Sometimes he would come in and buzz the buffalo.

The hunting camp was set up along the Slave River, at Le Grand Detoure. The view was magnificent, especially the vast expanse of sky. At night, the northern lights danced across the heavens. The men slept in tents, and there was an additional tent for meals. Behind the camp I found a trapper's deserted cabin, bones of animals scattered here and there, picked clean by the wolves and ravens. Nearby, Will Seitz found the buffalo skull that I painted. Later the logs of the cabin were cut into firewood. They were quite old, and made good fuel.

We got up early in the morning, about daybreak, had breakfast, and took off on the hunt. The horses were well trained, trailing one after the other. Leaving the camp we traveled along

Memento mori: Western style

The Uranium Cafe: one of Fort Smith's more prominent buildings a tightly enclosed trail through the woods. Someone called it the "tunnel." After about a half hour of this slow trail we came out to a vast expanse of flat country. It was just before the freeze and there were occasional snow flurries and a sharp wind in the open country. Rod Allen pointed out buffalo wallows to me, some of which had fresh droppings. There was no well-defined trail, but somehow Germaine or Rod sensed the way, and occasional buffalo wallows or fresh droppings would give them some direction in tracking the animals. The country is very flat and there are hardly any distinctive landmarks or streams to go by. Close to the camp, white tags had been tied to trees, but far out on the plain there were no signs to follow at all. It always amazed me how the men could find their way back to the dead animal the next day to skin him and bring him to camp. The buffalo the hunters shot the first day was found seventeen miles out of camp.

Part of the way we rode through muskeg, in which the horses would sink almost to their knees as they tried to drag their way through the mud. At one point C. B. Brewster stopped us all and asked Felix, one of the heavier hunters, to dismount. Then C. B. and Will pulled a horse out of the muskeg to help it on its way. I learned later that when they first set up the camp, one of the horses was sucked into the muskeg, could not be pulled loose, and so was lost.

After one long ride, we were about to turn back when we sighted two buffalo. We dismounted, stalked through the brush to approach the animals downwind. (One well-placed shot behind the horn will drop a buffalo instantly. If the shot is off, and the buffalo is wounded, he can be extremely dangerous. And female buffalo with their calves near them are particularly vicious.) After the buffalo is shot, he is gutted, and the next day the Indians skin the animal.

Returning from the hunt we looked forward to camp and a good meal, but quickened pace as we came upon a bear. We chased him cross-country, but our tired horses were no match for him.

Back at camp, a hot meal was waiting for us. The food was excellent. The cook was Edith Edge, sister of one of the cowboys, and she baked bread and cooked all the meals on a wood stove. We ate buffalo meat and rabbit. Buffalo meat as stew or steak or any other way is no great delicacy, but buffalo tongue is very fine.

In the evening we would talk about everything, from the day's hunt to trapping in the north woods. C. B. spoke of the old days, in his youth, when people provided their own entertainment. Someone might tell a story, or recite a poem. Or perhaps someone around could play the fiddle. But we were doing pretty well ourselves. One of the cowboys recited the first part of The Shooting of Dan McGrew, and someone described a fight between a young buffalo bull and an older bull for control of the harem.

Billy McNeil, of Fort Smith, knew this area better than any other man I met. He was one of those rare men who can take care of himself and his family any place in the wilderness. Billy would stop by the camp to load the buffalo heads, skins, and meat on his tugboat, The Buffalo, and carry it down the Slave River to Fort Smith. I think that he was a Laplander, married to an Indian woman. I heard many stories about Billy taking off with his dogs in the middle of a stormy, freezing evening, to help a trapper who was out in the bush and in trouble.

One of the cowboys in our party, Will Seitz, had been brought up and worked all his life on a ranch. He was expert at handling the horses, and a fine all-around man. He had the stature of those rugged men of the frontier of another time. Will tried to teach me

Buffalo bulls dueling for control of the harem. The one that loses leaves the herd.

Will Seitz takes aim at a buffalo, while Rod Allen watches for the strike of the bullet and calls the shots.

to roll cigarettes with one hand while on a horse, but I came up spitting tobacco every time.

After a week or ten days at the hunting camp, I returned to Fort Smith to arrange a trip to the government abattoir at Sweetgrass. There I was to have the opportunity to study a great many buffalo, as they are herded into corrals this time of the year for inoculation, tagging, and slaughtering. The lakes were just starting to freeze over, and one of the pilots had flown his plane to Edmonton to have the pontoons changed to skis for the winter. So I had to wait three or fours days to arrange for another plane to take me to Sweetgrass.

Ed Olson, the Superintendent of Wood Buffalo Park, was very generous in putting everything at my disposal at the abattoir. One of the men at Sweetgrass described how he had killed, dispatched as he put it, more than five hoodred buffalo, most of them with one shot. He didn't think much of buffalo hunting. Of course in his operation he left out the tracking of the animal, which is the essential part of the hunt. His five hundred buffalo were conveniently herded into corrals. A helicopter or sometimes a "cat" tractor is used to herd the buffalo into the squeeze pen. Some buffalo become so enraged that they turn and charge the tractor; one charged clear through the window into the driver's seat!

At the abattoir, they had not yet started slaughtering. Occasionally, in herding the buffalo through the corral, the animals stampede, and if one of them were to fall under the herd he could break a leg. When this happened, the wounded animal was killed immediately, to end his suffering. I asked Ed Olson if I might have the dead animal set up in one of the abattoir rooms to paint, and that evening he had the decapitated head, still oozing blood, propped up on a barrel in a corner of the room. At the other end of the room, the men wese playing ping-pong. Outside of their curiosity in watching an artist paint, there seemed nothing strange about the scene, until the carpenter came into the room. He shouted something about that "horrible atrocity," then he imitated the speech of the director of Wood Buffalo Park, "magnificent beast," and then again, "atrocity, horrible atrocity," and "Goddamn Buffalo!"

The government was pleased to have the buffalo herd grow to the point where they could invite hunters into the area. Every year, when the condition of the herd permits, a number of buffalo are slaughtered and the meat distributed to the local Indians. There was an excess of bulls among the herd, and this year they intended to experiment in castrating some newborn bulls to see how it would affect their growth. Ed Olson invited me to stick around and watch the castration, but I said no thank you.

The bounty: a packhorse laden with buffalo head and hide

adversaria

Noel

This is the Christmas season. Be advised of our best wishes. Also be advised that the following labor-management contracts expire on New Year's Eve: the machinists' agreements at Eastern Airlines, Trans World Airlines, United Air Lines, Northwest Airlines, and National Airlines, and the transport workers contract in New York City. Now off you go to Grandmother's house. —J.B.

Boy Wonder

Bill Moyers, the thirty-one-year-old press secretary for President Johnson, has said that it's a good thing for tension to exist between the President and the press. Also he implied he would welcome a bit of tension between the press and himself. So far, nobody in the press has said an unkind word about Mr. Moyers. So here goes: Bill Moyers is a fink. —D.E.

The Van Alen System

It's cold out, but some of you are heading south with your tennis racquets and some of you are already looking forward to next summer. You should all be warned about the dangers that lie in wait, the tampering that has been going on with your game. So far the changes in the mode of play have been tried out only by the pros and their purpose is clear. They are supposed to make the game more interesting. The big serve is neutralized by the server's being forced to stand three feet behind the baseline, the scoring is done on a straight point basis, the first player to get 31 points being the winner. Whether or not the pros like it (they don't), attention must be paid to the effect of all this on the millions of "amateur" or "rotten" players who have trouble enough under the present dispensation. Far from being a lethal weapon, the serve is the weakest part of almost every amateur's game: his opponent can usually count on at least one double fault, so much gravy, and most important, it's *easier* not to serve. It doesn't hurt the back so much. In ordinary American tennis "breakthrough" means holding your own serve, not winning the other guy's. What is needed obviously is not Van Alen's heresy but something that will give the server a better break. Standing three feet behind the line most players will not be able to put the ball in court at all. Many will not be able to reach the net. Some will not even be able to *see* their opponent. No, it will not do. As for keeping score accurately up to 31, anyone who has ever snarled, "It can't be your ad, I'm serving to the other court," will know, without demonstration, the absurdity of this. —R.B.

TV—A Matter Of Time

What is wrong with television? A lot. But, I suspect a great deal of it lies in some figures that I gathered just the other night. They will be given without comment. I picked an old movie at random and clocked it with a stopwatch to determine the time that was spent on the commercials and the time that was given over to the movie. The figures, beginning with the first four minutes of the film:

	Movie Time	Commercial Time
	4	2:59
	7:32	2:15
	9:55	2:07
	10:55	1:58
	5:54	2:00
	5:02	2:09
	6:02	2:03
	10:24	2:00
Totals	58:24	16:51

The movie may have run ten minutes or so longer, but after the eighth commercial I had had enough, turned off the set and went to bed—and I'll never know what happened to Gene Kelly and Judy Garland, the stars; the name of the film escapes me. —R.S.

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break

The Central Intelligence Agency, the Departments of State and Defense, and the Administration are disturbed by the prevailing criticism among intellectuals of United States policies in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. Right?

Wrong. They are calm about the whole matter because they know that the intellectuals have a sure knack not only for discrediting their cause but for doing so in such a way that the score always remains: Government 1, Intellectuals 0. One may quickly pass over Dwight Macdonald's famous *faux pas* at last summer's White House Cultural Conference. That was social comedy and there was little the Administration could do to capitalize on Macdonald's gaucherie without tipping its own hand on the nature of the occasion itself. Consider however the full-page ad sponsored by "Artists Protest," published in The New York *Times* of June 27. This impassioned manifesto called for our withdrawal from Vietnam and Latin America, decried the embroilment of the U.S. in a war made dirty by its presence, protested the blood on the hands of the President. Who might the Central Intelligence Agency, the Department of State and the Department of Defense and the Administration wish would sign such a manifesto so that the common reader with some slight recollection of recent history would immediately reject its premise and scorn its sentiments? Well, a good start would be to round up the signatures of as many well-known ex-Stalinists as possible. In their heyday of the late Thirties and Forties, these were the individuals who regarded Stalin as one of the supremely great freedom-loving figures of the world. They were True Believers and for the most part it was not until the Soviet Union itself attacked Stalin that light penetrated to their deepest prejudices. After Khrushchev's revelations of 1956 this group was chagrined, to say the least, and up to now they have quietly devoted themselves to rewriting the histories of their revolutionary consciences. They had, it would seem, learned a profound lesson—at least about the nature and value of their political allegiances. They were shaken men. No longer. Once more into the breach, out of the valley of the shadow of half-death onto the tail end of a yard-long page in the *Times* they ride again: Benjamin Appel, Alvah Bessie, Herbert Biberman, Morris Carnovsky, Howard Da Silva, Philip Evergood, Howard Fast, Philip S. Foner, William Gropper, Rockwell Kent, Corliss Lamont, Millard Lampell, John Howard Lawson, Joseph North, David Platt, Paul Robeson, Morris U. Schappes, Yuri Suhl, Ira Wallach and among others—and saved for the last as a superb exhibit of the Eternal Return, the déjà vu, The Late Late Show—Gale Sondergaard. The remaining signatories on the list—James Baldwin, Norman Mailer, Edmund Wilson, Dwight Macdonald and others not known to have been simplehearted Russophiles (except perhaps for Wilson way back in 1932)—never had a chance. The C.I.A. had them and their manifesto licked before they could start counting. That'll show 'em the dopes trying to pick a fight with the screaming eagle. —B.D.

The Christmas People

Beginning Thursday afternoon, December 23, and continuing for several hours, an annual melancholy event will take place. The Christmas People will congregate at Kennedy International Airport in New York and Los Angeles International Airport in California to fly to the innermost parts of the nation to see the folks at Christmas time.

They are not the college crowd. The students will have long since gone home—to parties they look forward to, friendships that still interest them, and high-school teachers who remember their names. Nor have the Christmas People families with children. Where the child is, the hearth is, and nowadays the Christmas celebration is, and the folks come to *it*. The Christmas People are not yet married or divorced, or simply unmarried. They work on opposite coasts and spend all their vacations in even more remote places. But they fly thousands of miles for two or three days at Christmas because that is what is expected.

Once they are dispersed in Phoenix, Topeka and Cincinnati it all seems worth it. But not at John F. Kennedy or Los Angeles airports. Exhausted from long lunches, office parties, last-minute errands and no taxicabs, they arrive to find sullen hundreds of themselves. "I get so depressed every year," says one young woman, "when I see that *everyone* in New York is from St. Louis." Worse, each one of them is carrying a Bloomingdale's shopping bag. The Californians are all clutching something from I. Magnin. The Christmas People eye each other and notice all the unmistakable things by Dansk being toted home for the folks.

For an interval, they are not pleased to see each other, nor with the fact that it is Christmas once again, nor, particularly, at being themselves. —D.E.

Tag

You are at a convention. A fellow delegate sidles up to you, squints at your lapel, realizes he can't make out your name badge and sidles away. Pretty embarrassing. The fact is, as everybody knows and nobody seems to admit, that lapel badges simply don't inform. That agreed, is there a better system? Yes. Put people's names, in big letters, right across their backs. That way you'll not only be able to read them but you'll know who the guy is *before* you meet him face-to-face. License plates for people: that's the ticket. And make them renewable every year. —A.C.G.

Mail Chief

If I were Postmaster General for a day, I would see to the following: the institution of twice-daily delivery everywhere in the country; same-day delivery within localities; the passing of a law providing bigger mailboxes in apartment houses, so you don't have to claw at wedged-in wads of mail; the moving of the Ten Most Wanted Criminals posters to the walls of some other Federal agency; and the movement of mail over long and short distances by pneumatic tubes. Then I would take a break and have lunch with the President.

In the afternoon I would look into the misuse of Congressional franking privileges, the commissioning of Andrew Wyeth, Josef Albers, David Levine, Jasper Johns, Marcel Duchamp and Saul Steinberg to do special-issue stamps, getting a few sheets of five-cent stamps printed in the wrong ink for my own collection, the launching of a new type of commemorative stamp—issued *pre mortem*, the punishment by fine and/or imprisonment of anyone writing S.W.A.K. on an envelope flap or sending perfumed letters over state lines.

Upon leaving the office for the day, and for good, I'd send a letter to the incumbent P.G. General. It would read, "I leave to you the mopping up of F.B.I. mail covers, zip codes and rough handling of packages labeled 'fragile.' If you like, I'll come in another day and take care of it all myself." The letter would reach him five-cents postage due, cheap at the price. —J.B.

Gastronomy

When you come on page 202 of a just published cookbook, to the following statement: "Imagine how embarrassed you will be when someone brings you a bottle of champagne and you can't open it! Get a good corkscrew," imagine how embarrassed you will be to realize how thoroughly you've been conned for the preceding 201 pages. —A.C.G.

In The Third Reich

The talk at dinner touched on German poetry and a man said that the only one he ever knew was *Die Lorelei* which he had to sing at school. The lady on my left, an extremely pleasant, white-haired lady with the smallest trace of an accent, smiled at a memory and told us about it. She had lived through the war in her native German city of H———; not being a Jew she was in no special danger and she was caring for her mother, then in her eighties, and her daughter.

Her mother was very unclear—and uninterested—about current events but remembered the past perfectly and with pleasure. The daughter went to school. The city was of course Nazified; by edict the schoolchildren's books contained no works by Jewish authors, with one exception. Since every German child knew *Die Lorelei* from birth, it was not thought wise to remove it from the texts. But the author was absurdly given as "*unbekannt*." One evening the grandmother leafed through the child's book and found, to her astonishment, that the editors were ignorant of the authorship of her favorite poem. At once she sent a courteous note to the chairman of the school board, a leading Nazi, begging to be of service. Might she point out that the author of *Die Lorelei* was by no means unknown? It was Heinrich Heine (b. 1797, d. 1856) and she expressed her amazement that this celebrated fact was not possessed by the editors. Two days later a minor, angry, uniformed official called at the house and demanded an interview with the woman who had written the letter. There was nothing to do but bring them together and let the lady's age, culture and innocence speak for themselves. So apparently they did. My dinner companion remembered that the Nazi and her mother spoke for a while, that the man then walked to a window and stood silent gazing out for a matter of minutes and left the house. Nothing further was heard of the matter. Her mother died peacefully a few weeks later. *Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.* —R.B.

What McNamara's Best Advisers Won't Tell Him

One of the more ominous signs on the international scene is an innocuous little foible of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's: the way he pronounces Vietnam. If he isn't aware that Veetnam sounds awful he ought to know, at least, that the State Department looks upon it as thoroughly incorrect. In response to a personal inquiry a department official informed me that you can say Vee-et-nahm or Vyet-nahm but the other way simply will not do. So why does McNamara persist? For the same reason that President Eisenhower continued to say "nucular" all those years. Nobody dares to correct him.

It is amusing to imagine the Secretary's fearful subordinates carefully mispronouncing Vietnam in his presence, but this implies a dangerous situation. If nobody (not even the President, who is admittedly on shaky ground in this pronunciation game) has the guts to stand up and say "Dammit, Mac, you're saying Vietnam wrong," then who in God's name is going to stand up to him on more important matters and say "Dammit, Mac, we just can't bomb that village"?

President Eisenhower permitted Robert Montgomery to coach him with his public speaking, but Montgomery stopped short of tampering with "nucular weapon," figuring, probably, that if the President had the right to drop it anywhere he wanted he should be able to say it any way he wanted. I shudder to think Mr. McNamara has the same free hand in Vietnam. —J.B.

New Car Smell

A new car does not smell like a new book, a new house or a new tweed jacket. It smells like nothing else on earth and it smells good. The aroma inside a vehicle fresh out of Detroit is, in fact, a powerful sales tool. People get bored with their old car because it comes to smell like *them* instead of like itself. So they buy a new one. (To save you money, at least two companies put out new car smell in aerosol cans.)

According to chemical analysts at General Motors there are four major components in new car smell:

1. The ketones and esters (complex organic chemicals) which function as adhesives and sealers in the gunk used to seal cracks in the trunk and under the hood, and the goo used to stick the floor pads down.
2. Acrylonitrile (another complex organic chemical), used, in the case of G.M., in the finish of the body, on interior panels and on the dashboard.
3. Vinyl, used to simulate leather in sports cars and for the bolsters (the place where the back of your knee rubs) on more conventional models.
4. Plasticizers — coal tar-derivative chemicals used to make the vinyls and the upholstered surfaces bouncy and soft.

From these sources the odors waft upward and commingle to produce the final irresistible effect. Let it be noted that the chemical plants where they manufacture these substances smell terrible. —D.E.

A Reformation Problem

Now that it's once again the season to be jolly, would-be revelers would do well to be aware of the fact that according to *Tender's Newsletter*, the Catholic clergy has begun updating sin—redefining it to fit modern temptations. Will this year's gluttony, for instance, count as a mortal sin this time next year? Nobody knows yet. Will cheating on your tax return next April still rate eternal damnation in 1967? Nobody knows that either, though the *Dictionary of Moral Theology* says servants should be allowed to compensate themselves when they perform tasks not included in the original agreement, which I would think answers that point pretty clearly. And what will the church do about modernizing such classics as pride, avarice, sloth, etc.? Luckily it seems that two Roman scholars are even now writing a new "how to" for sinners. Which will be nice when it gets finished, but how do we get our kicks in the meantime? —A.C.G.

Umbug!

The use of the article "an" before the word historic or historical is pedantic affectation and against the historical movement of the English language. Anyone who is guilty of this usage is an horse's a —R.S.

The Torch Is Passed

With the retirement of J. Donald Adams from the field there was a short, unhappy interval during which connoisseurs of his unique brand of literary criticism felt, as Boswell did of Johnson, that no one could take his place—"No man can be said to put you in mind of Adams." But there has been an optimistic group that believed otherwise, believed that in the pages of Adams' own New York *Times* was the very man to carry on the tradition. His name: Orville Prescott. Has their confidence been misplaced? No! In Thunder! Consider Mr. Prescott's ruminations on *The Inkling*, by Fred Chappell. He liked it in a way, but "instead of a story about people one can understand and care about it is a story about people as doomed by fate as Oedipus or Electra." One swallow does not make a summer, but we may look for great things from Mr. Prescott in the future, great things. —R.B.

A Serious Reminder

There are joys in the world after all. One of them is Christmas cards and one of them is children. This comes to mind in looking over UNICEF's cards for this year and its 1966 calendar. The calendar's cover was drawn by Friedrich Vordenberge, a German; the illustration for Christmas, 1966, is by Sadao Watanabe, a Japanese; and the accompanying quotation, "It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas," is from Dickens. Just twenty-one years ago the U.S., Germany, Japan and England were engaged in the greatest war in history. Have you mailed your Christmas cards yet? —A.C.G.

NEWS FOR NOSE

by Clarence Newman

From the six sources below, almost two hundred varieties of cologne for the gentleman, after godliness and cleanliness, cultivate now the proper air

If a competitor-ridden, weary businessman could have granted one wild wish, there is little doubt he would choose to have exclusive distribution rights for an elixir of life and youth, preferably bottled at the source, that would live up to all its claims. Since no such elixir has been discovered, his second best wish would be for an aphrodisiac that could be sold without deception or nasty government interference. Lo, the wish has been granted. Entrepreneurs of America's $400,000,000 men's toiletries industry have established the fact that women not only like men to use cologne to cover up the unromantic smell of plain old bath soap and water—they are positively helpless once within range of a well turned-out, virile male who knows how to play upon female olfactory organs with the appropriate smell sensation. In its advertisements, Brut cologne infers it is a masculine fragrance that women can't resist. Piping Rock cologne shows a striking brunette in a nightgown who wonders "Was it him . . . or his Piping Rock?" The maker of Danté bluntly says it is "for men who know how to handle women."

Although the elite of Western nations have long been connoisseurs of fine cologne—it originated as a citrus-scented variety of fragrant "water" in Cologne in the Seventeen-hundreds—the current surge of interest and sales did not begin until the late 1950's when Dana Perfume's Canoe became popular with men of college age. The success of Canoe drew numerous distributors and manufacturers into the field until now there are close to two hundred brands on the market. The reason for the wide-scale resurgence of cologne in the U.S. is due largely to a change in attitude among men toward self-adornment and self-enhancement. Traditional masculine sensibilities have tended to associate good smells with sissies. But it long has been known that married men are notorious poachers of their wives' toilet water for use after shaving or showering. With the acceptance of cologne by younger men (often at the urging of their girl friends), no further significant social inhibitions are foreseen. To reinforce the masculine image of cologne, the stuff is packaged in husky crystal decanters, dice cups, leather kit bags, crockery jugs, waterproof canvas bags, stubby bottles with man-sized wooden tops and flagons colored a dark beer-bottle green. They bear such unladylike brand names as English Leather, Moonshine, Snuff for Men, H.M.S. and Chessman.

The fresh, pungent smell of citrus was the earliest fragrance used in making men's cologne. Citrus is still heavily used but other aromas used alone or in combination are spice, leather, balsam and tobacco. Long-lasting floral scents are especially strong and as cologne grows in popularity, more and more colognes will have floral aromas.

Almost all the colognes now marketed derive from the natural oils of flowers, leaves, wood, roots, seeds and fruit. Synthetic scents are important too since they can re-create certain smells of natural objects—like gardenias—that do not yield essential oils.

Woody fragrances are often derived from aromatic chemicals, but there are natural sources like cedar, linaloe and sandalwoods as well as gums like myrrh, balsam, storax and tolu. Sandalwood and rosewood are often combined with earthy oakmoss and ferns to create "foresty" scents. Citrus oils for cologne are extracted from lemon, lime, orange and bergamot trees and fruits. Tobacco, an aroma never used as a main theme, is introduced into other essences as a minor note to add a masculine overtone. Floral scented colognes are either fragrances that are made solely from the blossoms of a single flower or blends of different flowers that are held together with heavier substances like ambergris, musk and vetiver. The oils most frequently used are of the bitter orange flower, jasmine, lavender and rose. Leather is a scent largely derived from chemical combinations. Spicy colognes use cinnamon, clove and ginger, often combined with similar pungent floral essences.

For the connoisseur, there is a vocabulary of smell comparable to the language of the wine-taster. A cologne like Arden's Sandalwood, for example, is described as "woodsy with an underlying base of lavender, a green leaf topnote." Topnotes are the first fragrances detected by the sense of smell. The base is a fixative that holds the scent elements together. In between the base and the topnotes is the body; this gives the fragrance its main theme or essential character.

But why choose one theme over another? The only test for the customer is comparative sniffing. No words are able to give you a complete idea of what to expect. Testing by manufacturers is not scientific. Swank developed its Jade East by trying it out on its office workers, but its phenomenal success was unpredictable. If the aura of the cologne itself can somehow be made to include the aura of what it can do for you (as an aphrodisiac, for example), then so much the better.

One of the classic cases of enhancement by reputation is the hundred-sixty-year-old Jean Marie Farina brand of cologne. Legend has it that it was the favorite of Napoleon who used ten cases of six bottles each every month. That's the kind of legend a manufacturer likes.

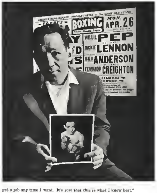
For a guide to leading colognes (categorized by main natural aromas) see page 262 ■

Photographed by Lynn St. John

WILLIE PEP'S ART OF SELF-DEFENSE

by Steve Gelman

He who hits and runs away
lives to fight another sixty-five years



Photographed by Peter Sahula

The hat was grey with a black band and red feather and its movements announced the small man's emotions. He sat in a hotel lobby and laughed about his life, but each laugh seemed to arouse a private, corresponding sorrow. Upon telling a funny story, he would pull the hat over his forehead then stare beyond his listeners. In time he would tilt the hat far back and joke anew.

Now the hat was tugged tightly on the small man's forehead and he was on his feet. "Do you mind if I cut out on you?" he was saying. "I kind of want to go upstairs."

"Sure, Willie," said a thin man with a thin moustache. "You go get your rest Willie."

Willie Pep, the prizefighter, walked across a pale red, black and yellow carpet. He walked past desks, chairs and tables with curves and carvings in their wood and past a pair of stout marble columns. The surroundings suggested elegance of another era and so did Pep. In roughly twenty-six hours, at age forty-two he would crawl through ring ropes for his second fight in six years. He hoped old and familiar situations would bring back old and faded skills, but he wasn't sure. Once he had been a world champion and he had lived his dreams. Now he dared not even dream. "My future?" he had said in the lobby. "Leave it blank."

Pep rode an elevator to the eleventh floor and went into his room. It was seven forty p.m. He turned on the television set and would leave it on past midnight, but the next day he would remember only that Errol Flynn had been in one of the late movies. The memory would be appropriate. Flynn's time had been the Forties. So had Pep's.

In 1940, at seventeen, Pep began boxing for money. He was five foot six, about a hundred twenty-six pounds and fighting as a featherweight, he won sixty-two straight professional fights, lost one, then won seventy-two before he lost another. "Never in the two hundred years of boxing records," wrote Nat Fleischer in *The Ring* magazine "has a fighter run up so impressive a streak."

Pep won the world featherweight championship in 1942 lost it in 1948 and won it back in 1949. His success was built upon bravado and finesse, not power. Willie Pep, John Lardner once wrote, has "the nonchalance and blinding speed to move within a half inch of danger and stay there all night." Trying to hit Pep, said Kid Campeche, who tried, "is like trying to step on a flame." When Pep retired in 1959 he ranked with Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson as one of the three top fighters of his time. "It was a great life," Pep said. "The food was good and the hours were short."

The hours grew longer. Pep worked as a nightclub manager, a brewery customer-relations man, a boxing referee, a restaurant greeter. "All I need is a buck, a buck and a half a week," he kept insisting. He was offered "two bucks a week" to work on a construction crew and he refused the job. Trained in no profession but boxing and accustomed to cheers and quick fortunes, he searched in middle age for the kind of life youth had given him.

Pep invested and lost money in several business enterprises and he invested and lost money in many pari-mutuel tickets and dice rolls. And, with very little left of the roughly $1,000,000 he had earned he drifted. Hartford. Miami. New York. Las Vegas. California. "Some fighters," he once said, "can adjust when they're through. I've had trouble adjusting."

So, on April 25, 1965 he was in Philadelphia's Sylvania Hotel, reliving, *déjà vu* but not quite, the rituals of his twenties. "But I want no tears," he had said in the lobby. "I'm not destitute. I can get a job any time I want. It's just that this is what I know best."

Pep had distracted from the tears by laughing a lot in the lobby. Upstairs, in his room on the eleventh floor, he was not laughing. He was being assaulted, he would admit to one man the next day, "by butterflies inside."

Downstairs in the lobby, the thin man with the thin moustache turned to a reporter. "I'm Chis from South Philly," the thin man said. "Get it all in like that. I met Willie in the Navy. Nobody knew who he was. They were all farmers. I knew and I've been his friend ever since. I've been with him for the big ones."

At ten-thirty the next morning, when Pep walked into the lobby, Chis was waiting. "Sleep okay?" said Chis.

"Tossed around until about one," said Pep.

"What for? You sure got nothing to be worried about."

"It's an event," said Pep. "No matter how many times you been through it before, it's always an event. And tonight, especially. I don't want to look bad in there."

Pep saw a reporter standing behind Chis. "Hey," said Pep, "did I ever tell you about the time I was in Manila? I go for a walk one morning and all of a sudden I think I feel a hand in my back pocket. I reach back and there is a hand.

"'Hey, what're you doing?' I ask the guy.

"'I'm looking for a match,' the guy says.

"'Why the hell didn't you ask me?' I say. 'I'd give you a match.'"

"'How could I ask you?' the guy says. 'I don't know you.'"

"I got my pocket picked once," said Chis. "They slit my pocket."

"Only way to do it," said Pep.

Pep flopped into a couch and looked through the Philadelphia *Daily News*. He read the racing forms and a boxing story by Jack McKinney. "No one," Pep read, "is really happy about Pep's comeback—with the logical exception of his opponent, Jackie Lennon."

Pep's brown eyes searched the ceiling. He tugged his hat forward, then stared at the reporter. "People don't understand that I'll *know*," Pep said. "I'll know when I've had it. Archie Moore fought until he was fifty. Jersey Joe Walcott was older than me. Sugar Ray Robinson is older than me right now. We're not catchers. We can last. You can always fight with your face. I don't fight that way. My thinking is all right. I'm moving all right. Believe me, I'll know.

"People want to know how come I came back. I'll tell you how come I came back. Last October I was in Miami on vacation. I went down with a kid, Artie Lupo, who retired from boxing four years ago. He said he wanted to get started again. 'Willie, I want to come back,' he said. 'Work with me.' I liked the idea. I got up every morning with him and we got into a routine. He ran, I ran. He worked out, I watched him and I worked out, too. I started to feel good. I'd gone up to a hundred sixty-two pounds. It was the spaghetti and meatballs that did it. Spaghetti and meatballs killed more Italians than all the wars. I'd gone up to sixty-two and I started to lose it.

"I booked the kid into a fight at the Little River Auditorium. All of a sudden his knees swelled up like balloons. 'What are you doing?' I told him. 'I got a couple of hundred invested in all this equipment.' But the kid couldn't box. I went to the promoter at Little River. 'The kid can't work,' I told him. He said 'How about you?' It sounded good. 'Okay,' I said and I worked an exhibition four rounds—with headguard and heavy gloves. I felt good."

As Pep snapped out his story of happenstance, his words ran each other down. He began sentences in a high-pitched voice and, driving the pitch higher and higher, often ended them in a whine. He tugged at his hat, he tapped the newspaper, he tilted on the edge of the couch.

"I felt good," he said, "so then I fought an eight-rounder. It was supposed to be an exhibition, but it was switched to an eight-round fight. I was in with a guy named Hal McIvers. Eight rounds. I won a decision. I didn't get hit in eight rounds but we were in a clinch and he pulled up his head and butted me. I got cut. The cut came from a butt, but blood was streaming down and I looked all battered up and the writers wrote that poor old Willie Pep got beaten up."

They wrote, too, that after the fight poor old Willie Pep said, "Tonight I got cut for $500. The last time I got cut it was for $90,000." And they wrote, in essential theme that once it had been Joe Louis and then Sugar Ray and now it was Willie Pep refusing to acknowledge that for athletes, unlike other men, the sundowns inevitably come early.

When the sun was high for Willie Pep he drove lavender Cadillacs down Broadway and he sat front table at the important nightclubs. Not only he, but also his friends, and sometimes strangers, lived well. Once Pep was walking along the main street of his hometown, Hartford, when a car pulled up, rubber wailing. A fellow ran out of the car, leaving the motor running, and grabbed Pep's lapels. "Champ, I need fifty dollars real bad. Case of life and death." Pep rolled off a fifty. "Here, don't bother me."

During his retirement Pep often said, "If I had back the money owed me I'd have nothing in the world to worry about." Yet, when he made his $500 in Miami, Pep began giving away tens. Psychologists say that handouts help a man feel important. Fighters say simply that handouts are "part of the business."

"I understand an awful lot about this business," Pep was saying in the lobby. "I'm not deluding myself. I'm not thinking of winning any championships. But I can still demonstrate the art of self-defense. People want to see the art of self-defense. I'm just an ordinary guy trying to make out and fight. There are some ordinary kids around and I think I can beat 'em."

"You should lick over half of them," said Chis.

"Don't say that."

"I wanna see the day there's another Willie Pep."

Pep turned to the reporter and continued demonstrating another kind of artful self-defense. "Remember," he said, "I'm not back because I'm destitute. I'm back for other reasons. One of them is that I'm a physical-fitness bug. I don't run around, I don't nightclub. I go to movies and sporting events. I watch a lot of TV. That's about it these days. I want to show people that a man my age can stay in shape."

Pep's manager, George Sheppard, walked into the lobby. Sheppard was bald, full of face and jowl. He wore a black suit and black overcoat and he drew circles in the air with an eternal cigar. He seemed to launch his voice, deep and raspy, from his bowels.

"Did you read that McKinney?" Sheppard said. "You'll make him eat crow."

Pep pounced off the couch. "Forget it, George," he said, laughing. "Did I ever tell you the one about. . . ."

In Chis's Impala, en route to the weigh-in, Pep continued laughing. "Remember, Chis? I got that running ear when we were in the Navy and they put me in the nut ward. I got a *running ear* and they put me in the *nut* ward. Anyway, they let me out of the Navy and, it's World War Two, the Army takes me in. They make me an M.P. and my job is to guard a guy in a cell. Every day at eight o'clock I report for duty and I open up the cell. 'Come on out and sweep up,' I tell the guy. 'And answer the phone, too. I'm going to sleep in the cell.'"

Minutes later, as Pep stepped out of the Impala and into fog and rain, he grabbed Sheppard's arm. "George," he said. "George, I got nine thousand headaches. My dad's got cirrhosis of the liver. Who knows what'll happen to him? I got kids, I hardly see them. Yes, I got headaches. Oh, what the hell, George? Forget it."

Many of Pep's headaches were the results of his impulses. At eighteen he met a girl and promised to marry her if he became champion. A few months later he was a married champion and a few years after that he was a divorced champion with custody of two children. He married again within a year and was divorced again. He married a third time and the marriage produced a boy, then broke up. As part of the separation pact, Pep had to agree in writing never to see the woman or the boy again.

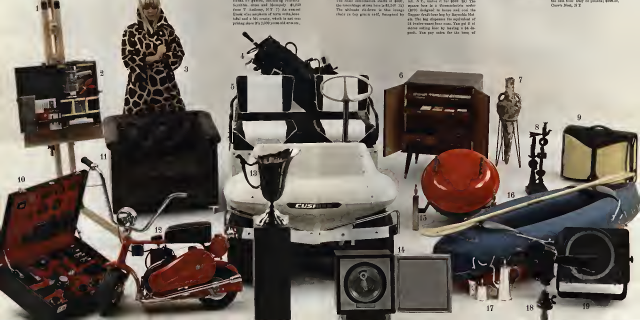
"Let's forget about my marriage," Pep had said in the lobby. "People think you're nuts. They don't understand."

Pep had come to Philadelphia from Hartford, where he was living alone in a three-room apartment. His fourth wife had been ill in a hospital for quite a while and the boy and girl he raised had drifted into their own responsibilities. Pep's apartment, on the upper floor of the house he bought his parents when he was champion, was a daily reminder of the money he once had. "If I had my boxing career to live over again," he once said, "I'd do the same thing. Only I'd *try* to save a little money. I gave away money. Well, that's the way I was. I had a few old ladies and that made a big dent in my bankroll. And I gambled."

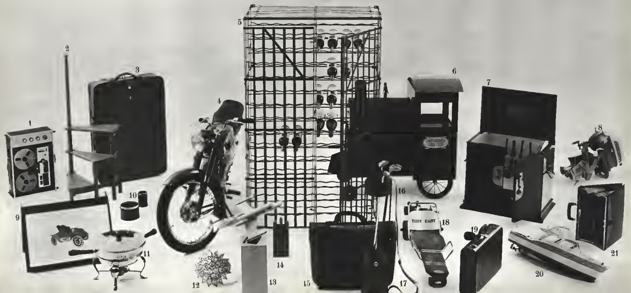
He began gambling when he was thirteen. His name was Guglielmo Papaleo, he was the son of a Sicilian immigrant and he lived in a cold-water, unheated tenement in Hartford. He would look out of his bedroom window evenings and inevitably see a gang of boys shooting craps under the streetlights. "It did something to me," he once said. "I had to be down there, watch- *(Continued on page 246)*

A BULL MARKET CHRISTMAS

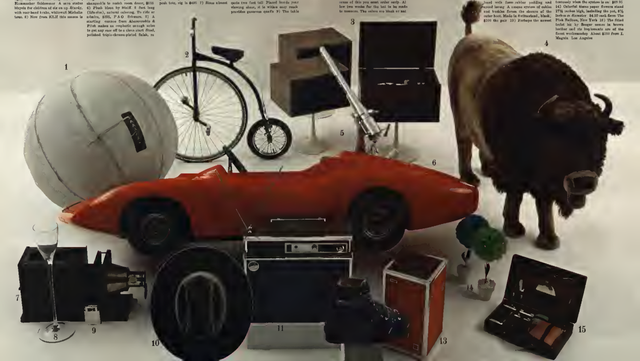
Economic theory this season is based on cash outflow The bargain basement concept has vanished Even the most simple gifts have been upgraded in quality, utility—and price. The trend is toward collections, sets of things, gifts within gifts. As these pages bear witness, the manufacturers have come up with an array of bright new ideas to match the affluent mood Read on and choose. 1) Here is the perfect easel, the wood and fittings hand securely assembled by Winsor & Newton, Inc. It's for both oil and watercolor work, and you can adjust it to any angle—it even becomes a horizontal work surface. $57.50 2) This new portable tool kit contains a versatile power unit, driven by a ⅙ h p motor By fitting it with different heads, you can make it saw or drill or sand General Electric puts it up in a metal case for $34.88. 3) The model's coat is stenciled calfskin fully lined It is trench-coat style with a removable belt, costs $700, and is from Jacques Kaplan, New York 4) The luxury golf bag is made of kangaroo skin with woods, irons and an umbrella, $511.20 By Ben Hogan at pro shops 5) The poshest golf cart by Cushman Motors has four wheels and a new suspension system that protects the passengers and the turf Powered by a 36 volt D C system, with automatic battery charger, it costs $1,350 6) A solid mahogany chest with top-grain cowhide and gold tooling by Star Case is a nice piece of furniture, but look what's inside equipment for about 88 games, including roulette Scrabble, chess and Monopoly $1,250 from T Anthony, N Y 7) An ancient Greek wine amphora of terra cotta, beautiful and a bit crusty, which is not surprising since it's 2,000 years old or more, $276 Aladdin House Ltd. N Y 8) The metal sculpture is called "Architect" and is by Zev at Scarabaeus Gallery, N Y, for $1,800 9) Durable jute with waterproof backing forms a new Fortnighter suitcase by Alexander Shields. It has black leather bindings, white stitching and comes in eight colors $125 at Bonwit Teller 10) Here is a complete camera system by Graflex which enables the photographer to assemble in seconds the equipment he needs for any situation. The basic combination starts at $500, the assemblage shown here is $3,240 11) The ultimate sit-down is this lounge chair in top grain calf, designed by Nikos Zographos. The chair rests on an [illegible] aluminum base $876, available through architects designers decorators. 12) The jaunty little Skat Kitty stands 28 inches high but can go 25 miles per hour and carry 400 pounds, including you and your partner, who can sit in the optional sidecar. $289.50 Projects Unlimited, Dayton Ohio 13) The sterling water pitcher is handmade and hand engraved The design is based on an early Renaissance helmet. Mario Buccellati, N.Y., makes it for $588 14) The square box is a thermoelectric cooler ($70) designed to house and cool the Tapper draft-beer keg by Reynolds Metals. The keg dispenses the equivalent of 24 twelve-ounce beer cans. You get it at stores selling beer by leaving a $4 deposit. You pay extra for the beer, of course. 15) Barbecue kettle by Weber comes attached to andirons, which is natural It's designed to fit into fireplaces and be used there, the cover eliminates necessity for rotating meats, $56.95, Jordan Marsh Boston 16) A one-man kayak of a new material containing vinyl and synthetic rubber It floats you snugly in style and comes with a carrying bag and foot pump. With paddle, $42.50 from Kayak Corp, N Y 17) The elegant silver plated coffee service is an adaptation of a Georgian design $62.50, Wallace Silversmiths. 18) A boon for Huntley Brinkley types the handiest movie camera. It's by Beaulieu and has a built-in precision motor, automatic synchronizing devices. With case, $1,500, Willoughby's N Y 19) The GNS Course Setter provides something new for navigators U.S. Coast & Geodetic Survey charts on microfilm are projected on the image screen and are easy to read for the first time Only 22 pounds; $299.50, Crow's Nest, N Y



1) Everything you need for 4-track stereophonic tape recording has been assembled by Sony/Superscope into this fully transistorized new model, in black and brushed-chrome carrying case; less than $239.50 2) The book you want is, of course, always out of reach but not with this set of bamboo steps, lightweight and in black, natural or redwood colors, $40 from Lord & Taylor N Y 3) The stand-up suitcase is a portable closet; it moves on wheels, doesn't fold over, and keeps six suits in such style that none needs pressing; in black or brown by Dunoffer, $95. 4) Go sixty m.p.h and get 152 miles per gallon on this motorcycle by Suzuki, it costs $334 and has a unique 12-month or 12,000-mile parts and labor warranty 5) Choice vintages from Sherry Wine & Spirits rest in a metal cage which Hammacher Schlemmer calls its Wine Jail House. Similar cages have been used in France for years. This one holds three hundred bottles under lock and key; open construction assures even temperature throughout. Five feet, four inches tall; the price is $79.95 6) This choo-choo cooks steaks and things on the grill under its hood. The smokestack controls the draft and the bell summons guests to dinner By Royal, Inc. $49.95 at Marshall Field, Chicago 7) The handsome walnut cabinet with brass trim contains 99 pipes, an illustrious collection all in matched grain In addition there are a carved-head briar, a calabash, a meerschaum, a humidor and a compartment for utensils. Kaywoodie makes only twelve of these presentation collections a year so count yourself well in if you get one, $2,500, Rich's, Atlanta 8) From Evinrude a three-h p outboard motor that folds up and fits in a fiberglass carrying case, easy to stow and tote $207.50 with case 9) The first definitive pictorial history of the American automobile is a limited edition of a hundred prints bound in wine-red leather and signed by the artist, $750 by Collectors' Prints, Inc. Available at Scribner's, N Y 10) The tobacco jar ($33.50) and the cigarette box ($19.50) are both of rosewood with heavy crystal lids. From Bonniers, New York 11) An imported silver-plated chafing dish has six-quart capacity and overweening elegance $165, from Hammacher Schlemmer, N Y 12) A ring for all seasons by Ostier, Inc. It has delicate diamond petals and a center diamond cluster which unscrews so you can substitute an emerald, pearl or sapphire from Ostier's "wardrobe collection." Price for ring and diamond cluster, $7,300 13) Here is perhaps the ultimate Christmas gift for the doting executive wife to give her travelling v.p. It's a jet plane by the Lear Jet Corporation. What you see is a model, the real thing is forty three feet long, carries eight people, cruises at 570 m.p.h. at 41,000 feet It's white, although the striping is up to you, and comes with complete electronic equipment and custom interior for $595,000. 14) Or maybe you'd better just burn this structural candle which has pretty colors and costs $10, from America House, N Y 15) A suitcase worthy of the top people is this one by Koret, it's made of grey boar skin and is trimmed in red leather, $200 from Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. 16) These four putters are of anodized aluminum with solid brass heads; solid colors are bonded to heads; $89.50 for each, from A. Sulka & Co., New York 17) They are resting in a golf bag newly designed by Dunoffer, N Y. It has a leather-covered aluminum frame, in black, tan or brown, $45 18) For kids who are tired pushing their own skateboards, this Toby Cart drives itself with a two-cycle gasoline engine; acceleration is by a foot throttle, $89.95, from Polk's Model Craft Hobby Shop, N Y 19) For documents of the utmost importance, an attaché case in fine brown pig skin with a combination lock, by Gucci, $119.45. 20) A sport-fisherman boat kit has 280 parts and yields this handsome model which is propelled by battery-operated motor, $19.95, F.A.O Schwarz. 21) The briefcase by Seeger has an intriguing design, with chrome frame, zippered pockets inside, leather-lined handcrafted stitching, $197, from Pollock's, Los Angeles.

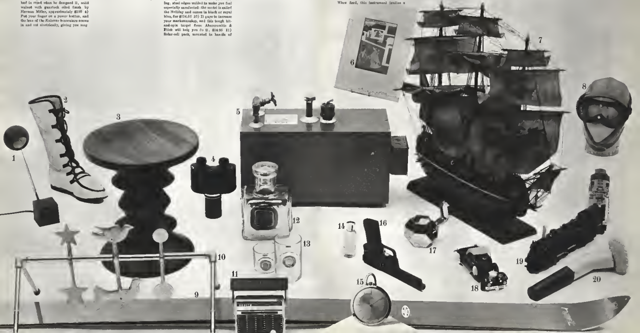


1) It's bigger than a beach ball, lighter than a medicine ball. It is called, inevitably, a camp ball and you can get it at F.A.O. Schwarz, N.Y., for $66. It is a yard in diameter, has a durable canvas cover over a rubber-bladder construction. 2) A three-foot-high replica of the Penny Farthing wheel popular 100 years ago, imported from England. $62.95, Hammacher Schlemmer. A rare status bicycle for children of six on up. Sturdy, with rear hand brake, whitewall Michelin tires. 3) Now from KLH this season is the model Twenty Plus, a complete sound system with two excellent speakers, turntable, preamp-amp amplifier, FM stereo multiplex tuner. No excess gadgetry, simple controls. The three units can be put on shelves, tables, or mounted on cast aluminum pedestal bases, which hold them 22 inches from the floor and table height. Grille-cloth panels are interchangeable to match room decor, $525. 4) Plush bison by Steiff. 8 feet long (life-size), natural coloring. To ride or admire, $395, F.A.O. Schwarz. 5) A starting cannon from Abercrombie & Fitch makes an emphatic enough noise to get any race off to a clean start. Steel, polished triple-chrome-plated finish, resists salt water. It comes with a self contained cartridge and rests on a sturdy pedestal. $450. 6) The ultimate in a kid's car from the Bapp Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio. It is a three eighths scale model of the Corvair Monza SS, 74 inches long, built on a go-cart chassis and powered by a 3½ horsepower gasoline engine mounted in the rear. For posh tots, rig is $495. 7) Since almost everybody has a slide projector, it seems a pleasant idea to offer up an example of what slide projectors once were. This antique magic lantern (about 100 years old) was made in France of brass and black lacquered tin. $175 from F.A.O. Schwarz. 8) Hammacher Schlemmer calls their tall bit of stemware a TV glass; it is clear crystal. $30, and not quite two feet tall. Placed beside your viewing chair, it is within easy reach, provides generous quaffs. 9) The table lighter, by Alfred Dunhill of London, is plated with silver, has unique, ultra masculine fittings. The lighter works with fluid. $85. 10) A hat for The Great Society offered to the world exclusively by Neiman Marcus of Dallas. The felt is the finest possible, a special blend of beaver and mink fur. It is custom made to any man's or woman's size, and because of this you must order early. Allow two weeks for the hat to be made to measure. The colors are black or natural; either is appropriate when visiting on the L.B.J. Pres hatbox, $250. 11) Something very new from Westinghouse: a 19-inch all transistor portable television set, called the Jet Set. Black glass is mounted across the front so that, when the set is turned off, it doesn't "stare back at you." The new glass softens and clarifies the picture when the set is on. No warm up; walnut-wood grain frame; weighs 47½ pounds. For less than $230. Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. 12) This Swiss ski boot by Molitor from Norse House Ski & Sport Shops, New York, combines the latest ideas in safety, convenience and comfort. Inner portion of the double boot is leather-lined with foam rubber padding and speed lacing. A unique system of cables and buckles forms the closure of the outer boot. Made in Switzerland, black, $100 the pair. 13) Perhaps the newest concept in sound is represented by this Total Sound speaker, now from Circle-O Phonic, Inc., New York. Designed to give 360-degree sound dispersion, all four sides of the enclosure are covered with cloth. The hermetically sealed woofer is at the base, pointing up. Its sound blends with that of a mid/hi-range speaker above, which revolves continuously when the system is on. $69.95. 14) Colorful tissue paper flowers stand 17½ inches high, including the pot, 6½ inches in diameter. $4.50 each from The Pink Balloon, New York. 15) The fitted toilet kit by Seeger comes in brown leather and its implements are of the finest workmanship. About $160 from I. Magnin, Los Angeles.



1) The high intensity lamp by Lightolier makes solid geometry stylish. A cube and a sphere are connected by a telescoping arm of polished chrome; a hi-lo switch, an anti-glare device and a choice of seven color combinations add to the attractions. At Bloomingdale's, New York, for $17.95 2) Regina Imports have provided a bouncy woman's boot in white pony skin with lacing and piping of calf, $60 a pair from Bergdorf Goodman, New York 3) It's a stool to sit on or a low table to put things on, and, if you look closely, it resembles an outsized chessman, which is what Charles Eames had in mind when he designed it, solid walnut with gunstock oiled finish by Herman Miller, approximately $150 4) Put your finger on a power button, and the lens of the Kalimar binoculars zooms in and out electrically, giving you magnification from two and a half to eight times and remaining in focus throughout, $199.50 at Neiman Marcus, Dallas. 5) Now you can take a steam bath right in your own tub or shower stall. Install this generator by Thermasol Ltd. in any out-of-the-way spot up to thirty feet from the bathtub, turn the dial and whoosh, steam rises gently (70° to 160° F), bringing with it therapy and surcease from care, from $395, plus installation. 6) Sona, The Golden One is the name of a shop and gallery in New York which has a handsome collection of sixteenth and seventeenth-century Indian miniature paintings like the one shown here, all original and one of a kind, from $650 to $1000 7) This replica of a Spanish sailing ship has intricate rigging, fine workmanship, $100 from Alfred Dunhill of London 8) The girl you take skiing will look great in this hood and goggles by Flower Modes, in red, black, white or yellow, water repellent vinyl gives it the "wet look," which, this year, is Very Big, from Joseph Magnin, San Francisco, for $6 9) A new ski, just introduced by Hart, has a high-density linear polyethylene running surface which never needs waxing; steel edges welded in make you feel especially surefooted; the model is called the Holiday and comes in black or royal blue, for $114.50 10) It pays to increase your marksmanship, and this tough hit-and-spin target from Abercrombie & Fitch will help you do it, $14.95 11) Solar-cell pack, mounted in handle of this eight-transistor radio by Zenith, supplies power to play the radio. The pack will recharge the batteries in the set when the radio sits in direct sunlight. In cloudy weather, the set will play on rechargeable batteries or household current. New circuitry creates a highly sensitive reception. In white or charcoal with carrying case, earphone attachment and batteries, $59.95 12) From Finland a handsome decanter of smooth crystal which has a rough textured appearance highlighted by a green crest, at Bonniers New York, for $10.50 13) As companion pieces, Bonniers also provides old-fashioned glasses ($2 each) and 14-ounce highball glasses ($5 each) 14) Helena Rubinstein has a new woman's scent called Emotion, designed to elicit same from you! The two-ounce Eau de Parfum here is $[illegible], Marshall Field, Chicago. 15) The pocket watch returns, in a 17 jewel, ultra slim version by Texeana. It has a gold finish case, stylish markings, costs $39.95 at Granat Brothers, San Francisco. 16) A revolutionary development in small arms is represented by the 13mm Gyrojet Rocket handgun made by MBA, San Ramon, California. When fired, this instrument ignites a solid fuel propellant. Within a hundred milliseconds, projectile is on target, traveling 1250 feet per second, leaving no cartridge behind in the barrel. The new concept incorporates amazing accuracy, low recoil and noise, and light weight. The first thousand of these guns are being sold to collectors, in a special "first edition" presentation package, with a supply of ammunition, $250 17) More geometry: hexagons and squares fitted together into a handsome cigarette box in sterling silver, from Tiffany, $150 18) Plant ambition in your child with this scale model of the 1931 Rolls-Royce Phantom II Henley convertible, made from a kit. It's by Monogram Toys. Its hood and doors open and close, it's black, of course, and is $3 19) Lionel offers the Hudson steam locomotive for "O" and Super "O" track, complete with headlight, smoke, whistle and Magne-traction, for $90, including tender. Shown with it here is a model diesel locomotive, the "Boston & Maine," which has headlight and horn, $40, both at Macy's, New York. 20) This is the power wand of the Egle 2-speed electric shoeshiner, which works on four flashlight batteries. Fashioned by Danish designer Jacob Jensen, it comes in a storage case with cans of polish, two applicator wheels, two brushes and a lamb's wool buffer, $19.95 from Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.

This section photographed by Frank Cowan



"Doctor, the hospital staff would like a word with you concerning the car you drive."

THIRST

by Ivo Andric

The marriage bed should never be placed too near the prison

Soon after the Austrian occupation of Bosnia in 1908, a post of the gendarmerie was opened high up in the mountain village of Sokolac. The commanding officer brought with him from somewhere abroad a lovely fair haired wife with round blue eyes that looked as if they were made of glass. With her brittle beauty, her Western dress and outfit, she was like some precious and frail thing mislaid by travelers while they crossed this mountain height on their way from one great city to another.

The village had hardly got over its first shock of astonishment and the young woman was still busy furnishing her new married quarters full of little cushions, embroidery and ribbons when bandits were reported in the vicinity. A company of special troops arrived at the post doubling the barrack population. The commandant spent his days out in the field, deploying and supervising his patrols. His young wife was left, bewildered and fearful, in the company of village women, so that in this sense, at least, she could not regard herself completely alone. Her time was spent in waiting. Even her sleep and meals took on an aspect of waiting and no longer refreshed and nourished her. The village women coaxed and begged her to eat, until in their nudging and wheedling they ate up all the food and drank all the milk themselves. At night they sat by her bedside and regaled her with tales of village life to lull her to sleep. In the end, though, exhausted by their talking they would doze off on the red carpet while she, from her bedstead, would gaze at them with her wide-awake eyes, sickened by the heavy smell of milk and coarse wool that came off their peasant skirts. And even when, after several days of such waiting, the commanding officer would return, she would have little cause to feel joyous and relieved.

The man came back dead tired from marching and lack of sleep, his face hidden behind a thick stubble, dirty and soaked through and through. His boots, which he had not taken off in several days, would bulge with mud and water and it would take a pair of orderlies to pull them off, and with the woolen puttees, bits of skin would come off his sore and swollen feet. His lips were chapped, his face weathered by the sun, wind and mountain air. He was worried and distracted by his lack of success and preoccupied with schemes for his next expedition. Tense and wound up, he literally burned with zeal and anxiety. In those short intervals of rest at home his wife nursed him like a wounded man, only to send him off again two or three days later, at the crack of dawn, into the mountains. And so all her thoughts and prayers were animated by a single wish, that the wretched brigands be rounded up as soon as possible and that this dreadful life might finally come to an end.

And then one day her greatest wish came true. They caught the chief bandit, Lazar Zelenovich, the most cunning of them all. After him, according to the barrack talk and village gossip, it would be easier to catch or scatter the other, pettier bandits who were less skillful and experienced.

Lazar was caught by a fluke. A patrol that was on the trail of another younger bandit stumbled on him accidentally. Some two months previously, when he had moved into this region from Herzegovina, Lazar had been wounded in the chest by a bullet. This no one knew. So that he might tend his wound, Lazar, with the help of younger bandits had built himself a shelter beside a mountain stream, made of dry branches and driftwood and washed up silt. He lived in that hole, out of sight of the paths that traversed the hillside high above the stream, yet he could reach water by stretching out his hand. In this way he could bathe his wound all day long while the patrols looked for him everywhere, scrambling up the crags and mountaintops. And perhaps he might have recovered, if he had dared to look for a more comfortable shelter and if the weather just then had not turned unseasonably warm, which made his wound much worse. He did his best to ward off mosquitoes and flies, but the wound grew bigger and down underneath where the water could not reach, it began to fester more and more. His fever rose accordingly.

Translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Joseph Hitrec

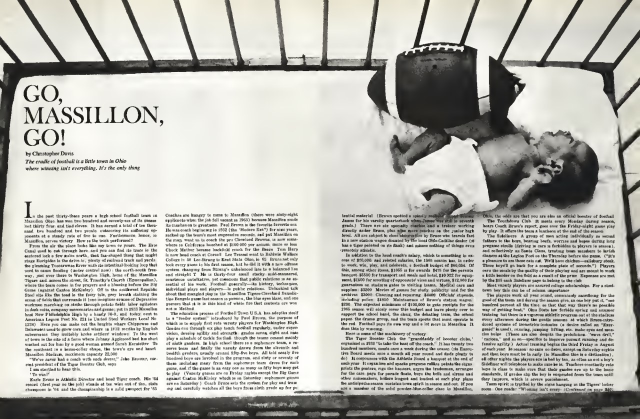
Wood engraving by Carol Isefin

Such was the condition of the bandit when one of his younger companions decided to bring him some wax and brandy to use as medicine. A patrol spotted the young man as he was leaving a shepherd's hut on his way down to the stream. Noticing the patrol at the last moment, the boy scampered down the stream bed and vanished without a trace.

The commandant, who had left his horse in a meadow below and was running at the head of the patrol after the young bandit, stumbled into a patch of soft mud and grazed his feet against something soft and lifeless before sinking up to his waist in the silt. And he might have gone on ahead, after extricating himself with difficulty, and would not have discovered Lazar's tiny and cleverly disguised shelter had he not smelled the terrible stench of the bandit's wound. After pulling his legs out of the mud, the commandant glanced through the parted branches and saw a sheepskin. Sensing that a live man was hiding in the burrow underneath, he never even dreamed that it might be Lazar himself; he thought that it was the younger bandit or some accomplice of his. To hoodwink the concealed man, the commandant gave loud orders to his patrol:

"He must have run ahead. Go after him and I'll follow you slowly. I hurt my legs on these thorns."

As he was shouting this, he signaled them with one hand to keep quiet and with the other beckoned them to form a circle around him. When three of the men came near, they threw themselves all at once at the shelter and pinned the bandit down by the shoulders like a badger. Since his only weapons were an old long-barreled gun and a big knife, he had no time either to fire or reach for the knife. They tied his hands with a chain and his feet with a rope and carried him thus like a log of wood, down the hill and to the meadow where the commandant's horse was waiting. All the way down they breathed the heavy stench, but it was only *(Continued on page 255)*



GO, MASSILLON, GO!

by Christopher Davis

The cradle of football is a little town in Ohio where winning isn't everything. It's the only thing

In the past thirty-three years a high school football team in Massillon Ohio has won two hundred and seventy-six of its games lost thirty four and tied eleven It has earned a total of ten thousand two hundred and two points outscoring its suffering opponents at a steady rate of five to one. Furthermore, honor, in Massillon, serves victory How is the trick performed?

From the air the place looks like my town or yours. The Erie Canal used to cut through here and you can find its trace in the restored lock a few miles north, that fan-shaped thing that might stage Euripides is the drive-in, plenty of railroad track and yards the gleaming Tuscarawas River with its intestinal-looking loop that used to cause flooding (under control now) the north-south freeway, just over there to Washington High, home of the Massillon Tigers and across the street, St. Timothy's Church (Episcopalian), where the team comes in for prayers and a blessing before the Big Game (against Canton McKinley) Off to the southwest Republic Steel site like the toad in the fairy tale, grey breath staining the ocean of fields that surrounds it (one imagines armies of Depression workmen marching on strike through potato fields labor agitators in dark suits, company mercenaries and goons; yet in 1933 Massillon beat New Philadelphia High by a handy 70-0, and today next to American Legion Post No. 221 is United Steel Workers Local No 1124) Here you can make out the heights where Chippewas and Delawares used to grow corn and where in 1812 settlers by English subversives they irritably broke settlers' windows To the west of town is the site of a farm where Johnny Appleseed had his shirt washed out for him by a good woman named Sarah Kerstetter To the southeast is a horse-collar shape, the town's eye and heart Massillon Stadium, maximum capacity 22,000

"We've never had a coach with such *desire*," John Reusser, current president of the Tiger Booster Club, says

I am startled to hear this.

'To win!'

Earle Bruce is Athletic Director and head Tiger coach. His '64 record (first year on the job) stands at ten wins out of ten, state champions in '64 and the championship is a solid prospect for '65 Coaches are hungry to come to Massillon (there were sixty-eight applicants when the job fell vacant in 1963) because Massillon sends its coaches on to greatness. Paul Brown is the favorite favorite son He was coach beginning in 1932 (the 'Modern Era") for nine years, racked up the team's most impressive records, and put Massillon on the map, went on to coach the pro Cleveland Browns, is now somewhere in California beached at $100 000 per annum more or less Chuck Mather became backfield coach for the Bears Tom Harp is now head coach at Cornell Lee Tressel went to Baldwin Wallace College in 58 Leo Strang to Kent State Ohio, in 63 Bruce not only took every game in his first season, but he did it with a new offense system changing from Strang's unbalanced line to a balanced line and straight T He is thirty-four small stocky mild-mannered, courteous untalkative, yet conscious that public relations is an essential of his work. Football generally—its history, techniques, individual plays and players—is public relations. Unbuckled talk about that mangled play in the Massillon Tigers-Cleveland Benedictine Bengals game last season is passion, the blue eyes blaze, and one guesses that it is in this kind of white fire that contests are won not in Method

The education process of Football Town U S.A has adapted itself to a "feeder system" introduced by Paul Brown, the purpose of which is to supply first rate varsity players for Washington High. Grades one through six play touch football regularly, under supervision, develop agility and strength grades seven, eight and nine play a schedule of tackle football though the teams consist mainly of ninth graders. In high school there is a sophomore team, a reserve team and finally the varsity drawn from the eleventh and twelfth graders, usually around fifty-five boys. All told nearly five hundred boys are involved in the program, and sixty or seventy of them including many from the sophomore team dress for each game, and if the game is an easy one as many as fifty boys may get to play (Varsity games are on Friday nights except the Big Game against Canton McKinley which is on Saturday sophomore games are on Saturday) Coach Bruce sets the system for play and training and carefully watches all the boys from sixth grade up for potential material (Brown spotted a spindly redhead named Tommy James for his varsity quarterback when James was still in seventh grade.) There are six specialty coaches and a trainer working directly under Bruce, plus nine more coaches at the junior high level. All are subject to close observation by Bruce who travels fast in a new station wagon donated by the local Olds-Cadillac dealer (it has a tiger painted on its flank) and misses nothing of things even remotely athletic.

In addition to the head coach's salary, which is something in excess of $10,000 and related salaries, the 1965 season has, in order to work, win, play, and celebrate, a football budget of $60,054. Of this, among other items, $1055 is for awards $475 for the parents banquet $5500 for transport and meals and hotel, $10 922 for equipment, $1500 for scouting of opponents' vices and virtues, $12,000 for guarantees on stadium gates to visiting teams. Medical care and supplies $3200 Movies of games for study publicity and for the archives $3000 Cleaning and repairing $4400 Officials' stipends, including police $1850 Maintenance of Bruce's station wagon $200 The expected minimum of $100,000 in gate receipts for the 1965 season will nicely cover this budget and leave plenty over to support the school band, the choir, the debating team, the school paper the drama group, and the team sports that must operate in the red Football pays its own way and a lot more in Massillon It does this by winning

Here is some of the machinery of victory

The Tiger Booster Club the "granddaddy of booster clubs,' organized in 1933 "to take the heat off the coach.' It has twenty two hundred members, meets once a week during the season (its Executive Board meets once a month all year round and finds plenty to do) It cosponsors with the Athletic Board a banquet at the end of each year It organizes and spacks pregame rallies paints the signs prints the posters, rigs the banners, urges the tradesmen, arranges for the cars pays for parade floats, buys the bells and sirens and other noisemakers, hollers longest and loudest at each play plans the anticipated season sustains town spirit in season and out. If you are a member of the solid powder-blue-collar class in Massillon, Ohio, the odds are that you are also an official booster of football

The Touchdown Club It meets every Monday during season, hears Coach Bruce's report, goes over the Friday-night game play by play It offers the team a luncheon at the end of the season

The Sideliners A group of men acting individually as second fathers to the boys, hearing beefs, worries and hopes during long pregame strolls (driving in cars is forbidden to players in season), and collectively as Santa Claus, treating team members to lavish dinners at the Legion Post on the Thursday before the game. ("It's a pleasure to see these cats eat. We'll have chicken—salisbury steak. These boys'll go back for a complete plate of seconds.") Players earn the meals by the quality of their playing and are meant to work a little harder on the field as a result of the prize Expenses are met by the $15 each Sideliner pays to belong to the club

Most varsity players are assured college scholarships. For a steel-town boy this can be of solemn importance

The players work all year round, consciously sacrificing for the good of the team and during the season give, as one boy put it, "one hundred percent all the time so that that way there's no possible way of getting beat." Ohio State law forbids spring and summer training but there is a vigorous athletic program out at the stadium every afternoon during the gentle seasons at which Bruce-introduced systems of isometrics isotonics (a device called an "Exergenie" is used), running, jumping lifting, etc. make eyes and muscles bulge (There are also despite the prohibition 'wave drill," ' carioca," and so on—specifics to improve pursuit running and defensive agility) Actual training begins the third Friday in August of each year In season no cars no dates, except on Saturday nights and then boys must be in early (in Massillon this is a distinction), all other nights the players are in bed by ten, as often as not a boy's Sideliner will telephone to make sure he is. Teachers constantly rate boys in class to make sure that their grades are up to the basic standards, if grades slip the boy is suspended from the team until they improve, which is severe punishment.

Team spirit is typified by the signs hanging in the Tigers' locker room One reads: "Winning isn't every- *(Continued on page 250)*

"SORRY ABOUT THAT"

All the world being a stage, an actor can learn something everywhere: a brilliant American actor here takes a firsthand look at the performances in Vietnam and measures them against his own

by George C. Scott

As a man who has made his profession one of illusion—that attempt to find universality, reality, and truth within a world of pretending—I went to Vietnam in an effort to determine what the "realities" were there. I wanted to make a comparison of the two worlds, if such a miracle were possible. I wanted to see for myself if the world of "real" dangers, real fears, real hunger and terrorism and blood and sacrifice and courage was as real as the make-believe world I had come to believe in so much.

If it is true, even only partially and sporadically, that art can elevate, deepen, and enlighten the soul of man even as it provokes his mind or cheers his spirit, then what must be the effects of *actual* commitment to an ideal? What are the benefits of actual risk and actual fear and actual heroism and actual humor?

Is the human spirit broadened by the abrasion of conflict, or worn down and eroded by it? Do the hearts of men sweeten and strengthen through incessant exposure to danger and the demands of responsible command (over themselves and over other human beings), or are these hearts coarsened and narrowed by these elements?

Is courage really only John Wayne?

Is sentiment no deeper than a commercial ballad by Frank Sinatra?

Is fear a sick, quasi-sexual titillation by Alfred Hitchcock?

Is "class" Grace Kelly?

Does the miraculous mantle of youth really rest upon the scrawny shoulders of The Rolling Stones?

Are phrases such as "devotion to duty," "patriotism," "word of honor" platitudes to be mouthed by opportunistic politicians and *poseur* actors, or do people really believe in them still?

What is the relationship of "art" to contemporary reality?

I said to myself, "See here, George C. Funk alias Luigi Pirandello, perhaps if you can uncover the vaguest clod of what is true you can serve that Truth more fully in your world of Illusion." But then, perhaps not. Perhaps our hair-sprayed, overicious, deodorized, fruging, gossiping, computered, juvenile-worshiping, hate-vomiting, Martinied, dyspeptic, polyethylened, dry-testicled, pill-sucking society has made you so consumingly one of its own that it's too late. Perhaps you will be too jaded to identify Truth even when you sense its presence.

When I left New York on the flight to Saigon I said to myself, "You are afraid. This is a violent world you are entering. You may be eliminated. Quickly.

"You have no one to buffer for you. No agent, no lawyer, no press representative, no secretary, no lover, no entourage, no guardians of your precious body, no keepers of your soul. Alone."

The author off camera (bearded for a forthcoming role)

We all of us, sooner or later accept the inevitability of living alone. We accept the certainty of dying alone. But to enter a new world alone—ah, that is something else entirely. That is fearsome indeed.

But I reminded myself that I had *always* lived in a world of violence. Not 81mm mortar violence or Claymore mine violence, to be sure, but a violence of deceit and cruelty, flattery and vanity, neuroticism and broken promises, the clammy handshake and the bitter kiss and that world I knew and could somehow cope with. Somehow death—physiological death in this unfamiliar world—seemed much cleaner to me, much less a product of betrayal than death in the world with which I was already painfully conversant. I became, as I flew over Honolulu and Wake and Guam and Manila and nearer Saigon, much less afraid. I would learn. I would find out something I had not known before.

Never an intelligent man, but always, I believe, a sensitive one. I have lived my entire life by one canon: Never hurt a man whom you respect nor a woman whom you do not deeply love.

Anyway, it seemed worth it to try. To find out. Maybe.

If truth is beauty, then South Vietnam qualifies itself as one of the world's most verdant veracities. Everywhere I went people would shake their heads and say, "Such a *beautiful* country! What a shame that it's so tore, that it cannot be enjoyed."

Flying northwest from Da Nang in the central lowlands, there are endless kilometers of incredibly expansive beaches, clean and white and broad enough for a dozen Fort Lauderdales or Daytonas or St.-Tropezes. There are stories that parts of the same beaches are used by both Americans and Vietcong for R&R (Rest and Recreation) centers: "On the beach we don't shoot at them, they don't shoot at us." A gentleman's agreement, apparently, which one finds difficult to believe, but in the bizarre, crazy-quilt war in Vietnam, it's probably just true enough to be True.

and on screen as General Buck Turgidson in Dr. Strangelove

Toward the Seventeenth Parallel, the Berlin Wall of Vietnam which divides the north from the south, is the ancient fortress city of Hué. Walled and turreted in the best oriental tradition, Hué was once the capital city of all of this part of Indochina.

Flying low in a helicopter over the great brown-straw walls, a sense of unreality, of the impossibility of my being there, came over me as it was to come again many times, not just disbelief, but a kind of fascination and incredulity which surprised and awed me.

It came again farther north. We landed at Don Hoa which is only ten "klicks," as the Americans say, from the frontier. We drove back to Quang Tri, a typical border outpost, in a jeep with the classically sandbagged floor to protect against mine explosions over an impossible road that the VC had mined repeatedly and cut a dozen times in the past year.

The Quang Tri compound was not large, a few hundred square meters, and it set a pattern of defense I was to see in scores of outposts in the next weeks: the barbed-wire graduations, the Claymores, the machine-gun emplacements, the communications bunkers, the sandbags and earthworks, the mortar pits, the lookout posts, the illumination stations, and sometimes, with luck, a 105 or a 155 howitzer.

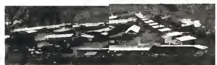
The work of entrenchment and fortification goes on constantly. At Quang Tri they have a right to preparedness. If the Communists change their policy of infiltration and decide to cross the parallel with North Vietnamese and/or Red Chinese troops en masse, as they did in Korea, the people at Quang Tri don't have to guess who's going to be overrun first.

In the Central Highlands the land becomes so mountainous and jungled as to give the cliché "virtually impassable" unusual sting.

At Gia Vuc (a Special Forces camp gouged out of the wilderness to protect a newly established montagnard village) I was astonished for the first time at what was merrily labeled a "landing strip." In a C-123 cargo ship carrying rice bags, we went in at what can be described only as a suicidal landing angle. In other words the skipper and copilot—thoroughly representative of the incredibly skilled and resourceful Air Force people who are mad enough to fly planes in this war—stood the clumsy aircraft on its big blunt nose and Stuka-ed straight down onto the red-clay washboard set into the bottom of an eggcup. They dryly referred to it as a "controlled-crash" landing. It obviously is the only way to get into these places, where a strong young man can consume eight hours going fifteen hundred meters up the slopes of the surrounding hills.

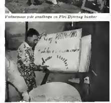
In this country, the pilots prefer to fly along the green-matted, broken-back spine of the mountains rather than over the lovely swamping valleys. "Charlie" has a predilection for shooting 50-caliber machine guns at one from the valleys. From these jungles he can, as one man put it, "roll over in his hammock and fire at us." Most of the time the jungle overceiling is so dense it is next to impossible to tell where the fire comes from.

Here the montagnard people live. They are dark and wild and tough. They are split into thirty-odd tribes, have no written language and often cannot be understood even among themselves. They bitterly dislike the Vietnamese, who call them "savages" and legendarily drove them from the lowlands centuries ago. Their culture is reminiscent of the American Indian; their appearance suggestive of the Australian aboriginal bushman. The men are strong, wear twisted loincloths pulled tight between the buttocks. The women are hard working and given to



During his tour of South Vietnam, George Scott visited this Special Forces camp at Plei Djereng

Vietnamese pile sandbags on Plei Djereng bunker



A Plei Mrong sergeant prepares a briefing

Scott with American advisers, up north at Tam Ky

chewing betel, which gives them dark purple slashes for mouths. They live in grass huts on stilts, hunt expertly with handmade crossbows. They have a ritual of beating a water buffalo to death with bamboo sticks and roasting it—hide, head, hooves and all—for a feast. They sip strong rice wine through reeds from large ceramic pots. If you join in the ceremony you become a blood brother and are presented with the traditional brass wristlet. In Pleiku, at such a ceremony, I smelled the wine from eight feet away and decided against it (one of the very few occasions in his life when old G. C. demurred on a cocktail), but many Special Forces men wear the wristlet with pride.

My search for reality seemed to root itself a little among these people. I began to learn again, as one does as a child, that if Truth is Beauty then it is also Simplicity. It is an absence of pretense (not necessarily of pretending). It is *natural*.

Isn't it strange that civilized man can always seem to sense this truth in "uncivilized" people, can learn the lesson, apparently, over and over again—yet he seems most hard put to emulate that naturalness or implement his respect for it into his own daily living. This enigma has put me off my ease time and again.

In the Mekong Delta, south and southwest of Saigon—south to Bac Lieu on the South China Sea coast, west to Rach Gia on the Gulf of Siam—the land is water and the water is land.

This could be the rice bowl of Asia.

Millions of square kilometers of paddies (geometrically partitioned with dikes and levees, canals and rivers, sown and beaten and harvested by lonely little figures with clusters of water buffalo around them) yield two rice crops a year. I was told that given peace and security and scientific fertilization and care, this incredibly fertile land could be induced to give *three* crops annually.

The land averages three meters below sea level. The river waters are largely salt, and the paddies must be flooded with fresh water regulated by levees. When the rains come here, the roads go.

In spite of the courageous efforts of the River Assault Group, the Junk Fleet, the canals are almost exclusively controlled by the Vietcong. There are large areas where no non-VC influence has ever been felt. Many towns and some hamlets are held by government troops. The rest is VC.

Yet it is here that some of the most progressive work in the "pacification" or Hop Tac program has been carried out. Military and civil advisory teams (medical, education, and agricultural experts) have managed, through heroic patience and uncommon skill, to bring security and prosperity to desolated regions.

There is reality here. There is trust and accomplishment and vision. And it has been done against obstacles of religion, tradition, social superstition, corruption, and just plain exhaustion, so complex and frustrating as to transcend description.

The rudiments of simple hygiene are being taught to people who use the same canal or stream to bathe in, wash their clothes, water their beasts, fish, defecate, and drink from. If they have sores on their bodies they beat them. If a throat infection causes pain, they compensate that pain by rubbing the *outside* of the throat raw with a coin or a bottle cap. Because of the contamination of their water, they suffer so badly from amoebic dysentery that many of those who survive childhood are not aware that chronic diarrhea is not a natural condition of life.

Schools have been repaired, rebuilt, constructed. Teachers, long prime targets for VC terrorism, have been aided and protected and encouraged.

Civic governments have been secured and stabilized, businesses reopened. A Special Forces sergeant told me that when he first came to his remote village ten months before, the place was a ghost town. Everyone had been driven into the open country by terrorism. Today there are fifty businesses in the thriving marketplace, the schools and temples and churches are open and booming. Several thousand people have returned to the village because they have a measure of security and a promise of prosperity unknown to them in years.

One of the great and *real* lessons I learned in Vietnam is that it is not *all* slaughter and bestiality. Civil servants, missionaries, and enlightened military are cooperating with the Vietnamese people in a less glamorous but ultimately more important struggle than a *Guns of Navarone* kind of adventure in glorious color and wide, wide screen.

I use the term "enlightened military" with confidence. I don't subscribe to the Pax Americana philosophy, but I'm convinced that, since the Romans, no body of men paid to kill other men (whether Americans like it or not that is a legitimate definition of Army) has had to face the enormous task of attempting to secure a peace at the precise time it was attempting to help win a war.

The enormous subtleties of advisement without command, the refinements of civil and military interdependence, and the damaging psychological burden of a hostile or indifferent or terrified popular sentiment against his efforts at home have been as crippling a hardship to the American soldier as the fanatically clever and resourceful physical enemy he must face in the field.

I am convinced it will make him a better leader as well as a better fighter.

It is not easy to speculate as to whether this progress will be permitted by the crush of circumstance to continue. When I left Vietnam there were already signs of a reorganization process which would increase our military effectiveness by circumnavigating the adviser system to take advantage of the American power buildup. We seek to wage war more punishingly. It is understandable. It is to be hoped that the civil and social progress that has been made under the advisory system will not be dissipated and neglected because of the exigent demands of combat.

One puts on the mantle of pundit all too easily. As I write this, I am sitting in a hotel room overlooking the Place Vendôme in Paris. It is one of the more luxurious hotels in the world—one that has given its name to a phrase that stands for a whole way of life, "Putting on the Ritz." I am "putting on" another role now, quite literally a new movie role and, at the same time, a new role as a man trying to express the strange experiences of only a few days ago. Illusion and elusiveness seem to merge. Despite the cliché that "people are the same everywhere," Vietnam was an entirely different world. Take the Saigonese, for example.

There's an old show business axiom, "Make it work for you," which can be applied to any adversity or calamity from power failure to double bronchitis, from hernia to homosexuality. Subscription to such a philosophy has been known to give actors a self-delusive panache which seems to carry them through almost any crisis.

The Saigonese have adopted it.

They have endured terrorist bombings, street riots, snakeskin changes of government, foreign exploitation, monetary inflation, public executions, self-immolations, Madame Nhu, and B grade American Westerns. Two million people live in this city. Somehow. And somehow they seem to be making it work for them.

At the height of the monsoon-season offensive the city of Saigon sprawled limply across the mouths of the Saigon River—exhausted, but willing, like a mining-town whore on Saturday night.

It rained every day but did not get cool. The tiny blue taxis, the bicycles and motorbikes, cyclos (Graham Greene called them trishaws and Morris West referred to them as pedicabs, but whatever the name they consist of a man high up on a cycle pedaling a passenger in a kind of basket before him), the VW's and Lambrettas, the incredibly packed and sagging buses which somehow manage to arrive safely from the outlying perimeters, the myriad trucks and jeeps and rumbling military lorries—all of these vehicles honked and scooted and bullied one another in an endless *danse macabre* of frenzied exhaust fumes, ennui, screaming tires, and a surprising lack of ill-temper.

The street peddlers displayed lacquered boxes, and sunglasses, and leather goods made from the hides of elephants, and padlocks, and American cigarettes. They shouted insults at each other and never seemed to sell much.

The beggars hunkered along the filthy sidewalks, washed their babies in the water from the gutters, held out their battered straw hats for alms, displayed their sores and the stumps of their severed limbs and never seemed to collect very much.

The police, nicknamed "white mice" by the Americans, stood in covered cupolas at intersections and ritualized their pretentious arm wavings and never seemed to make much impression on the traffic.

The streamers and banners waved and writhed in the wind. The signs with their atrocious artwork, advertised toothpaste and gasoline. Music blared day and night from the bars. There were weapons everywhere. Children hawked lottery tickets and pornographic photographs rather casually concealed among cardboard portfolios of execrable watercolors and prints.

Women, the exquisitely delicate, superbly feminine Vietnamese women, strolled and pedaled in swirling streams of color along the shopping streets and through the marketplaces. Most of them are beautiful, fine-boned and dark-eyed and long-haired. The prostitutes were more expensively dressed and given to makeup but nearly all the women wore the traditional *ao dai* costume, consisting of fine silk or satin trousers, high-heeled shoes, open, and a mandarin-throated overdress, tightly bodiced and slit from the hip down. They are breast-conscious and many wore padded black brassieres and white panties that were visible in the sunlight.

The men are small, lithe, black-haired, open-faced and (because of my obvious prejudice) not as attractive as the women.

The streets were alive with uniforms: khaki, field green, navy blue, green berets, red berets, Sikh turbans, swept-brimmed hats adapted from the Australians and New Zealanders, mottled camouflage fatigues, bloused pants shoved into high-ankled steel-insoled boots. Surreptitious money changers offered 140 piasters to the dollar (the legal rate is around 75) and often disappeared around corners with bright new $20 bills shoved in their shirtfronts never to be seen again by the foreign gull. In the hotels and bars the great ceiling fans pirouetted in unison and stirred less air than the bustling waiters, while three-inch lizards of a pale-green translucence scampered up and down walls in quest of an insect meal.

Across from the central marketplace, the public execution block—its sandbags and death posts silhouetted against a large mustard-colored building—waited for the next five a.m. standing-room-only performance. Marshal Ky has said to his bureaucrats, steeped in the Oriental tradition of corruption, "If you steal, I will shoot you." And he lives up to his word.

Up until eleven-o'clock curfew people dined on the roof garden at Paprika's and watched the artillery fire light up the sky a few klicks to the northeast. Others took the evening breeze on the eighth-floor terrace of the Majestic Hotel, overlooking the river, ogled the Vietnamese vocalist (whose name sounded like "knock-knee"), and pointed to the flares being dropped steadily to the southwest, illuminating an air strike zone.

Sleep does not come easily in Saigon. Most of the night the heavens pulsate with artillery fire. The earth quivers from bombs.

At Cong Hoa, the Vietnamese army hospital in Saigon, I watched the choppers bringing in the wounded from an operation "in country." A team of Vietnamese doctors worked furiously to cast a soldier's left arm and cut off his left leg at the same time. The soldier's body was brown and small as a girl's. The stump of his leg was raggedly red and yellowish, the severed bone blue-white. The scent of this sweating, silent tableau stabbed me.

And I had nothing to say. Again and again, whether witnessing the wounded being brought into Saigon, or standing beside a surgeon's tent up north among our own Marines, or visiting a recon battalion about to push off on a search for VC, I could find no words. I am not a man who finds it difficult to make small talk, but here I could say *nothing*. Again and again this silence fell upon me and only once in a while would the ice be broken by a sergeant or officer who knew the right tone or phrases. At best I could only play—note the emphasis on that verb—the part of a kind of visiting charmer, a liaison officer from the people back home. It was a part I didn't particularly enjoy playing, but it was one the Marines had written for me to put me at my ease. Yes, they were concerned with *my* ease.

It was in Saigon that I first became familiar with the phrase, "Sorry about that." Every war has its catchphrases, its own particular terminology, even its own distinctive philosophy or point of view.

"Sorry about that" can apparently fit any occasion. It doesn't mean "Oops," exactly, or "Help!" or "Gung ho" or even "Nuts." It comes from that folkland once populated by Kilroy and Grogan's Goat and little slant-eyed men who were fond of saying, "Ho so Yankee plick!" It is applicable if you spill tea in a dowager's lap or hit a man at a bar or lose your squad in a rice paddy, or lay your best friend's girl, or drive your jeep over a land mine, or get drunk and tell your senior adviser he's an ass, or drop a VC prisoner out of a Huey from two thousand feet up, or catch the clap, or enjoy the Beatles, or have your ambush counterambushed.

No one seems to know how it began. Some attribute it to the maddening politeness of their Vietnamese counterparts, who decline advice at crucial moments. Others say it started with the cool, wry-humored Australians in Special Forces. Others say it was originally the genuinely heartbroken lament of a Huey pilot on a med-evac mission who had to leave wounded on the ground during a fire fight because there was no more room in the helicopter in which to put them.

At any rate, "Sorry about that" is the standby phrase of the American in Vietnam. It seems to epitomize his plight. Those three words capture and crystallize the complexities and frustrations, the contrived indifference which covers a deep sense of dedication in the American who finds himself the Reluctant Dragon in a spooky game of Red Chinese roulette.

The truth and beauty of Vietnam do not manifest them- (Continued on page 316)

THIS BLESSED PLOT, THIS EARTH, THIS REALM, THIS DENMARK

by Sybille Bedford

Nothing weary, stale flat or unprofitable remains in the land of the Danes The place is perfect

They sat down at our table, this gentle couple, after a shy smile of inquiry He wore a stiff dark suit made of good stout cloth a waistcoat and a clean shirt with a low round collar There was a wedding ring on his stout well-scrubbed hands She was a small woman, thin, not just frail, and she wore a white blouse trimmed with embroiderie under a jacket of old-fashioned cut. On her hands, which were small and finely shaped she wore a pair of transparent gloves made of some light lace, and these she did not take off, not even when she came to eat, morsel by morsel on the little fork the slice of cake they had brought her on the thin and pretty-patterned china plate They were country people country bred and they had come to enjoy the wonders of this pleasure garden and the world They both were utterly brushed and festive, but the most remarkable, the unforgettable thing about them was her face

His face was placid and honest, the face of an honest fellow, with that look one finds in the North, in any North on hard-working people of good stock on peasants on sailors, and also on laboring and contented beasts Her face was goodness incarnate. We all have become used to the ease with which we can convey nastiness and horror, their opposites have no such ready currencies I can only try to put down what in fact I saw This woman's face, then shone with pure, sheer, golden goodness with gentleness and innocence and patience and a kind of grave alertness, it was an open face water clear and one could watch the movement of the slow good thoughts across it. *She* was worth ten of him—stout fellow though he was.

You knew that he might well be a bit of a fool over the mortgage, a bit of a brute when in drink or with the ax and plow, but she was there, she was always there to make it right They scarcely spoke, she did not bustle or fuss or pour out his coffee, she just sat with him but you knew that she was looking after him all the time. They did not, but they sat as if they were holding hands they sat in still awe seeing what had charmed their parents and *their* parents and *their* parents for a hundred and twenty years now and what we saw for the first time—the old, tall trees under the night sky with their summer leaves made emerald-young again by caverns and splashes of light by Chinese lanterns glowing fat like tropical fruit, by luminous dragonflies large as sea gulls, by quicksilver shafts of water they saw the fountains, the pleasure boats floating upon the artificial lakes, the ducks and live swans they saw the pagoda, the pavilions, the toy-soldiers' parade, the high swing of a trapeze, they heard muffled, shrill—inviting from across water, from beyond trees—the strain of fiddles the rise of fairground voices, the swish, the cracks the sudden cry the laughter, the drumbeat, clangs and crashes from booths and roundabouts and Russian railway, the call to the fireworks the pantomime

At last our couple rose. In her gloved hand she held the bill for their refreshment. She read it once they read it twice, her lips formed a figure his repeated it, their eyes met in wonder, she took out a purse and, incredulous but happy they arranged a little pile of silver

Writers (of genius) take some traits of their people as they find them and blow them up, the people take in that larger and explicit image of themselves and grow to live up to it This process may go on for a good long time, through generations, but it does not last forever Fewer Spaniards look or act today like Don Quixote, and the Balzacian strain appears to be weakening among the younger French, very little (unselfconscious) Dickens is left in contemporary England, Daisy Miller is seen no more, and Babbitt himself is far from what he used to be. A large portion of the people and the houses and the habits and the look of things in Denmark in the 1960's are still pure Hans Christian Andersen.

Andersen was a man well on in his thirties when the Tivoli Gardens opened in Copenhagen in 1843, twenty acres of trees lawn and lake in the center of the now largely modern town. This enclosure is still intact. The illusionist's summer night world has little changed —the same decor (beautifully repainted), the same props and shapes, the same *commedia dell'arte*, serene and unrowdy, the crowds mill and partake, the young and old, the simple, the civilized; but let there be no misunderstanding, if there is naiveté in the pleasures offered at Tivoli, there is no artlessness there is a sound, almost a fundamentalist kind of showmanship and some uncommon technical skills—the fireworks are superb, the swings fly fast and high, the rifles at the ranges shoot loud and true, the slot machines spit (and swallow) hard live money and the standard of the variety shows is as good as the best in the Americas and Europe And as for the pretty little confections of anchovy and loaf and jelly and shrimp on creamy whorl, served in pretty-colored cups and dishes on a dozen flowered terraces by pretty ladies these are not so much meat and drink as gracious living substantiated, gracious living not out of the magazine but of the fairy tale

This delicate and somewhat dreamlike night life flourishes among a people otherwise solid, stolid salt and earth, a nation essentially of farmers, craftsmen, seamen, but then even the Andersen tales are not all snow and thimbles, but robust with such facts of Danish daily life as acres, horse troughs, straw and winter fuel. It must seem that the good Danes have some particular talent for getting the best out of the basic and the complicated, the old ways and the up-to-date, the land and the machines And a talent, also for continuity that so disregarded human need, a talent for tempering and humanizing change The castle the church tower the manor house, the cottages and barns and yards and fields look as if they had stood here been tilled that way for a hundred and another hundred years, and they have. And in them, beside the shining cleanliness, the porcelain stove, the beams the inherited tables and chairs, the sleek herd and the mare nursing her foal, you will find harvesters electric ranges, separators, churns, the latest devices of agricultural and domestic knowhow The people on them farms are (mildly) prosperous They read Fifteen books per head in fact, if you go to the statistics, for every one book in the United States, but a great many books less than Finland where the nights are even longer and the electricity as cheap. They eat much and well veal and cream and butter and buttermilk, fresh and smoked pork, smoked and fresh fish, slabs off great round dairy cheeses, potatoes eggs, pickled beets and sound black bread They work hard—the Danes do work hard, even business executives are in their offices on Saturdays till noon—but the work is never backbreaking ill-rewarded or degrading it is work of love, and those who do it belong to the land and the land (or ninety five percent of it) belongs to them

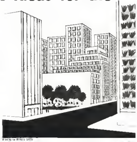
Indeed half the Danes live in or off the country Half the Danes means two and a quarter million, luckily for them Denmark is not overpopulated (yet), one quarter of the rest are compressed in Copenhagen and the other quarter live in small towns. Dapper small towns with market squares and waterfronts and flowers in the casements, arcades, a Folk Museum and patrician houses every one of them prettier than the other and no two of them quite alike. Of course the country itself is a small country, *(Continued on page 312)*

"O, Great Motage, Protector of humble men, Descendant of the Great Fish, Father of the Most Terrible Volcano and Devourer of All Enemies, we humbly beg your leave to join with the Methodists."

Redesigning The Twentieth Century

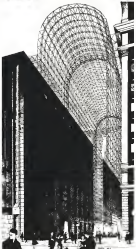
1. Some Ideas for the City Street

That's what we said. Everything we're griping about can be fixed, and is going to be fixed, and who's going to fix it? The designers. They're working on our problems—overcrowding, snarled transportation, bad living conditions, uncomfortable offices, noise, impersonal mass production—right now. Esquire recently consulted fifty authorities, among them architects, engineers, landscape architects, product designers, space scientists and urban planners, to find out just what ideas are in the works—and what follows on these pages is a distillation, a compendium of their best thinking-in-progress. As you can see, most of the ideas are not outlandish or Buck Rogers-ish. Most are practical. Some have been or will be implemented, some won't, but it all helps. So even though the world does not quite resemble these visions as yet, read on to learn exactly how, between now and the Year of Our Lord 2000, we will all be made more comfortable than we thought possible.

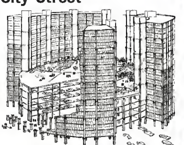


Drawing by Richard Smith

Right now most cities are uncomfortable places to walk around in, chiefly because there's nothing particularly refreshing to look at and no place to sit down. Both these difficulties can be solved. One answer: eliminate a building here and there, creating a full block with nothing on it but trees, gardens, fountains, places to walk and sit. Allen Schoener, an environmental critic, believes such plazas should be city owned and that a builder might be given a tax incentive to build a structure abutting one. These large open spaces, he says, would function better as parks than do the showy—but useless—plazas formed by just setting a structure back from the street. Many designers, incidentally, prefer park chairs (right) to benches; twentieth century man ought to be able to choose the direction he wants to face. Note the "greenery" building in the same drawing. This is a city farm; inside, the plants ascend and descend on conveyor belts and are fertilized and fed on hydroponic solutions (nutritive mixtures). This idea is being tried out in Austria and West Germany. Fresh flowers and vegetables in the heart of a city.



Architect Philip Johnson wants to build the high glass arch (at right) connecting some buildings of New York University on Washington Place. He thus dramatizes the pedestrian mall, creates continuity of space, inserts a touch of fantasy amid the stark reality of the city street. Protection from the elements is incidental, but nice.

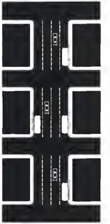


The Museum of Modern Art, New York

Louis I. Kahn, one of the most influential teachers and architects working in the U.S., long has been rethinking the idea of the big city street. As shown in these drawings he made for Philadelphia, he finds a solution to congestion in creating structures that absorb cars (above) and store them at hand but out of sight. Below: varied, dramatic buildings offset urban boredom.

Smaller parks (landscape architect Robert L. Zion of Zion & Breen calls them "parklets") can be created easily within vacant lots. He thinks people will walk in a city, use a city, be happy in a city if only they can sit down once in a while and look at something nice, like a tree or a fountain. He also has no patience with typical city fathers who won't put toilet facilities around where people can use them. As for the existing older buildings in most cities, designer Walter Kacik has an extraordinary suggestion: paint. If landlords won't paint, make them paint, he says.

Designer William Pahlmann thinks that what is missing in our streets is the "pleasure principle." He advocates something out of the ordinary, non-utilitarian, surprising, like the totem poles at right. Also: kiosks, cobblestones.



From city planner Arnold E. Rubinstein, a modest proposal for bus service on one-way streets (most city downtown streets are one-way now). Simply build some buses that have doors on the left-hand side, like English buses. Run these in the fast left-hand lane and allow them to stop only at widely spaced express stops, as at left above. Conventional buses run in the right lane and stop often.

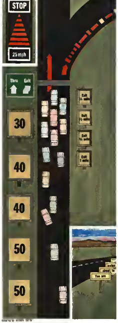
CONTROLLING DOWNTOWN The downtown merchants in America have the biggest stake in making the city streets agreeable. Some of them already are building their stores out over the sidewalk, making sheltered bus stops (with seats) and heated or cooled areas for window shopping. Stanley Marcus, of Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, thinks the trend toward mechanically controlled climate—air-conditioned malls and arcades—soon will extend to downtown streets. Other merchants agree with him that many of the environmental concepts now employed in suburban shopping centers must be brought into the heart of the cities. (One design engineer thinks the defense industry should turn its attention to these matters. "They're already thinking in terms of total environments. Let them build cities as well as weapons.") The idea seems to be that store owners should accept the dictum that their establishments, the sidewalk and the street outside are integral parts of an environmental system that bears better planning. But the biggest offender still in downtown streets is the hopelessly tangled traffic. To see how designers are coping with that problem—on streets and on highways outside the cities—turn the page.

2. Notes for Fretless Traffic

Designer George Nelson has the notion that "you should never see an automobile unless it is moving." Drivers on modern superhighways would agree. The traffic-control system shown in the stylized drawing at the right is based on ideas being developed by R.C.A. and I.B.M. Electronic detectors will be set up within a measured section of highway to count the number of cars passing and relay the information to a computer located many miles away. If it appears that a traffic jam is about to occur, as at the top of the drawing, the computer sends out a signal that automatically changes the speed limit on traffic signs further down the road. If the maximum speed on this highway is 60 m.p.h., then a change progressively to 30 (in the jammed area), 40 and 50 will alleviate the snarl and keep everybody moving.

The highway exit is a critical information problem. Too frequently at present motorists are forced to make quick decisions and are dumped without warning into the standard low-speed road system. The amount of information now deemed necessary by graphic designers is shown in the upper portion of the drawing at right. Striations in the pavement surface make the tires sing, thus calling the drivers' attention to the fact that exit warnings are approaching. Signs on both sides of the road announce the turnoff at one mile and the three succeeding quarter miles. A large overhead sign acts to separate through from exiting traffic. At two hundred fifty feet a solid red line, three feet wide, in the road bed itself takes over, guiding the motorist into the exit ramp. Two mild engineered bumps and a series of diminishing red lines impress on him the need to slow down.

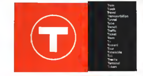
The Burma-Shave people have decided to abandon their road sign ad campaign, even though the idea is one of the best ever devised to get people to absorb information while traveling at high speeds. The telegraphic technique will undoubtedly be adapted for announcing the motorist's approach to towns, speed warnings, route information. See the detail at lower right.



Drawing by [illegible]

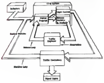
GREEN GHETTO HIGHWAYS Our superhighway system will probably stay with us, despite the carpings of many critics. But the efforts in recent years to rid the roads of advertising and to make them isolated Ruritanias have resulted in overcompensation. Highways not only are boring, but dangerous because they're boring. They need elements of stimulation built into them: controlled advertising, signs and displays which tell the driver where he is, give him a "sense of place," as the designers call it, and invite him to turn off to see the local sights. One idea proposed recently is to provide magnetic-tape cartridges especially recorded for most routes. A driver could insert the cartridge in a playback device in his car and listen to a lecture on the landscape while he drives through it.

But, after all, the big hope for efficient traffic in cities is the city-owned rapid transit system. "The big job here," says designer Ivan Chermayeff of Cambridge Seven Associates "is to take the anxiety out of the experience." His associate, Tom Geismar, sees the whole urban transit problem as "an information problem." For the Boston bus-subway complex, Cambridge Seven Associates are changing the name of everything to "T." People will "ride the T." The words generally used in transportation begin with T anyway (below left), and the designers feel they can sell the concept of rapid transit more easily if they have a simple symbol to work with. The T symbol is to be coordinated on all street signs, bus-route maps, subway cars, and buses (above), and every effort is being made to rid the transit system of vestiges of confusion. Underground stations are being redesigned (below) for a clean, well-lighted effect. Glass canopies are to be used wherever possible to allow natural light to penetrate the station. Not part of the T system but an idea for the future: When a subway car pulls into the station, spotlights positioned along the platform and inside the cars will brighten. People, instinctively, will move to stand in these brighter areas. The lights will be placed so that the crowds getting off and on will be to the left and right of each other. Thus, there will be a minimum of colliding and pushing in the doorways.



A few years ago in the pages of this magazine, designer Raymond Loewy suggested that many cities are going to be compelled to ban automobiles from the streets because of traffic and air pollution. As an alternative, Loewy suggested battery-operated cars. Max Feldman, an engineer with G.E., has been working along similar lines, and his ideas are being considered for the suburb of a large West Coast city. A fleet of vehicles similar to that above will be owned by a taxi company, operated when coin is inserted in a slot, and recharged when plugged into a parking meter. "You'll still need some taxis," Mr. Feldman says, "for people who don't know where they're going. But almost everyone else can climb into one of these carts and get about the city quickly, silently and without contributing to pollution." G.E. also proposes cars that can be switched easily from battery power (for efficient stop-and-go driving in cities) to the conventional gasoline-engine operation (for long range and high speed driving).

Below: Another entry of the computer in traffic control. Denver and Baltimore already have such systems, but the most advanced has just been introduced by I.B.M. in San Jose, California. The drawing shows how it works. Detectors embedded in city blocks report conditions to the computer, which works traffic lights accordingly. A traffic engineer (human) is involved also, just in case the computer louses things up.



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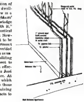
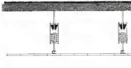
3. A Private Space...

More of us will have to live in apartments, and the big problem is privacy. "If you have to go into a closet to get privacy, forget it," says architect Louis Sakanowsky. Solutions are tall buildings with a view, and balconies—not little blisters stuck on a facade but major indentations, rooms without a fourth wall. The new residence for married students at Harvard, by Sert, Jackson & Gourley (below) provides balconies screened from either side with adjustable louvers to shut the space off from the outside.

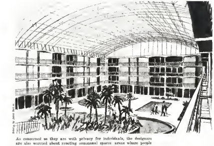
Noise is considered the major invasion of privacy in contemporary multiple dwellings. What we frequently have now is a volume-control war between neighbors' stereo sets. "In this area, our knowledge far surpasses what we've done with it," says Robert B. Newman of the acoustical consulting firm of Bolt, Beranek & Newman. "Rugs with a thick pad ought to be standard furnishing in all apartment houses, unless the builder has provided soundproof floors, which few in this country have done. Fortunately, our building codes are getting stricter in respect to sound." One architect who has put effective soundproofing in his designs is José Luis Sert in his Harvard residence. At right, you'll notice that the studs which support one wall are not the same as those which support the wall for the adjoining apartment. Heavy insulation also acts to muffle the sound.



Airspace between the floor and the ceiling beneath makes one of the best sound bafflers if the hung ceiling is supported by hangers like those shown below. They cost from $575 and absorb sound vibrations without passing them on. A good interim measure for apartment dwellers who own stereo equipment and who care about their sanity and that of their neighbors: a half inch thick pad of the sort used beneath rugs should be placed under each speaker. This will not interfere with the sound in the room but will reduce its transmittal.



...and Public Pleasure



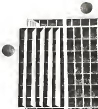
ACOUSTICAL PERFUME. It means a bit of noise which serves to mask more unwanted sounds. The hum of an air conditioner often functions as acoustical perfume and so, to some extent, does Muzak. The theory is that one's ear is so busy hearing the steady low-level hum that it can't take time out to listen to more jarring sounds like distant telephone rings, the clatter of high heels, plumbing and typewriters. Acoustics expert Robert B. Newman thinks that we will have more and more need of this, although he admits that it only works within certain limits. You now can buy electric noisemakers which make a sound like the sea; in fact, you can get the same beneficial effects by turning your FM radio to the off-station whish. Newman recently installed subtle noisemakers in a Catholic church. People in the confessional booths could hear other people moving about outside and were loath to categorize their own shortcomings. But with the hum of electronic sound in the air, those in the confessionals felt at ease and confessed. "But, after all, it's like wearing scent instead of bathing," says Newman. "Our best bet is to stop noise at its source."

As concerned as they are with privacy for individuals, the designers are also worried about creating communal spaces: areas where people can confront one another without getting in the other's hair. The building shown above is an effective balance between private and communal space. It is, in effect, a nineteenth-century idea updated; the design is by Paul J. Mouton, for an apartment house in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Arthur Drexler, of The Museum of Modern Art in New York, thinks the concept expressed here has great possibilities for the future. Apartment owners each have their private view on the outside, and all face a garden inside a court, which is glassed over and air-tempered so that people and flora thrive year-round.

Designers are tending to go wild when it comes to big public places. The idea is that life is a game, so why not play it? The trend in late-twentieth-century public interiors is definitely toward the theatrical. A good precursor was Frank Lloyd Wright's monumental space in the Guggenheim Museum. Designers have taken to calling this "experiential space," which means that you don't just walk through the areas; you have some sort of dramatic experience inside. The architect and the stage-set designer grow closer together. Plans for the new aquarium in Boston (below), by Cambridge Seven Associates, provide a good example of the new sort of environmental interior. The architects call this "a world of water," and it features waterfalls, pools, a giant tank, something exciting to see wherever you look.

Architect Kevin Roche of Eero Saarinen Associates is putting up this structure for the new headquarters of the Ford Foundation in New York. It features a soaring glass conservatory, another example of the theatricality of public space. Philip Johnson plans a similar "atrium" for a new library for New York University. These buildings have a sense of play, of drama, a determination to dignify the funhouse.

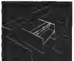
Below, a glimpse of the U.S. pavilion at the Montreal World's Fair, opening in 1967. By Cambridge Seven, this structure will sit beneath a giant Buckminster Fuller plastic dome. The complex of levels and steep, long escalators gives the visitor a sense of taking a ride through the space within. (It seems clear that a number of late-twentieth-century designs are meant to induce vertigo. Acrophobes will be hard pressed.) At any rate, such concepts could be adapted easily for stores, libraries.



Architect Richard J. Neutra is a prolific creator of ideas and one of his is that whole sides of buildings will rearrange themselves according to the position of the sun. Vertical louvers of aerodynamic shape are set on pivots and controlled electronically. In the drawings above and left, the louvers turn before the sun to shade the interior and filter out direct sunlight. Neutra has already implemented this idea in his Hall of Records for Los Angeles County. Neutra maintains he must integrate landscaped grounds with the structures he builds. Unlike many other architects, he is not disdainful of the automobile. His Garden Grove Community Church (Los Angeles) has an amphitheatre for a thousand cars; families can pray together behind the wheels.

4. An Agreeable Office

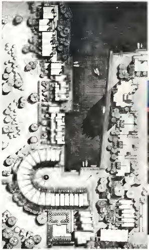
The functions of an executive are to read, write, talk and think. That, says Robert Propst, head of research at Herman Miller Inc., is premise one. Premise two: an executive does all of these things best when he can do them in a variety of positions. (Above is an example.) He should have his choice between sitting, standing, leaning, or sometimes even lying down. Groupings are important—the ideal communication arrangement is not face-to-face but kitty-corner. For quick communication, there should be plenty of bulletin boards so ideas stay out and alive, perhaps plenty of personal items to tell a visitor immediately what kind of executive and thus what kind of atmosphere he's likely to meet. Generally, a Herman Miller "Action Office" provides a new liberality in the use of space and is slanted toward the idea that no office should get work done, not stored away.



Whatever the office surroundings, design director Walter Karik of Unimark International believes that an H-shaped two-man desk offers the best in psychological privacy. He sees it as being constructed of flush panels which can be bolted together easily. For additional rigidity and storage space, he drops a shelf over the system. All components stack into a small area for storage. The rolltop desk, left below, returns because the Herman Miller company is convinced that the cleared-desk convention is pure waste of time. This tambour simply covers working papers. In line with designer Propst's theory that a man thinks better on his feet, this is a stand-up desk, very wide so papers can be spread laterally, not piled in a vertical bottleneck. It has a shallow pencil and paper-clip drawer in front, a bin for file folders across the back. Optional addendum is a high stool with back and footrest bars. Unseen advantage: handling visitor traffic is faster from a standing or leaning position than when elaborate rising is necessary.

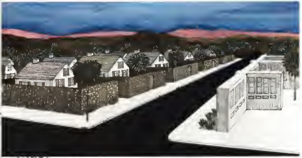
5. A Genial Suburb

Cluster development, the principle of concentrating population by building houses in clearly defined areas, is something new in the science of architecture. As population continues to explode, designers realize it is imperative for cities to be planned ahead of time, instead of just happening, as they have heretofore About forty six such planned communities are now under way, of these, Robert E. Simon, Jr.'s town called Reston, Virginia, is the farthest along, with some houses already occupied Reston, seventeen miles from the center of Washington, is 7150 acres of hills with woods, three watercourses, and a lake. The houses will be built along "high-density mews" (left) which run from north to south; these will be surrounded by lower density housing and space set off for parks. Automobile traffic will be restricted to loops around each high-density area, within the areas people will get around on walkways. Each housing lot comes with a restriction insuring that the house built on it be placed in such a way as not to interfere with the best view from any other house. There will be a consistent, careful coordination of Reston's graphics, lighting and visual detail. Designer Ivan Chermayeff, of Chermayeff and Geismar Associates, has begun coordinating road signs street signs, house numbers and even the markers on the golf courses. Roadways and built-up areas throughout will be flood-lit to create a variety of vistas.



Above a Reston Village Center, as designed by Whittlesey and Conklin, includes a high-rise apartment dwelling for single or retired people as well as a J shaped structure for shops, theatres, even a rathskeller for teen-agers. Below a low-density grouping on the lakeside, as designed by Mrs Chloethiel Smith, rises from the lakefront to a wooded slope, the houses here have mansard roofs and studio windows. So far, fifty consultants have been called in to work on aspects of Reston

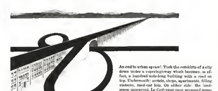
The first village in Reston will bring together more than thirty variations in design, including apartments, cluster houses town houses. At left, a group of town houses by Charles M. Goodman Associates profits by use of clear color against a wooded landscape The houses are linked by walkways and bicycle paths; parking facilities are underground Notably, with the newest in design available to it Reston has chosen to retain one traditional item the children's swings are old automobile tires



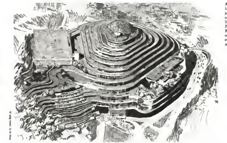
However we can't all live in Reston, and architect Peter Chermayeff in a study for the Graham Foundation, has offered a suggestion for making those suburbs we already have a great deal more pleasant. As shown in the picture above, he wants to build walls and fences—good ones The point is that these are to be friendly walls though the creation of privacy is an advantage They will add visual interest to an ordinary suburban street, but they will also, by seeming to narrow the street, begin to bring back the intimate village quality of the old English lane. These walls will restore the individuality charm and humanity that we are in such great danger of losing as the century goes on Along the same line (lower right-hand corner of the picture), Mr. Chermayeff proposes the return of the village store to be made commercially feasible by the use of vending machines At this moment in history, the American housewife must choose between everything, at the supermarket, or nothing There is no middle way Mr Chermayeff believes there should be.

6. Some Radical Proposals

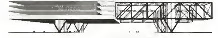
Everything you've seen so far is happening or about to happen; now see what's around the corner.


Drawing by Richard Smith

An end to urban sprawl! Tuck the outskirts of a city down under a superhighway which becomes, in effect, a hundred-mile-long building with a road on top. Underneath: motels, shops, apartments, filling stations, used-car lots. On either side, the landscape unscarred. Le Corbusier once proposed something similar for Rio de Janeiro, but it was too far ahead of its time



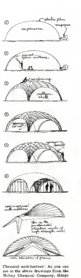
Here is another example of how a road and a building need not be two different things, but the same. Jorge Gutiérrez terraced a large hill that stands in the middle of Caracas and carved a double spiral road up, around and down it, creating the geometric pattern known as a helicoid. The whole thing is a shopping center with the shops inserted into the rock itself. The structure is not yet finished, but many architects look on this design as an important indication of things to come.



Long buildings with roads on top are coming in any case. Konrad Wachsmann, a West Coast architect and teacher, has developed structural techniques that permit a building to be practically self-supporting

UNDERGROUND: "We are used to thinking about services—plumbing, heating, wiring—as things we should cover over, hide away from sight," says Arthur Drexler of The Museum of Modern Art. "But perhaps we can enlarge that concept and think of buildings themselves as services. Why, for instance, when I drive from New York to Philadelphia, must I look at row after row of factory buildings? Why can't we allow the landscape simply to absorb such structures? Put them underground, or else landscape all over them. Most of them have no windows anyway. I don't mean this as anything to do with civil defense, but with aesthetics. I see architecture developing into a kind of site engineering."

Another new structural technique is to apply to skyscrapers the suspension concept now commonly utilized for bridges. Something like this was done at the New York Pavilion at the recent World's Fair. Architects at the University of Pennsylvania believe that towers on the principle shown below are a practicable form right now



Chemical architecture: As you can see in the above drawings from the Mobay Chemical Company, things have already progressed to the point where you can build a structure by spraying it. You inflate a balloon (top sketches), spray on urethane foam which cures or hardens into a rigid cellular material. Then reinforce with steel and move in. Designers such as William Katavolos of the Parsons School of Design are fond of discussing the possibilities in this. Or else (bottom sketches) you build a steel form first and spray the urethane on it. Coming soon are electric systems for architecture. You just drape a network of electric nodes over a frame and turn on the current. The electricity pulls the chemical substance right out of storage tanks and foams and cures it in place. It might be a good idea to save your old hammers and nails, though; they'll be valuable some day as curios

The controlled environment: Domed-over cities, like the one sketched above by Buckminster Fuller, have been suggested before, but by 1980 we'll really be seeing a couple. The aim is to perfect climate all year round. Below: now that scientists have started thinking in terms of total environmental systems for the space program, they've learned to control temperature, pressure, light, ventilation and sound as a single system. When this knowledge is applied to mass-made dwelling units, you'll be able to buy your apartment intact, have it delivered to the doorstep by crane or helicopter, and just plug it in.

THE FRIENDLY COMPUTER. One thing is certain: as we live in closer and closer quarters with computers they will come to seem less like monsters and more and more like the household pet. Already, under the time-share plan developed by Bolt, Beranek & Newman, a businessman can consult a centrally located computer, put it to work on his inventory problems for a few minutes and solve everything for a month. All he needs is a special typewriter linked to the computer by a phone cable. Another trend is the tying together of computerized information systems. The medical libraries of Harvard, Yale and Columbia are already so united. And electronic money, according to General Electric, is at hand. A worker will be paid directly into his electronically controlled account and in turn will pay his bills by signaling the computer to make transfers to the electronic accounts he owes to, never touching the money himself. More: according to W. Walter Watts, Group Vice-President of R.C.A., small electronic centers may be standard equipment in homes before the century is out; they'll order food, cook it, and houseclean, which is more than a puppy would do.

A buildozer? A bulldozer. Critic Allon Schoener thinks nothing can beat it for destroying most of the housing sub-developments we've got now, thereby eliminating suburban "used house lots," restoring the landscape, and giving us a chance to start again

Ten Great Places To Live

Clearly it will be another few years before things can be arranged along the lines just suggested. To cope with the interim, Esquire asked its panel of experts to look over the United States and pick some spots where the living is easy right now. The criteria: location within or proximity to an excellent urban culture; plenty of space, peace and quiet, good water, and clean air, good scenery or a view; efficient services such as fire protection, hospitals, schools; a nonrestrictive atmosphere (as against the "country-club" or "company-town" exclusivity based on snobbism), and, finally, some minor thing to complain about, since no human being can live contentedly in Utopia. Following are the ten areas the designers feel meet these criteria best. You are advised to move to one of them at once or, if you already live there, stay put:

1. Turtle Bay Gardens, New York City. One square block (Forty-eighth–Forty-ninth) between Second and Third Avenues, makes the bad air and mess of New York seem well worth the effort. Magnificent town houses, each with a garden, surround a communal garden. Houses are $150,000, and almost never available. Apartments—luxury duplexes—start at $500 per month.

2. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, from The Drake Hotel north to the 6400's, especially the Mies van der Rohe building at Diversey and the silver ones further south. The very best spatial combination of water,

(Continued on page 260)

The Doomsday Calendar

Must the text that goes with the girls on calendars always be idiotic? No! This calendar is for intellectuals only

It is totally inconceivable that the world can last more than halfway through 1966. A twelve-month calendar would be superfluous, here, then, is a schedule of all the time you've got left. It should be spent profitably and pleasantly, look on the girls, read the profundities they illustrate, wonder, now that it is too late, where we went wrong.

"I am…mortified to be told that, in the United States of America…
a question about the sale of a book can be carried
before the civil magistrate.… Are we to have a censor whose
imprimatur shall say what books may be sold, and what we may buy?
…Shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason
as the rule for what we are to read? … It is an insult to our citizens
to question whether they are rational beings or not."
–Thomas Jefferson

JANUARY

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Photographed by Ron Harris

"The tigers of wrath
are wiser than
the horses
of instruction."
–William Blake

FEBRUARY

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27	28					

Photographed by Ron Harris

"If a man will begin
with certainties,
he will end
with doubts,
but if he will be
content to
begin with doubts,
he shall end in
certainties."
—Francis Bacon

MARCH

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Photographed by Melvin Sokolsky

"If you must follow the fashion, sir, allow me to warn you against
choosing a woman with a taste for caviar Such creatures have been known to eat their way
through a sizable fortune in a single afternoon."
—Lord Melbourne

APRIL

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Photographed by Melvin Sokolsky

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem
to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore,
and diverting myself now and then by finding a smoother pebble
or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth
lay all undiscovered before me."
–Sir Isaac Newton

MAY

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29	30	31				

Photographed by Melvin Sokolsky

"There are a
thousand hacking at
the branches of evil
to one who is
striking
at the root."
–Henry David Thoreau

JUNE

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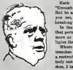
Photographed by Ron Harris

Robert Frost Speaks Prose

by Harvey Breit

In herky-jerky sentences, a verbatim talk with the poet about art, freedom and the gift of hate

The monologue by Robert Frost that follows was in reality a kind of dialogue. One day, some thirteen years ago, I was having a one-sided conversation with Frost and, apparently encouraged by my more or less admiring support of his speculations, he suggested we meet again with the specific end of getting some of his thoughts down on paper.



Drawing by Louis Lo Monaco

"I think it is time I made a prose statement," he said. "It will be a talk," he added with droll magnanimity, "by Robert Frost and Harvey Breit!" He was feeling gay and expansive and I demurred, refusing to take advantage of his mood. He was kindly disposed toward me, but to regard what follows as a collaboration—which is what he wanted—would be totally false. In fact, the role that I played throughout was interrogator. I asked questions, I tried to get him to clarify a statement (impossible: he formulated once and that was it), and I led him forward (which sometimes was backward or sideways). But however I played my part, the ideas, their formulation and language, are all Robert Frost's.

After two fairly brief meetings, about an hour each time, we thought we had enough. I typed up the notes I had recorded on a pad and, when I read them back, I thought they were somehow wrong. They had a faltering movement to them. They reminded me of a herky-jerky pitcher: the "stuff" delivered up was okay, but the motion was jittery. I told this to Frost—we had baseball in common and broken fingers to show for it—and he agreed. "We'll meet some other time," he said, "and we'll put it right."

Though I saw Frost on several occasions after that, we never met another time to put it right. The notes and the typed piece gradually got buried away among all these forlorn papers one accumulates and never remembers, I imagine, even on one's deathbed. But when Frost visited the Soviet Union, and also upon his return, he made statements, bright and independent though they were, that reminded me in their syntax and motion of the dormant "dialogue."

I resolved to rescue the talk, but never got around to it until after Frost died. Bewilderingly, the talk not only made sense, it seemed perfect Frost. In a minor way, it reminded me of Eliot's remark after he won the Nobel Prize: "It isn't that you get bigger to fit the world, the world gets smaller to fit you." The ideas, when I first read them, seemed confused; now they seemed only compact. Now the herky-jerky movement failed to obstruct because I saw that, in typical Frost fashion, he had suppressed the connecting links between his ideas.

Two very brief points remain to be made. First, Frost's concern with freedom was obviously stimulated by the rampant McCarthyism of the period. Finally, the questions I asked, the mild demurrers and strong approvals of the notions Frost proposed, I have expunged altogether on the grounds of irrelevance. And in this respect, the reader is, I believe, the absolute gainer.

Freedom of speech? Sure, but you can't make an institution of freedom.

The moments of freedom, they can't be given to you, you have to take them.

In our time, for the arts, for politics, for religion, we've all been trying the limits of thought and action. We know very well there are limits, both within ourselves and in society.

We are made most acutely aware of the limits in politics. The extreme trial of freedom is in politics. We are not crucified in religion, we are not crucified in the arts. I once read on a tombstone: *journalist, humanist, atheist.* Go to any art gallery: we are trying the limits. In politics I would just as soon leave the defense of our freedom to those who have most at stake.

Society can do anything it pleases to man. It can muzzle him. Say there was a cause of freedom. Poetry might be shy of it because just the fact that it is a cause makes it less free.

Freedom beyond freedom there is. Freedom into the indefinable is what we want. All life tends to congeal. Your own blood runs and congeals. And so always we balk against the tendency. You have to have something that renews.

Poetry is the renewal of words, setting them free, and that's what a poet is doing, loosening the words. He has a dread of words become cant, become jargon, which is the opposite of poetry.

Each new philosopher comes along and says, "Enough of this jargon! I use a fresh language." But he arrives at a technical jargon of his own. So you see, things are always closing, and then the breaking up.

In the arts things are permissive, not forgetting that *permission* is in it. That's always so, sometimes more so than now. But we are freer in art and religion than in politics. And that is always so.

Where you get a person that writes poetry in the trenches or verges on politics, right away he feels in a restricted neighborhood. Freedom is something nobody can give you. I always said I don't ask for freedom, I take my own liberties.

A publisher once said to me he would like me to do a book a year. I said one book every seven years. There are all kinds of liberties.

What's the answer to the decline of poetry, that is, the say-so decline? My answer is, I'm so lost in it, in the moment and in my own time, that I don't know whether it is a favoring time. They say Shakespeare would have been a greater poet if he had gone to Harvard College, but we don't know. You can't have it both ways.

It seems an exciting time to live in. Things haven't been so fluid since the times when the Germanic tribes moved into Europe. These three things we have chosen in our lives: art, politics and religion. They overlap. The artist in politics may run into trouble in this time.

If the society fits you comfortably enough, you call it freedom. I don't. You do have to cut loose somewhere. I make bold to say. I *venture* to say. If you don't say I make bold or venture, I don't think you say.

You can be bold to say that people won't necessarily notice you. Like Emerson. You don't have to get a rise out of anyone, you don't have to ruffle. But there are times when no matter what you say, you are bound to ruffle.

The institutions we have here are like fairly comfortable clothes, not made-to-order but hand-me-downs. I am at variance with these institutions, but the only place I'm chafed at all is in education. I get a certain pleasure in quarreling with the school systems from bottom to top. You can't get yourself hanged though in this way.

It is the poet's pleasure, not his duty, to keep the language limber. I shrink from the word duty. I'm afraid of it, I suppose. A first-rate mind must have first-rate scruples. You want to keep the mind elastic.

Is there a poet, a poetic sensibility? Again, is there a journalist, a journalistic sensibility? The Tennyson phrase horrifies me:

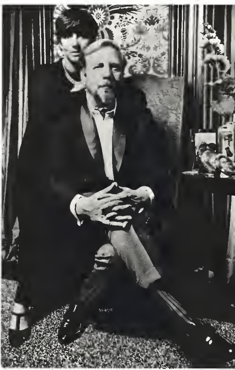
The poet in a golden clime was born
With golden stars above. . .

It won't bear examination. One of the greatest poets was Dante who had the gift of hate. And love, but one doesn't love all the time. No, that won't do at all. It is an early fascination with poetry just as you might have a fascination with adventure.

Poetry is chiefly definable in terms of *(Continued on page 308)*

The New Formality At Home

Until now, you had no choice. Whatever your wife wore as evening gown, custom required you to wear the conventional dinner jacket and black tie. But Esquire, in consultation with fashion leaders in and out of the industry, detects a formal change of heart. The host, after all, should be distinguishable from his guests, and to be so he may apply an entirely new concept of formal dress. Example No. One: Mr. and Mrs. Skitch Henderson. (He is director of music at N.B.C. and Vice-President of Clef 10 Productions.) They're seen here in the study of their New York town house. She, in culottes from Fontayne. He, in a Lord West dinner jacket ($100) of black silk-and-worsted brocade, grey flannel slacks (Jaymar Ruby), with black-brocade cinch-ring-closure belt by Canterbury, white dress shirt with grey silk shantung ascot and black patent pumps. Different.



Photographed by Duane Michals

Photographed by Duane Michals

Dinner Jacket,

Dinner Jacket, styled like a sports coat, is one of the departures from strict formality in the attire of Chip Tolbert (left), Esquire's Fashion Editor shown with his wife France in their Manhattan apartment. Mr. Tolbert wears a formal outfit made specially by Fenn-Feinstein, the custom department of Frank Brothers in New York. The jacket has faille-faced notched lapels, definite suppression just above the waist, flare in the skirt. For evenings out, Mr. Tolbert wears matching trousers (not shown); at home he substitutes a pair of fire-engine-red English doeskin slacks; both worn with a black silk belt. The dinner suit is $285; red slacks, $75. The pink shirt is also custom made by Frank Brothers ($18). With either pair of trousers, Mr. Tolbert wears black-patent tasseled pumps.

For stores selling Esquire's fashions, here and overleaf, see page facing third cover

Plaid Slacks,

Plaid Slacks, it goes without saying, will distinguish Mr. Peter Taylor (opposite) from his formally attired guests. Mr. Taylor, a program editor with C.B.S., sits with his wife Patricia (she is in a Scaasi gown) in their Gramercy Park apartment in New York. He wears an After Six dinner jacket and an updated version of the "Trews" (plaid slacks) made of a Galey & Lord fabric of Dacron and cotton ($30). They have the traditional silk stripe down the side. His burgundy dinner jacket of imported silk has a shawl collar, self-double-piped pockets and no vent ($80). The shirt and tie are classic. The two-eyelet-tie patent shoes are by Renegade (as are all the men's shoes on these pages). Over-the-calf woven-stripe evening hose (also worn by all three men) is by Interwoven. Ladies' jewels are by David Webb; their coiffures are by Paul McGregor. Thus accoutered, the new formality

What I did last Summer

by Candice Bergen

Acted in a movie, The Group,
met seven live actresses
and lived through it
became sadder and wiser
about Life and Art,
wrote secret journals which are
secret no longer,
didn't mean to be a troublemaker

I. *In which the author is introduced and leaves her literary studies for the challenge of movie-making and acquires some strange new acquaintances.*

In the Summer of 1964 my roommate and I and countless, faceless others were studying for exams at college. It was understood that our performance in these would have something to do with reentry in the fall and we both prepared accordingly. I was outlining a flagellation passage in *Fanny Hill*. My roommate, having recently devoured the same passage, was salivating mildly over a chapter in a highly recommended stimulant called *The Group*. Fanny tired quickly, so did I, and moved on to the literature of my own century. All knowledge is my province. I skimmed some forty or so pages of what seemed to be a documentary study of eight prototypical Eastern college women complemented by a couple of rather clinical sexual encounters. Check. I flipped through the rest of it and exchanged it for a more academic study of ethics and folkways that was on the program for a philosophy course I subsequently flunked. It was not until one year and many hopeless exams later that I heard mention of a novel called *The Group* again. It was being done as a movie. I was in it.

This surprised me. I had insisted over the brief span of my life that I would never be an actress, not-me-boy, no-siree, and now I was being introduced to my director, Sidney Lumet, and my producer, Sidney Buchman. Hiya. Lumet was at the helm, a rather loud captain who didn't want his rank forgotten. His speech, although not actually nautical, was uninhibited and strung together by an abundance of four-letter words which gave it a sort of wild syntactical coherence. It flowed freely, intelligently, and with overwhelming rapidity out of a short body, the neck of which was stoppered by a long-haired head protected by great glasses encircling wide round eyes which penetrated with the precision of hypodermic needles. Padding around in tennies and jeans, clearing the traffic with a demonic nose sensitive to the slightest wind change, he let you in on the ill-kept secret that he was a genius. But he looked like a little-boy monster with infinite energy and an insatiable appetite. After sufficient exposure I realized that Sidney's complex nature could exist only in frenzy but that he always had time for other people and their problems so long as they were on time for him. It was not an unreasonable request. On the set, punctuality was the key to everything, the basic guiding principle and the only road to peace and happiness. From the day I started on the picture till the day I left, Sidney was two days ahead of schedule. To this end he spoke, shouted, pleaded, and was in turn demonstrative, exclamatory and imperative. Asking Sidney Lumet to stop swearing would be like asking a nun to start.

Sidney Buchman was the ultimate authority, the silent taskmaster. He came and went like the fog dressed in deliberate greys and posthumous blacks. His hair is silver grey, his eyes blue-grey, and his skin, though slightly bronzed at Cannes, was, underneath, a very pale grey. His eyes were shrouded in soft wrinkles and they watched as he spoke—quietly, gently, carefully. Sidney Lumet, I thought, looked like a marmoset, Sidney Buchman was the quintessence of elephant. He was a lump of kind dignity, a rock of ages, a steadfast heffalump. A mammoth, driven out of an Ice Age in Hollywood, who found warmer conditions in Europe. He was my favorite, inspiring confidence and affection, a fog that crept in on little elephant feet.

A two-week rehearsal started at nine a.m., Monday, May 17. A dour chauffeur picked us up in a Carey hearse and unloaded us at Central Plaza. A limousine no less. Not bad *for* what I thought was an art movie. The room in Central Plaza had a ceiling the color of raspberry sherbet and it was so hot in there that you thought it was going to melt on your head. I was terrified to meet everyone. Not only were *they* thinking, "What the hell is a kid with no experience doing a movie with us for?", but I was beginning to wonder a little myself. And ten days in bed with measles had left enough residue on my face to make me look like an ad for Acnomel.

It promised to be one of those long summers.

Then I met the girls I was to spend it with.

Here they are, all seven of them, in glorious color (overleaf)

Photographed by William Claxton

Joan Hackett When I first met her I thought she was nervous, weird. I'm not sure why. I think now it was because she was the most original of the group, which made her different. Which made her . . . weird. She smiled as though she knew something you didn't, but was considerate enough to try to conceal it. It was a funny smile. Infectious. I liked her for it immediately. Her humor was sneaky but intentional. She put it to subtle use on screen and became our comedienne. She was serious and thorough about herself and the conditions she worked under. They all were, but Joan particularly because of her perfectionism. Her labor exhausted her, but it always resulted in a fine product. I loved to watch her work. We all did. She was beginning to learn to accept the influx of mediocre scripts because there was little choice of anything better. We all got nicknames and hers was Madame Defarge because she sat back and knitted while everyone else got the ax. On first impression Joan was my only favorite. I liked her best, watched her, analyzed her, trotted after her and, if I may blushingly admit, even idolized her a little.

Kathleen Widdoes was nicknamed "La Contessa." I never learned the reason why exactly. Unless she claimed to be one. She claimed to be everything else. She spoke Italian, which she learned at her grandmother's knee. But she said her grandmother was Oriental. "No, that's my grand*father*. Oh sorry. Or was it my father's grandmother?" Then she said she was a Siamese Jew. It was quite annoying because I always believed her till finally she chalked up around forty grandparents. Which I figured was impossible—she must be putting me on. Smart thinking. She was probably the finest—or at least very close to it—actress in the film and all of us praised her work. Her experience had been TV and theatre and in this her first movie she had a rather thankless role; she proved her ability by making it interesting. She was always cheerful, buoyant with carbonated enthusiasm. There was something of the Renaissance in her face and much beneath it that she revealed—rarely—to a few of us. La Contessa was a master of the put-on who wisely showed her "on" sign on the set and reserved everything else for her life at home.

Shirley Knight was the one I dreaded meeting most. I envisioned her as a blonde neurotic from the Actors Studio with two Oscar nominations under her layers of Method. She walked in, sunburned, with huge glasses, no makeup, her hair knotted up on her head. She looked like a librarian. On second look, like a pretty sexy librarian. And on third look, pretty sexy. I was convinced my image of Shirley was a little off but basically still solid. She didn't look neurotic. But she acted vaguely aloof. She was on a Zen Buddhist diet. And she was always brewing tea in her dressing room—from which steamed the nickname "The Jookie." I thought the whole thing was pretty funny, but I was too scared to say so.

Joan was nothing next to Shirley. A Zen diet, for God's sake . . .

But as the candle of time sputtered and drooled on the pages of yesteryear (writing is easy), people began showing their real colors. And such flamboyant ultraviolet hues they were. A veritable rainbow shimmered over Fox Movietone Studios. But where was the pot of gold?

Shirley's colors, unlike most, changed from cool to warm. She was genuine, nice, with a delightful, hammy, poker-faced Midwestern sense of humor. She was one of the few who took time to care about others. After unnecessary suspicion I found she was my favorite in the group and, although we weren't close, and she did push herb tea, that she was a friend.

Jessica Walter came to rehearsal with false eyelashes and a cigarette clamped between rows of bared flashing teeth. She acts like everyone's idea of a movie queen. She is not. She would, however (cross your fingers and don't turn your back on her), like to be. And because of fierce ambition, a quick, perceptive mind and various theatre awards, well could be. She undoubtedly had the strongest, most easily felt personality on the set, two feet which she stood on with great stability, and a temperament that had a tonal range like Schoenberg's. Lucrezia Borgia, as she was called, is not easily known, yet quickly figured. She is bravely honest in her opinions, in her convictions, in her relationships, in her ambitions. I respect her a great deal for this even though it exhausted me. Every day she threatened to "get out of this business" and nobody ever loved it more. She would help me tremendously by telling me things she had learned over the years that I couldn't possibly have known. She was a friend you had to ("don't tread on me") watch your step with. The times I trod with flat feet where I shouldn't have, I felt the bite. After I was duly penitent she was again fine, funny and giving.

Mary-Robin Redd . . . with a name like that written in for the affluent, obese and slovenly "Pokey," I expected a horn-rimmed, gravy-stained zeppelin or an overstuffed bird. I thought I'd mistaken the introduction. Mary was hardly portly, much less obese, and only seemed plump alongside the rest of us because we were practically two-dimensional. She carried herself like the Los Angeles debutante she was and looked as though she should have been working for *Town & Country* instead of playing a fat lead in *The Group*. She immediately acquired a reputation for having the sexiest legs on the set. They were applauded one day when, in a diaphanous white satin gown, "M Are Are" (nickname from initials) lifted her dress considerably above the waterline when descending a flight of stairs. The only noises from fifty people gathered below were disturbed digestive tracts. Finally the respectful hush was broken by some warty guy who whispered reverently, "Gee, Mary Robin, you look beeyooteeful." M-R R was an hilarious premature dowager who embodied the spirit of the Thirties. Her face and personality combined Carole Lombard, a parakeet, and Alice Faye. If her cheeks seem full, it's only because they're stuffed with tongue. M-R R always seemed to be laughing at you, or maybe it was just me. If the word camp, which is empty from overuse today, had originated in the Thirties, Mary Robin Redd would have been very camp indeed.

Joanna Pettet . . . when I first met her a year ago was the picture of America's Sweetheart. It must have been some year. The smile was still dazzling and the hair, still long and blonde, was no longer pulled back with a ribbon but flopped coyly over one bright blue eyeball. In a cast not renowned for pulchritude or animal sex appeal, Joanna, thin physically, was loaded with sex appeal.

She was very charming, very serious and extremely nervous about playing such a big part in the film. This is because her frankly admitted obsession is her career, and "they ain't nobody gonna stop that, honey, nobody." Because of her complete involvement in the movie I never got to know Joanna very well. She didn't have the sense of humor about working the others did, and worried a tremendous amount about her appearance and her performance, which was unnecessary because she looked beautiful and, having enormous nervous energy, was perfect as Kay. Although her attractiveness made her seem an unlikely choice at first. Her career is a moral imperative for Joanna; she will permit nothing to halt its progress, rapidly heading straight for success.

Elizabeth Hartman . . . was like a box of pastels with nicotine stains. Long pale-red hair, flawless pale-pink skin and grey-green eyes. Liz, as *Newsweek* so cutely remarked, "seems always on the verge of tears." If you studied Liz's face you knew better. Those pastels colored an amazingly strong and sculpted jaw, and one could always find the rosy lips chain-smoking Camels at five-thirty a.m. while she read under the dryer. She was nicknamed "The Trustee" on the set because she seemed exactly that. She stayed to her room and out of everyone's business and read. That was smart. In the space of a year her career had gone from stock theatre in Ohio to one of the leads opposite Sidney Poitier and Shelley Winters in Hollywood. Like a baby Katharine Hepburn she softly scuffed around in loafers, a cardigan and madras skirt, whispering, "People are always trying to mother me." She was like a little bird, a baby eagle.

II. *To their mutual horror, the ladies of The Group and the gentlemen of The Press come face to face . . .*

After the first week of rehearsal United Artists set up a press conference to "introduce" us to the press in the penthouse suite of the Hilton. We were placed on a spiral staircase which wound *down* to the hundreds of men gathered below, the garish decor suggested a neo-Howard Johnsonian brothel. The public relations men stood there masked with sheepish grins as though they were the "Madame" of the girls. One expected to hear bids flying and *one by one*, we would be roughly escorted to the papier-mâché rooms upstairs. Instead, there was a guttural rumbling. We were an hour late being dropped onto the stairs and "the press," God bless them, had grabbed their free booze and were ready to roll. The newspaper photographers in one rude conglomerate mass at the base of the stairs were snapping orders at us like toothless jackals. "Come on girls, for Christ's sake." "Let's have a smile, sweetheart, *please*." "Jesus, what deadheads." "You girls look like you're at a wake." "Someone give the girls some life!" That put us on the verge of tears. Where they were expecting half-nude starlets drooling from varnished lips they got actresses. Jessica was some pacification. She gleamed from a low-cut black sheath and hugged herself for more cleavage, so it wasn't a total loss. If the rest of us tried it we'd squash our lungs.

We were finally ordered to leave the stairs and go into the living room, passing through such endearing remarks as, "Not an ass or tits in the group," and "Look at 'em, they're terrified." We sat on a couch and listened to U.A.'s P.R. men tell the press about us. Nobody was listening but us and the U.A. man until he said, "The main feature of this movie is that there are no *stars*."

Shirley Knight: "*I beg your pardon!*"

U.A. Man: "Sorry, *except* for *Miss Knight*, there are no . . ."

Shirley: "That's *not* what I meant. What about Joan Hackett and . . ."

U.A. Man: "Ah yes, well, no *big* stars that is, hmm, anyway . . ."

That was the only part of the speech they heard. I don't remember one man from the press ever coming up to any of us. Jessica had her own press agent there, so that helped her. But by that time the members of the press were as potted and as disappointed in not seeing net stockings and sequins that they stumbled, muttering, into the elevator. It was a frightening, humiliating evening: *The Group Brothel*, produced, staged and directed by United Artists.

III. *In which Shirley Knight chews gum and cries astounding the author, Larry Hagman escapes the author's clutches and Kay gets married and dies all on the same day*

One soft summer's morn when the heat and humidity vied for supremacy and a warm wind steamily delivered delicate bits of old garbage that clung to our wet faces like young ticks, Kay was married at St. Mark's in the Bouwerie. Having performed the fiasco under the eyes of Nicholas Fish and Peter Stuyvesant, The Group and Co. spilled gaily from the church like an overturned bowl of peas into that rotten heat over nonavigable cobblestones and into antiquated 1930's cabs which popped and wheezed half a block away to 1965 Second Avenue and hundreds of confused sneering onlookers, who were *sure* we had to be movie stars, except they'd never seen any of us before.

By noon Kay and Harald were honeymooning in Coney Island and the rest of us were eating lunch.

At one Kay was dead. Grey clouds pregnant with warm rain were bumping into each other above the St. Mark's steeple. All of us were shrouded in black solemnly trying to age the five years that supposedly passed. In a corner of the abbey sat Shirley Knight, eyes closed, religiously chomping on a piece of gum as though she were trying to kill it.

The huge lights and the lack of ventilation in the church made it almost unbearable. We breathed hardly at all, sitting rigid in the pews, preserving energy and the little oxygen. At the altar, almost drunkenly clutching the pulpit, was the minister. His cassock and robes were black and hung open, revealing a T-shirt stained with sweat and makeup. He guzzled a bottle of something as two of the crew came in carrying the coffin draped in black and dark green. The white gladiola fell off the top as they dumped the casket on the stand and shoved it up the aisle. The whole spectacle was a great shock to my Episcopalian upbringing. Because of the nature of the scene everyone was silent, because of the intense heat foul-tempered. Sidney, usually setting a fast and good humored pace, growled, "Roll 'em, action." The camera (appropriately black) came slowly down the aisle, panned over the casket and stopped on Shirley just after she gave her gum one fatal blow and then broke into tears. On cue yet. I couldn't believe it. Sidney watched her like a circling buzzard, his brow gnarled, and then quietly said, "Okay. Cut and print. It's a lily." Shirley stopped crying and revived her gum.

We left the church passing a pre-War II breadline of Bouwerie rejects. The clouds had not yet given birth so the church facade was hosed down and sanitation trucks were watering the cobblestones and street. People got into the black limousines and I walked to my 1940 MG when the battery, taped to my thigh for my portable mike, fell off. Not having rehearsed the scene I found as I started to get in, that the car was too small for me, and my right leg was hanging out. I didn't want to ruin the take so I tried to cram it into the car. I finally got the knee in but I couldn't bend my foot enough to get it in the door. It was like Cinderella's stepsisters stuffing their fat feet into that glass slipper. The late Kay's husband Harald (played by Larry Hagman) approached me to ask if he could go to the cemetery with me. I didn't see him and reached out to close the door. Instead of the door I grabbed Larry between the legs. Needless to say, he got his line all wrong, an interesting interpretation, but we couldn't use it. A month later we shot the procession slowly winding like a long black snake (with a red tail, which was my car) to the cemetery. The picture ends as we go through the tangled black iron funeral gates of a place on Long Island.

IV. *A shocking excursion into the depths of human iniquity; the innocence which sat upon our heroine as dew upon the morning rose, begins to evaporate*

At the start of filming, when we were installed in our dressing rooms, my two neighbors who shared the most plush room (it had a couch and a sink) and I were carrying on our usual academic, intellectually oriented conversation and one neighbor said, "Well, if there's going to be any trouble on this picture it won't be me." The other neighbor echoed "Me either." And I, desperately trying to be one of them, chirped, "Me either." And in the best fashion of Alexandre Dumas we crossed our swords and smiled gallantly.

Now I know I'm fairly naive, easily misled and all that, but when I started writing this article I honestly thought it would be fun. *Fun.* Can you believe it?

My first mistake was that I told people about it. Ego. My second mistake was that I used absolutely no discretion. For instance, I thought it would be cute to call the article *Eight Bitches in Heat*. You know, eight girls in the summertime working together. Well for some reason that went over like an epidemic. Especially with the seven other girls. So they became suspicious. Not unreasonably. It didn't seem to promise to be a flattering piece. And then one night I got a phone call: "Mahatma" (my nickname from Mahatma Candy because I was always sleeping on the floor), "Mahatma, you'd better be a little more careful with your notes, sweetie."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you. All I know is that a couple of the girls found out and they're furious. Discretion huh, chum?"

"Yeah. Okay."

Segue to the next morning. I went to my *dressing* room to get my notes and put them in my purse. They were stuck inside a James Agee book. But the only notes I found in Agee's book were Agee's. My notes were *gone*, disappeared.

We went on location that day. I was sitting there wondering where my pages of brilliant metaphorical passages had gone to when a friend came along.

"Cand' sweethaht, so how's ya article coming?"

"Just peachy. Thanks."

"Ya know, ya really orta be careful with it. People will nevah trust ya again."

"You've got a point there."

"Shoore. Wait'll your next pitcha. By then you'll be a betta writa anyway. I'm only thinkin' of you, baby. You know."

"Uh huh."

"Besides honey. You know I love ya like a motha, but I wanna tell ya—*if you evah, evah say anything* bad about me I'll smear ya, I swear to God I'll call the columns and have them kill ya."

"I've heard they can do that."

"The second that article's out—you're dead. Got it?"

"Got it."

"Good."

She exits.

A few minutes later another friend of mine came over.

"How's your article?"

"Oh *come on*."

"What's the matter?"

"Funny you should ask. My notes have disappeared."

The next week I received a letter from U.A. saying that I must submit my story for approval. I was afraid they would be disappointed in the content. The only mildly interesting thing that had happened was the Great Notes Disappearance. As far as the girls went—we got along much better than I would have hoped. At times even we had fun together. The hall in the studio was like a dormitory, instead of a row of dressing rooms. We had funny signs stuck on our doors. Clothes were strewn around, and Shirley had her tea, Jessica her honey, Joan her tape recorder, Liz her books. Just like the South Tower in *The Group*. A regular dormitory. I didn't mean to be a troublemaker. Me either. Me either.

V. *In which the author confronts the mysteries of her craft, triumphs and despairs all in an hour, makes a friend and bids the reader adieu*

Having been weaned in a movie town that was like a movie, I didn't think that doing a film would be foreign to me. Unless it were a foreign film, ho, ho. I didn't know much about acting. In fact I didn't know anything about it. But like every red-blooded American girl—I *knew* I could act. And having been successfully miscast in two college plays, I felt I *really knew the ropes*.

I didn't have a good part in the film. People came up to me and said, "Well I hear you're playing the lesbian. Good part. You have a great chance to make a statement there. Can't generalize your emotions. But a good chance to make a *statement*."

Swell. That really confused me. I don't know how in the world you *make a statement* for Pete's sake. And film seemed like such an unnatural way to act. It was a mosaic medium, little pieces with no continuity. Like that funeral scene right after she's married. And a thirty second take to register an emotion that explains a whole scene. Film was the most exacting method. And as different from theatre as golf from tennis. On the stage one has the freedom, the time, the sequence, the build. But on film if you blink your eye during a close-up it means something. Your eye is four feet long. A wink can change the meaning of a scene. Jessica told me about that. Consequently I gained a greater respect for fine screen performances because I saw how every emotion has to be forced into one take and the actor *(Continued on page 238)*

Portraits by Candice Bergen

A Wine List for Patriots

by Gerald J. Barry

If you're a loyal citizen who wants to please the President, help the balance of payments, and still enjoy your dinner, drink as follows

We hold these truths to be self evident that all wines are not created equal, that certain American wines compare favorably with those produced elsewhere, and that a member of The Great Society who has neglected to try these wines deserves to have his passport revoked. The dozen bottles shown here form the basis for a well-rounded patriotic wine cellar Upper left, Korbel Brut, by F Korbel and Brothers vineyard From lower left Chenin Blanc, by Charles Krug Maryland Red 1964, from the Boordy Vineyard, Dry Semillon from Concannon Vineyard, Johannisberg Riesling by Almadén Fournier Nature by Gold Seal Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon, Georges de Latour Private Reserve Beaulieu Vineyard, Navalle Rosé, by Inglenook Zinfandel, from Buena Vista, Pinot Noir 1957 Reserve by Louis M Martini, Pinot Chardonnay from Wente Brothers Barbera, by Samuele Sebastiani Vineyards All these products—and others—are described in the article

Photographed by Melvin Sokolsky

If the liquor industry ever builds a hall of fame, there's likely to be a bust of Lyndon Baines Johnson in it because he has been an inspiration to the segment of it least appreciated by the public—the makers of American wines.

The fact that L B J had any thoughts at all about wine first came to public notice last spring at a thousand-dollar a plate dinner of the President's Club of New York in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Grilled filet mignon Rossini with pâté de foie gras and truffles was the feature of what seemed, at first reading, an appropriately grandiose menu But the well heeled contributors to the Democratic party were asked to drink a native Cabernet Sauvignon with the entrée. Almadén's Blanc de Blancs, a California champagne, was served with the dessert.

Where were the esteemed wines of France that anyone shelling out one thousand dollars well might expect with his dinner? Waiters informed the guests that foreign wines had been omitted "at the President's request" Johnson remained diplomatically silent on the subject, but at the dinner he was observed consuming the American wines liberally and with obvious pleasure.

L.B J still hasn't issued a pronouncement on the vintner's art, but toasts are drunk in the White House these days in the wines of California and New York State What's worse, in the view of traditionalists the State Department has joined wholeheartedly in his low-pitched "drink-American" campaign Even before that precedent-setting dinner at the Waldorf, a memorandum had gone out from Foggy Bottom encouraging embassy personnel to use "quality American wines at official and at informal functions." The Johnson-inspired memo, signed by Assistant Secretary of State William J Crockett reminded U.S. officialdom abroad that "the use of American wines [cannot] be dismissed by the argument that we must accommodate the taste preferences of our guests. Although we respect such preferences and often have to provide for them, it doesn't follow that we cannot encourage our guests to develop a taste for American products" The memo pointedly noted that "at state functions at the White House and Department seventy percent of the wine served is American" That, of course, was before the President banned foreign wines from his table altogether

Crockett's first problem, however, turned out to be how to get Americans overseas to drink U S wines Each ambassador can serve at dinner whatever he damn pleases as well he should because in most cases he has to pay for it out of his own pocket As a practical matter, American wine often costs more overseas than the native product In Rome, a member of the embassy staff noted recently that in the local commissary California Burgundy costs $1.25 and up a bottle while the price of Italian wine begins at fifteen cents a liter

Progress has already been made on resolving that particular problem California's Paul Masson Co, one of the state's biggest producers of premium vintages, has agreed to supply its extensive line of wine at cost to embassy commissaries Other wineries are making similar arrangements

Even when the price is right, the critics aren't likely to be satisfied. Continental wine connoisseurs are still snickering at what they consider the naive presumption of President Johnson. (But then the snickerers have been around a long time at least since Fra Junipero Serra first sampled the product of his San Diego Mission vineyard one hundred and ninety-six years ago, and pronounced it superior to any wine he had ever tasted) More important some members of the diplomatic community—including Americans—see in the presidential program what a French newspaper called "a visceral return to a kind of isolationism."

But it was salesmanship, not jingoism, that Crockett had in mind when he dispatched the President's now famous drink-American directive. "Some American wines are very good," Crockett explained, "some are not so good, and, let's face it, some are terrible." That is a perfect rundown on the American wine situation, and it fits the wines of France pretty well too. President Johnson and Mr Crockett obviously intend to keep the terrible wines at home but they wouldn't mind boosting the prestige of American wine, and, coincidentally easing the balance-of-payments problem a bit by exporting some of the nation's better potables.

To make certain that only choice American wines appear on official U S. dining tables, a committee of five independent experts was recently named to help the Department and the White House choose wisely And to educate American palates abroad, the Department plans to institute a series of wine tastings at embassies and consulates.

By all that is *veritas* in the *vino*, the U S. does have wines that it can export with pride, a claim that couldn't be made truthfully even a decade ago. The trouble is that not many people know how good American wine can be these days

"In the past twenty years, and particularly in the past ten, the producers of superior wine in California have made extraordinary progress," says Frank Schoonmaker, author of the *Encyclopedia of Wine* "The less expensive are on the average quite as good as the *vins ordinaires* of France, Italy, and Spain The finer wines can stand comparison with all but the rare, truly great wines from Europe."

Much the same can be said for the vineyards in the East, particularly in New York State. Eastern wines come from grapes native to America (Catawba, Delaware and Niagara are the best known) and they taste like nothing else on earth After years of experimentation, however, Eastern vintners are beginning to successfully produce wine from Franco-American hybrids, a major step in shaking the curse of the Concord—a wild grape-juice flavor which has a certain following among folks with a fondness for wine "like Grandma used to make."

For most imbibers, California is synonymous with the wine country It produces more than eighty percent of the wine consumed in the United States, all of it from European grapes brought over in the nineteenth century to replace the mission grapes first planted by Fra Serra and his fellow Franciscans. Wines with generic labels such as Burgundy and Chablis are the *vins ordinaires* of California, inexpensive blends which are usually quite potable but have little in common with their European namesakes California's best wine goes to market with its "varietal" showing—the name of the variety of grape from which it is made Nearly all of the varietals come from the cool North Coast region around San Francisco, principally the Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara valleys.

As in all things the best American wine is produced in limited quantities and is often hard to get. If your dealer doesn't have all the wines listed below, demand action or write to the vineyards mentioned here and place an order Each of these wines is a top-notch representative of its type and among the most successful produced anywhere. Together, these twelve form the basis for a well rounded cellar of choice domestic wines.

- Cabernet Sauvignon A dry full-bodied, deep-colored red wine made from the principal grape of Bordeaux. Connoisseurs come as close to agreement as they ever will in calling this the best red wine produced in the United States. The wine bottled under the Beaulieu Vineyard label of Georges de Latour Private Reserve may well be Cabernet Sauvignon at its best. Charles Krug, like Beaulieu, one of several elite Napa Valley vineyards, also produces an outstanding Cabernet Sauvignon under the signature label of Cesare Mondavi.

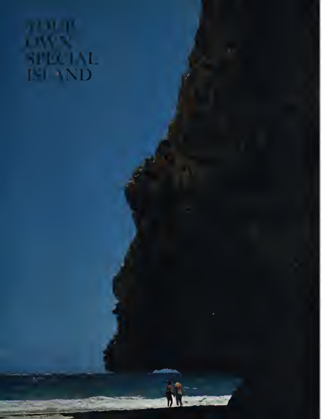
- Pinot Noir This is the grape from which all great red Burgundies are made. The California version is agreeably dry, but has somewhat less body than one expects from a Burgundy-type wine The 1957 Reserve from the Napa and Sonoma vineyards of Louis M Martini comes closer than most Pinot Noirs to matching the French standard. The vintage on the label contradicts a bit of widespread mythology which contends that California wine never needs to be dated because every year is a vintage year Because of the state's equitable climate, vintage isn't as important in California as in Europe. But when they have something special to offer, most quality vineyards put it in reserve for a year or two of additional cask aging, then place a vintage date on the bottle.

- Zinfandel. This is probably a Hungarian grape, but it found its true home in California. Zinfandel produces a fruity red wine somewhat similar to Beaujolais Californians love it, although it is sometimes too musty for other tastes Like most of the state's wines today it is a descendant of the hundred thousand cuttings brought over during Gold Rush days by Count Agoston Haraszthy "father of the California wine industry," founder of the Buena Vista Vineyard in the Sonoma Valley Buena Vista has been owned for the past twenty years by Frank Bartholomew, chairman of the board of United Press International His Zinfandel 1962 is one of the better examples of a wine unique to California.

- *Barbera* Some of the most delightful of North Italy's hearty red wines come from the Barbera grape. The Sonoma Valley Barbera produced at the Samuele Sebastiani Vineyards is a match for any of its cousins in Piedmont and an excellent companion for Italian food It is best when young

- Maryland Red A light, red wine produced from a Franco-American hybrid at the Boordy Vineyard in Riderwood, Maryland. Owners Philip Wagner, retired editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, and his wife, Jocelyn, probably have done more than any other vintners to perfect and popularize the hybrids Boordy produces red, white and rosé wines, all of them *vins du pays* in the truest sense of the term and all of them so popular with wine connoisseurs in Washington, D C, and Baltimore that few bottles get distributed beyond those points. But Wagner's research has also been put to good use by the Taylor and Gold Seal vineyards in the Finger Lakes district of New York State, and the High Tor Vineyard on the Hudson, twenty-eight miles from New York City

- Fournier Na- *(Continued on page 308)*



YOUR OWN SPECIAL ISLAND

by Richard Joseph

Barbados, Aruba, Trinidad and the Windward and Leeward Islands. All of them unspoiled

For the man who wants to flee the resort crowds, fishing out of sight of competing boats but sailing along a string of islands where land is always in view, sunning on uncluttered beaches and skin diving along reefs of unblasted coral, the Lesser Antilles are greater than the Greater.

They edge the Caribbean in a handsome arc from the Virgin Islands to South America, but to the cha-cha-cha vacation set they're as remote as the Galápagos. Their names are postponed promises of escape. The Leewards—Anguilla, St. Martin, Saba, St. Barthélemy, Barbuda, St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat and Guadeloupe. The Windwards—Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and The Grenadines, with Barbados doing sentry duty ninety miles to the east, Trinidad, Tobago and the Venezuelan, Dutch and Colombian islands guarding the South American coast—and islands off islands off islands where local people still haven't seen enough visitors to change their friendly ways or shorten the edges of their big welcoming smiles.

These are the places where intimate, smaller and less-expensive hotels and cottage colonies are being built, and new island-hopping air routes are being set up as capillaries to the jet nets—but where you can still find a boat loaded with fish or coconuts to give you a lift to the island across the way.

Here you can sprint along a stretch of beach without worrying about kicking sand in somebody's face, and spend the time of day in a village store without necessarily buying. Here the correct clothes are what you feel like wearing and the proper thing to do is whatever fits your mood.

Looking for something different in Aruba, for instance, you visit the little beach club on Isla di Oro, and you get there by hiking along a narrow boardwalk through a mangrove forest and then rafting your way across a beautifully clear lagoon.

And if you want complete control over the company you keep, you can charter you own island, setting it up with some friends on an informal sort of house-party arrangement for about half the cost of staying at a big resort hotel. The place is Young Island, a tropical cabana village sitting between a lagoon and the beach on a twenty-acre island two hundred yards off the British island of St. Vincent. The price is $1750 a week and there are accommodations for twenty guests, which brings the cost per guest down to $87.50 a week, or $12.50 a day.

For this you get a cabana for two, made of native stone with wallaba shingled roofs that gleam in the moonlight as though they were phosphorescent, surrounded by white ginger flowers, ferns and palms. Private bathroom, an outdoor garden shower and private terrace overlooking sea or lagoon. Air conditioning by the trade winds. No television—and only one phone.

The price includes breakfast on your terrace and lunch and dinner in the beach pavilion. The menus feature native soups, local fish and lobster broiled over an open fire, homemade bread, homegrown mangoes, coconuts and pineapples.

A staff of twenty-two—including four cooks, waiters, two barmen, three or four gardeners, two laundresses, housekeeper, maids and two boatmen—keep an eye on things. There's a fine reef at one end of the island for skin diving, boats to take you sailing or on trips around the island, Carib canoes, and a donkey cart to ride you up to the top of the island where you can view The Grenadines stretched out along twenty miles of Caribbean Sea.

If you don't want to charter the whole island, you can enjoy the whole setup as a regular guest for $42 a day per couple during the winter season, or $32 off season.

Nearby St. Vincent was discovered by Columbus in 1498. Young Island was named for a St. Vincent governor who bought it from a Carib chief for one black stallion. A couple of years ago it was invaded by John Houser, an aptly named hotelman who had housed thousands of people all over the world as Conrad Hilton's chief of Hilton International.

In 1949 Houser opened the Caribe Hilton, the archetypical big Caribbean resort hotel on San Juan, and he still serves as consultant in the design and operation of large hotels, but Young Island is his private baby, expressing his idea of what a resort hotel in this part of the Caribbean should be like.

"We don't have a tennis pro or a golf pro on Young Island," he said, "and we don't even have a hotel lobby. We do have lots of hammocks, though.

"You can't possibly be late for dinner—because we have no clocks in the rooms. And if you like to dress for dinner, you're on the wrong island."

Until recently you had to go to a lot of trouble to get to St. Vincent. Now, though, British West Indian Airways flies to St. Vincent daily from Barbados, and Leeward Islands Air Transport flies from Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique and St. Lucia. Both use turboprop planes.

St. Vincent is still ripe for the man who wants to capture the feeling of the South Seas right in the Caribbean. Kingstown, its vest-pocket capital, has three streets—Bay, Middle and Back—and a twenty-room commercial hotel where you can make like a character out of Somerset Maugham for eight dollars a day, including three French-Creole meals.

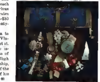
For real beachcombing types there even are places where you can stay for five dollars or less, but the best spot on St. Vincent is the Sugar Mill Inn, situated on a cliff affording a magnificent view of The Grenadines, there's a swimming pool, and swimming and snorkeling at the Aquatic Club on the beach below. It's the nearest thing to a luxurious resort on the island, yet high-season rates are only $14-$17 a day single or $24-$30 double, two meals included, for its twenty-two rooms.

Nor will it strain your imagination to evoke that South Seas feeling since St. Vincent has some of the look of Tahiti about it. There's a similarity in landscape, the island's breadfruit trees are descendants of those brought from Tahiti by Captain Bligh after he had gotten himself another ship, and visitors to St. Vincent and the rest of the Lesser Antilles are the spiritual heirs of his mutineers, still fleeing regimentation. ##

Aruba's Andicouri Cove, reached through a private coconut grove, has beach bathing that is open to the public. Photographed by Richard Davis D.P.I.

Tranquil St. Vincent metamorphoses for carnival.

Casino at Bill Miller's hotel on island of Bonaire illustrates its Good Life.



Treasure chest spills forth samples of Aruba's duty-free shopping potential.

How Like The Great Greek God Apollo Is Our King

by Jesse Stuart

How like the great Greek god Apollo is
Our King: more godly than Apollo, he
Rules over our dear sweet beloved land.
Our tall King rules without a throne or crown
Where does he come from? What forever has he?
He comes from Tall Country. And he has plenty
He came a man of peace, abhorring war
(So many of our late Kings came this route)
He came to us with good for everybody,
He came with lilies and the dove of peace
Mothers who had sons in the danger zone,
Card-carrying sons with names and dates and numbers
Squeezed our King's hands until they taped his fingers
So joyfully he was received by them
Mothers rejoiced with our great King of Peace
While sons were getting through that danger zone
Yes, our tall King is strong and resolute
Wears his opposition to a frazzle
Adventurous too, no single man can trap
Our tall King in a single truth for sure
Like rain washed winds he is too slick to hold
Since he has been engaged so many times,
Again, again and never was a loser
He has more drive than all the gods together,
Winningest man this world has ever known
No trigger happy man is our Apollo!
Then, why do mothers wring their hands and wait?
Grow melancholy in their abject moods?
Why do our young men marry, propagate
Their kind, praying for daughters, to escape
The danger zone in our beloved land
Why do ambitionless head straight to college?
Why suddenly such acute thirst for knowledge?
Who does that shooting heard around the world?
Why are more names and numbers being called?
Why worry for our tall Apollo brings
In season and due course of time All Things
To satisfactory completion

Drawing by David Levine

A Gourmet Feast For Americans

During the holidays, Americans eat. They are prepared to spend a lot of money and time eating, and to ingest more calories than usual or perhaps necessary the while. This is an auspicious set of circumstances and far too good to waste, year after year, on turkey (however tender) and dressing (however succulent). Esquire suggests that the Christmas mood, budget and leisure be applied to a dinner worthy of the occasion, a dinner of festive proportions and of classic sequence like the one that appears below and on the next two pages.

The menu was devised by Maurice Moore-Betty, an Irishman who has studied food throughout the world, served a stint under the redoubtable M. Avignon at the Ritz in London, and is now a food consultant, caterer to society, and poacher of the culinary art. This dinner follows the order of courses long deemed quintessentially correct at French state banquets and in the great houses of Europe. But still, the menu has been adapted for contemporary tastes, modern weight consciousness, and the new unsurpassed availability of fresh raw materials. Only one sauce is permitted, the rest of the courses appear with their natural juices; seasoning is simple, bread is not served during the meal; heaviness and lightness are effectively balanced. The point is that you can eat your way through all of this with unflagging enthusiasm.

But after all, this is a dinner of high consequence and comes with its own set of unbreakable rules. No cocktails. Instead, a selection of aperitif wines and small hors d'oeuvres can be taken before sitting down at the table. No smoking between courses. And you must plan to devote at least two hours to the delectation of this meal, which means that two essential ingredients, not mentioned elsewhere, are agreeable companions and good conversation.

The Menu

FIRST COURSE

Iced Caviar from Black Sea Sturgeon

SECOND COURSE

Consommé Royale

THIRD COURSE

Poached Colorado Trout   Sauce Genevoise

FOURTH COURSE

Roasted Saddle of Lamb
Garden Vegetables   Duchess Potatoes

INTERVAL

Lime Water Ice

FIFTH COURSE

Roast Pheasant Celeriac and Watercress Salad

SIXTH COURSE

Assorted Cheeses

APOTHEOSIS

Chilled Strawberry Bavarian Cream

Coffee

You can savor Esquire's Gourmet Feast during the holiday season at one of the [illegible] restaurants listed on page 284.

Eight Courses, Orchestrated

"Americans are unused to a meal of this length simply because they have become accustomed to servings that are too generous," says Maurice Moore-Betty. "In this meal, the plates must not be heaped up. Two thin slices of lamb with a small helping of each vegetable will suffice, and certainly no more than two small slices of the pheasant. The object is to savor each dish slowly and carefully with the wine. Nearly half the battle is to please the eye. Each presentation platter is arranged for design and color, then placed on the table for everyone to see. The fish is served from the left to each guest, the lamb and pheasant are carved at the sideboard. The caviar and the cheese are the only imported elements in the menu. Everything else makes use of American raw materials, which are unexcelled."

1.

To begin, Black Sea sturgeon caviar, on ice, served directly from the tin (caviar can't stand a lot of moving about). Crisp toast rounds and a glass of chilled vodka accompany this course. The only garnish is freshly squeezed lemon juice, which brings out the natural flavor. Each section of lemon comes wrapped in fine cheesecloth.

2.

A rich, clear soup follows, a double-strength consommé made from white stock, shin of beef, carrots, onions, parsley, bay leaf, sherry, whites of eggs and eggshells. This is strained slowly through four thicknesses of cheesecloth. The garnish is egg custard made with the consommé itself.

3.

Fresh Colorado trout is served unboned and decorated with truffles on top and lime wedges in the gills. Trout is poached—simmered, never boiled—for about ten minutes in a court bouillon (water, onion, celery, carrot, parsley, thyme, bay leaf, salt, peppercorns). The sauce Genevoise, a dollop of which should be placed next to the fish on the plate, is similar to hollandaise but thinned with salmon stock. Small puff pastries and dry white wine complete the course.

4.

The saddle of lamb, a luxury cut which is carved parallel to the spine, yields long, thin slices of tender meat. The joint is basted with butter and roasted for about an hour and is served with its natural juices and fresh vegetables—green beans, small white turnips, baby carrots. The Pommes Duchesse are potatoes boiled in their jackets, then strained and whisked into a puree with egg yolks and forced into fancy shapes. With this course, a fine claret.

5.

After the lamb and claret have been removed, it is wise to have a brief respite to clear the palate for the savory game and heavier wine to follow. A bite or two of lime sorbet provides the perfect break. This is made by freezing fresh lime juice, sugar, water and egg white. Served with mint leaves.

6.

The roast pheasant and a rich burgundy wine form the most full-bodied course in the meal. The birds are roasted with a piece of beefsteak inside to ensure moistness. The steak is removed and the game is decorated with its tail feathers and served with cherry tomatoes in baskets made of potato. With or to follow: a salad of celeriac root and watercress vinaigrette.

7.

The cheese course is the one which correctly could be omitted from this dinner. However, like the sorbet, it effectively bridges two dissimilar taste sensations. And it forms a good accompaniment for the last glass of burgundy. The cheeses are mild and soft: Brie, Stilton, and Crème Royal, a creamy natural cheese from Denmark.

8.

For the dessert, a mold is filled with Bavarian Cream, made with egg yolks, milk, sugar and fresh cream, cooked to a thick custard consistency and cooled. A puree of sweetened fresh strawberries plus whole berries is inserted and the whole is chilled and decorated with meringue. Champagne or a sauterne goes with this rich dessert, followed by black coffee, brandy, a cigar, and beatitude.

Photographed by Robert Brandau

With a Sporting Flavor. Jacquard patterned brushed-wool-and-mohair sweater features new dropped-cuff Pendleton $25 Russian leather gilt quartet of deodorant stick, spray cologne shave lotion and soap by Executive, $10 Black Watch gift set of cologne and shave lotion by Prince Matchabelli $6 Spiced elixir Festival by Mr Sid $3.50. French milled soap duo by H pour hommes $3 Red, charcoal and olive plaid Viyella sport shirt by Manhattan $19 with antelope pinwale-corduroy slacks, Smartan $8 Clay blue-brown-green plaid cotton-tweed shirt tailored by Gant $8, at Neiman-Marcus worn with bone-color permanent-press cotton-and-nylon-twill jeans H D Lee $6 Blue tan green plaid imported-cotton contour-tapered shirt Truval $5 with Italian inspired dark-olive iridescent wool slacks Fellini $23 Grained-cowhide key guard $3, and Roman-stripe lined pocket secretary $5 Prince Gardner Water proof stopwatch has luminous numerals and calendar Sheffield $13 Blue-jasper stones set in Phoenician silver cuff links Dash $15 Jade East cologne $8.50 Yellow white ivy lamb's-wool cardigan sweater Bernhard Altmann, $23. Match Play cologne $5 Royal Regiment cologne, after-shave and bath soap $9.50 Las Vegas cologne $12.50 Mr Sid after-shave lotion $3.

This section photographed by Another Studio

(Continued from page 195) lug the action. Pretty soon, I'd chisel a nickel here, a dime there, go down to the game and have someone roll the dice for me."

It began in a splotch of dim light from a streetlamp and it continued through the years under the neons at Las Vegas and under the sun at racetracks. The bets became bigger and bigger until, one day, the bets became small again.

So Willie Pep, who had navigated a full circle, was walking through the rain to weigh in for a fight that could bring him $600—at best, $800. Chis walked ahead, a sergeant showing his general he knew the way through a combat zone. At the eleventh floor of the State Building, Chis marched through a corridor and into a room filled with chipped wooden desks, tables and benches and chairs with ripped leather seats.

Above was a white ceiling with dark stains. In a corner stood a scale. Next to it, on a chipped table, several undressed fighters sat in a line, legs dangling, and greeted Pep.

"Lookin' good, champ," said a fighter. "Lookin' good."

"Feelin' good," said Pep. "Got a pain in my back and a twitch in my neck and I'm in great shape." He smiled.

When serious, Pep's face, framed with big ears and decorated with puffed scar tissue under his eyes and lines under his nose, reflected his age. Now, dominated by a smile, the face reflected vigor.

"Willie," said a tall, muscled fighter, "we never met in our lives. My name is Floyd. I admire you."

"Thank you," said Pep, shaking hands and smiling.

Pep stripped off his clothes as more men greeted him. He stepped on the scale. "Thirty-seven and a half," said the man weighing in the fighters. "Great," said Pep. "When I was boxing, before I retired, I weighed thirty-six."

Leaning on a windowsill, Pep filled out a boxing license application. In the space for year of birth he wrote, "1925." In the space for occupation, he wrote, "Professional Athlete."

As Pep wrote in one corner of the room, men whispered in another.

"The money he made! Jesus Christ!"

"I thought he was taken care of for life."

"He looks good. Hell, even if he's one-third of what he was, he'll beat that guy tonight."

A familiar greeting rose above the whispers. "Lookin' good, champ. Lookin' good."

Pep turned, but the greeting was for a newer champ, Joey Giardello, middleweight champion, 1965. Giardello waved grandly as the crowd pressed toward him. "Willie," he shouted. "Hey, I used to listen to this guy fight on radio when I was eight years old. How's it goin', old man?"

"What do you mean, old man? Look at this license. See, born—1925. I'm thirty-nine years old."

"That's not what the record book says."

"Listen, I was born in 1925. I could prove it, but the courthouse in the town I was born in burned down."

"Hey," said Giardello. "The courthouse burned down. That's the best I ever heard." Giardello tapped a grey-haired man. "Listen, you're at least fifty years old and you probably remember listening to him when you were a kid."

Pep laughed and walked into another room to be examined by the boxing-commission doctor. "I never go to fighters' weigh-ins," said Giardello, "but I'm here because of Willie. What a guy!"

At the window a man was talking to Chis. "Why's he doin' it?" said the man.

"To prove you can get old without it affecting you," said Chis.

The man shook his head. "I know it affects me. Hell, at his age that's when you get hurt."

Pep came back in, put on his underwear and his hat and walked over to Giardello. "What do you weigh?" Giardello said.

"Thirty-seven and a half," said Pep. He circled clenched fists and tapped Giardello's belly. "And I'm thirty-nine years old."

Pep finished dressing and, at twelve-forty-five, left the room with a friend. At two p.m. he came into the Sylvania lobby, waving some photos he'd had taken for his license application. "I know I have a flat nose," he said, "but look at these. Rogues' gallery. Cell one-one-one-one."

At two-ten Charley Goldman entered the hotel. Five feet tall, sixty-seven years old, bald, wearing glasses and carrying a big bundle filled with boxing paraphernalia, Goldman at first glance seemed to be a wandering peddler. He was, of course, the famous trainer of Rocky Marciano and other champions. He was in Philadelphia to work in Pep's corner.

"Hi ya, Charley," said Pep. "It's good to see someone older than me. When Charley was fightin', they were all killers."

"I had to quit because of my hands," said Goldman.

"Yeah," said Pep. "The referee kept steppin' on them."

"They couldn't ever hurt you, Willie," said Goldman. "No sense, no feelings."

Goldman let his bundle drop down. "How you feelin', Willie?"

"I'm all right, Charley. I'm all right. I'm down from sixty-two on January 1 to thirty-seven and a half today. Sixty-two! You know, Charley, spaghetti and meatballs killed more Italians than all the wars."

"You got to do it a little at a time, Willie."

"I'm all right, Charley. I'm a physical fitness bug."

"You got to watch the difference between getting tired and straining yourself. You got to watch that you don't get hurt."

"Hurt? I'm fighting ordinary guys, not champions. Listen, Charley, I boxed my last fight, everybody said, 'Poor guy.' What poor guy? I didn't get hit a punch. I got butted."

"Forget it," said Sheppard. "Let's eat. You gotta eat your steak, Willie."

Around the corner, inside Lew Tendler's Restaurant, Pep shook hands with men who called out his name, then he walked over to the manager. "I'm Willie Pep. Can I get anything to eat here?"

"Any table you want."

Pep and the three men with him sat at a center table. "Willie," said Sheppard, "Willie, I got a line on a joint on Broadway. I might buy it. You could be the proprietor."

"Yeah, great, what are you waiting for? That'll be ideal, George, ideal at the present time. Then I'd have a little income. I wouldn't have to worry. I got a small nut at home. I like to send the folks half-a-yard a week. What are you waiting for?"

A while later Willie Pep lunged halfway across the table trying to pick up everybody's dinner check.

Outside the restaurant, walking back to the hotel, Pep's words spilled together. "I know I can do it," he said. "I want to show people that at my age a guy doesn't have to sit on his can watching TV. My kid's in the Army in Germany. When he comes home he won't find a fat old man. I wrote him a few letters. 'Don't believe what you read, Billy.' Let me show 'em what I can do. I won't have to be retired. I'll retire myself. And George there, huh? What are you waiting for?"

NBC-Television had taken over the Sylvania lobby and Pep sidestepped microphones, cameras and tangled wires, then agreed to sit for an interview. He had planned to nap at four p.m., but the interview did not begin until four-twenty.

Sheppard pulled off Pep's hat and Pep, bobbing up and down on a cushioned chair, began talking about physical fitness, ordinary fighters, a kid named Artie Lupo and a butt that drew blood. "Cut it," said NBC.

"What's the matter?" said Pep.

"Don't you think you should put on a necktie, Willie? Or fix your collar a little?"

"Look, this is me. You want me, this is me. I'm not going to win any beauty contests."

At four-forty-five Pep left the lobby, saying, "My nose is flatter in television pictures, too."

As Pep rested in his room, Sheppard sat in another room and said, "Willie's going to look good tonight. I've been in boxing more than twenty-five years. I know what I'm doing. I picked his opponent carefully. The boy I have him in with tonight, that Jackie Lennon, he comes in. The boy's been away a while himself; he's fought maybe a couple of times the last couple of years. He'll keep moving in on Willie and Willie will be able to handle him and look good.

"Willie's not going to get hurt. I take care of my fighters. Willie goes in tonight and looks like he's had it, I make him quit. I've made lots of my fighters quit. They argue with me, but then years later they tell me how much they're indebted to me."

Sheppard talked on about his other kindnesses, the work he was doing for Israel, the charities he supported, his small gestures of goodwill. "Here," he said, handing a man a letter. "Read this."

The letter bore the crudely typed letterhead of an old-age home and said, in effect: "I want to thank you so much for your wonderful Chanukah gift of a table radio. I am eighty-two years old and lonely and my room-mate, Mrs. Epstein, has a table radio but she always turns it off when I walk into the room. Now, thanks to your kindness, I have a radio of my own. My son and daughter-in-law come to visit me whenever they can, but they have their own lives. They give me whatever they can, but your gift, coming from a complete stranger, is just beautiful. You don't know how much it means to me. Just yesterday Mrs. Epstein's radio broke and she asked me if she could use mine and you can guess what I told her."

At seven p.m. Pep walked into the lobby. He carried a blue-and-red plaid bag and wore a short black raincoat over a grey suit. The collar of the coat was turned up and the rim of the hat was turned down. "Ready, Willie?" said Chis. "Couldn't be readier," said Pep.

Pep, Chis, Sheppard, Goldman and King David, a young preliminary fighter from Israel, marched past the marble columns and into the street. In the Impala, Pep turned sideways in the front seat and flipped back his hat. "I'm a colorful fighter," he said. "I bleed a lot." Pause. "Everyone in my family's a boxer. Everybody's a boxer except one. He's a cocker spaniel." Pause. "My uncle went to Greenwich Village. Now he's my aunt."

"Put it in a book, Willie," said Goldman.

"I shouldn't talk so much," said Pep. "But better I do my talking here and my fighting in the ring."

Pep turned, pulled down his hat and stared out the windshield. Soon, Chis steered the Impala into a small and private-looking parking lot next to the Philadelphia Arena. "I got Willie Pep in here," Chis said to the attendant. "Can I park in this lot?"

"Sure," said the attendant. "For a dollar."

Pep laughed. "If it wasn't Willie Pep," he said, "it'd be fifty cents."

In the dressing room he shared with five other fighters, Pep put his bag on a rubbing table. The table would be his for the evening and was the concession to his stature; the other five fighters shared a table.

In his prime Pep had better dressing-room accommodations. But in his prime, too, Pep attracted big crowds. This night 2,463 people would come to the Philadelphia Arena to see Pep. Once 19,097 came to Madison Square Garden to see him. Another time, 38,781 came to Yankee Stadium.

The biggest attractions were his four fights with Sandy Saddler. Few athletic rivalries have ever been as intense. It is reflex to think of Saddler when thinking of Pep just as it is reflex to think of Dempsey when thinking of Tunney. And it is reflex to think of guts and anger when thinking of Saddler and Pep.

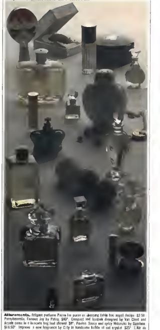
They fought for the first time on October 29, 1948. Pep, champion of the world, winner of all but two of a hundred thirty-seven fights and a thirteen-to-five favorite, was knocked out in the fourth round. Four months later they fought again and heads collided, laces rubbed flesh and toes were crushed by heels. But this time, gliding, twirling and punching with artistry, Pep bewildered Saddler and won a decision.

Wearing dark glasses and eleven stitches, Pep attended a state celebration in Hartford in his honor. Connecticut's governor, Chester Bowles, said, "We are proud of you." Connecticut's secretary of state, a woman, pushed through the crowd. "I just want to touch you," she said. "I want to go home and tell everyone that this hand touched Willie Pep."

Pep and Saddler fought twice more, in September 1950 and in September 1951. Each time Pep, in pain and leaking blood, quit in his corner between rounds. Each time Pep's surrender was prefaced by twisted arms, elbows in the kidneys, thumbs in the eyes. Once, the boxers wrestled to the floor and Pep's knee pushed hard into Saddler's stomach. Another time, the boxers wrestled to the floor and the referee fell with them. "Saddler's a bad guy," Pep said after the fourth fight. "Pep started the rough stuff," Saddler said. Both were suspended by the New York State Boxing Commission.

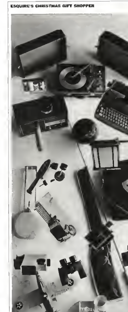
Pep fought eight more years but never again for the championship. And never since 1951 has a featherweight champion particularly appealed to people in the United States.

"Ever hear anything about Sandy Saddler?" a man was asking Pep in the Philadelphia dressing room



Allurements. Filigree perfume flacon for purse or dressing table has angel design $2.50 Paraphernalia. Famous Joy by Patou $60* Compact and lipstick designed by Van Cleef and Arpels come in a brocade bag (not shown) $8* Revlon Saucy and spicy Mitsouko by Guerlain $18.50* Imprevu a new fragrance by Coty in handsome bottle of cut crystal $25* L'Air du Temps perfume in Lalique bird flacon $30* Nina Ricci Three cakes of French milled soap by Perfume Corday $5* Sumptuous-size oil for bath Chanel No 5 $10* Graceful urn of Diorling is contemporary in concept $40* Christian Dior Pendant filled with a cache of Dachella cream perfume $15 Daché China rose jar is filled with richly perfumed rosebuds $7* Anjou Cream bottle of Matchabelli Wind Song $20* Royal Secret spray perfume $3.50* Germaine Monteil. Excentric by Maggy Rouff a compound of more than fifty ingredients $27.50* Jaquet Ambush cologne a blend of the demure and daring, has a floral scent, $10.50* 16 ounces Chantilly has delicate fragrance $20* Houbigant Gift set of 'My Sin' dusting powder and eau de cologne in spray bottle $10*, Lanvin. White Shoulders luxury soap is multiple-milled $8.50* Evyan Flutter Lash package has daytime lashes plus pair of evening lashes $10 Fabergé

* Indicates Federal tax extra



Slanted Suggestions. P-26 pursuit plane with engine throttle $13.49 Wen-Mac. Ashtray $15; man sized mug, $10; Lenox. Automatic slide viewer for table $11.95 Airequipt. Binocular has exclusive mono-grid design that balances perfectly in hands $29.50 Bushnell. Professional rod/reel/line combination comes in zippered case $49.95 Bronson. The Swinger new Polaroid camera, is less than $20. Zoom movie camera with instant cartridge loading $200 Argus. Tiny AM/FM radio, $49.95 Standard. "Clubster" carrier combination golf cart/bag holds irons in front, woods in back, $39.95 Farman Williamson. Featured beside cart is golf seat that attaches to it. Electric shoe polisher $17.95 Iona. Weekender of reinforced fiber glass $29.95 American Tourister. Cordless shaver works on rechargeable energy cells $38.95 Remington. Full-range three speaker system in exclusive sand-filled enclosure $172.50 Wharfedale. Meerschaum-lined filler pipe $10 Medico. Twenty-power telescope $24.95 Bausch & Lomb. FM/AM table radio with side handles $85 R.C.A. Double Old Fashioned glass called "black strap" has hand-stained belting $5.95 Rolfs. Trac master bowling balls for minimum, medium or maximum hooking $29.95 Brunswick. Electric typewriter features changeable type $169.50 SCM. Vacation travel kit by Gillette. Portable stereo components latch together to form a compact case for carrying, $139.95 General Electric

"I think he's running the gymnasium on a steamship," said Pep.

"Saddler was too damn tall for a featherweight," said Chis.

"That had nothing to do with it," said Pep. "You're a fighter, you're supposed to beat anyone around. Saddler was the roughest."

Around Pep managers and trainers shouted strategy and King David shuffled in small fighter's steps and snapped warm up punches into the air. Naked bulbs lighted the room and under one a handsome and fleshy young man waved his arms at Pep. "George, hey, it's been years," Pep said. "Look at you, you're getting fat." Pep turned to a third man. "George used to box, but he was a lover, not a fighter. They sent him down to Miami and told me to kind of manage him. George is all right. You're supposed to manage him, he manages you. George The Lover."

George The Lover laughed. "I learned from you, Willie. God I did. You train hard, Willie."

"You're supposed to look after George; after a week, he looks after you."

"Remember, Willie? We were in a bar and Willie bumps into a guy and says 'Excuse me.' The guy says 'What are you, a wise guy?' I say, 'Willie, shall I backhand him?' Willie says, 'No, no, no, George. No fights.' God you could train, Willie. We'd do roadwork and we'd sprint and race a little. I could never beat him. What a trainer!"

"Look at that fat around your neck," Pep said. "How you gonna make a comeback?"

"Me a comeback? I'm making three hundred a week. I got a new Caddy. I'm a welder. Ten G's a year plus overtime."

"That's my racket," said Chis.

"Ain't it tough, being in there all day?" said Pep.

"Nah," said George. "Eight hours goes fast."

"Not for me," said Pep.

Pep stripped to his shorts, T shirt and hat. Mike Moran, a corner man, pulled off the hat and Pep pulled off the T shirt. Moran began rubbing cocoa butter on Pep's back and shoulders as King Davis disappeared out the door. Unbeaten since coming to the United States, King David was about to try for his seventeenth straight victory. "Good luck David," Pep shouted.

Moran put a roll of gauze and a roll of tape on the rubbing table. "Time to tape your hands, Willie," he said.

"Willie always tapes his own hands," said George The Lover.

"Best way," said Pep.

"You tried to teach me once."

"You never learned."

"Why bother when someone could do it for me? I was lazy."

Pep rolled gauze and adhesive around his hands and listened to the noise coming from the mouths, hands and feet in the arena. As he taped, he spoke in tone, with half a dozen men who came in to wish him luck. After a while, King David walked in, a loser. Pep jumped off the rubbing table and patted his shoulder. "It's okay," King David said. "It's okay."

"You're okay, David," said Sheppard. "You didn't get hurt. That's the important thing."

George The Lover slapped fist into palm. "Christ, I'm more nervous than Willie. Well, I'll knock that Lennon down myself."

"Relax, George," said Pep. "Hey, you're making so much money, you can pay me back what you owe me."

"I owe what? I thought the Statute of Limitations ran out on that."

"Forget it," said Pep. "I was only kidding."

Chis pushed a small and outrageously fat man toward the rubbing table. "I just weighed him in," said Chis. "Eighty four and a half. Two-eighty four and a half."

"You married again, Willie?" the fat man said. "I can't keep track."

"You might say I'm a friend of the working girl," said Pep. "She needs a home, I fell in love with her and marry her."

Goldman stripped off King David's gloves and Pep posed for a newspaper photo with a boy about ten.

"That your kid, Willie?" said the photographer.

"You're kidding. I wouldn't have my kid traveling with me. Geo, when I'm fighting."

Giardello walked over. "You ought to be able to lick this guy from memory," he said. "From memory."

"Joey, you're gonna be my age someday."

"Good luck, King Willie. Good luck to you."

"Same to you, Joey, whatever happens."

A Philadelphia reporter began asking questions. Pep's voice, high pitched and urgent, floated through the room. "I'm a bug on physical fitness .... I had this kid Artie Lupo .... I was bleeding, sure, but from a butt, not a punch."

The parade to the rubbing table persisted. "I go through Hartford when I go to Suffolk Downs, Willie. You know, I follow the mudders. Tomorrow I may be here or I may be in Boston. I follow the mud."

"Call me, Billy," said Pep. "When you're going to the track, call me."

Billy pushed Sheppard toward the middle of the room. "I hope you didn't make a mistake, George. I hope he isn't going to get hurt."

"Call me, Billy," Pep shouted. "Call me."

Pep lay back on the rubbing table and spoke quietly with Bob Montgomery, the world lightweight champion from 1944 through 1947. "Charley," Pep said to Goldman, "you know Bob Montgomery, don't you?"

"My father used to bring me to see Bob fight," said Goldman.

"Bob," said Pep sitting up. "Here's how you know when you're done. First, your legs go. Second, your reflexes. Third, your friends, and then you know you're really done. It's all right, Bob. In foreign countries, champs like us get lifetime jobs. They're treated like kings."

Pep rested as two more bouts began and ended. At ten-ten, with one bout to go before Pep's, Moran rubbed Vaseline over Pep's eyes. Tiger Floyd, throwing warm up punches, danced out of the room to fight Von Clay. "No way Von Clay can beat me," Floyd was singing. "No way."

"Floyd, I'm proud of you," Pep shouted. "I'm proud of the way you talk."

"Thank you, Peppy. Thank you kindly."

Pep put on his protective cup and black trunks with a white stripe. He flexed a pair of boxing gloves, loosening the leather. Two small rolls of fat popped out on his back; otherwise he was flat. "Looks like a kid of seventeen," said Moran.

"In Puerto Rico," George The Lover was telling Chis, "they put me on TV and radio and you know what they said? They said, 'He don't look like a fighter. He looks like a movie star.'"

A thunderclap of stomping and shouting rolled in from the arena. "Must be over," said Pep, holding out his taped hands. Moran slid boxing gloves over the hands, then snipped off the tips of the laces. Pep put on a blazing bright blue-and-yellow bathrobe.

"Von Clay's the winner," a man shouted. "He knocked down Floyd and the referee stopped it. You're next, Willie."

Pep began punching air. He slid across the floor with small, dancing steps.

Floyd stamped in, waving his arms and shouting. "Highway robbery! I say it was highway robbery! If I can't beat that momma Von Clay, my momma's a momma! Highway robbery and this is the town that can do it. I went down and I got up. I'm giving it the wobble and I'm saying to the ref, 'Ref, baby, cool it. I'm all right. I'm playing possum, ref baby.' I'm waiting for Clay to move to me and I'll end it. And that goddamn ref stopped it."

Pep danced on.

"I was stone robbed! I say I was stone robbed! Will a newspaperman please come over here and write this down? I had three years of college and I can talk to anyone. I'm saying I was stone robbed and I want everyone to know it."

Pep danced toward a corner and his entourage followed.

Floyd left alone, stormed to the shower.

"My Caddy's air-conditioned," George The Lover was telling Pep. And as Pep walked toward the arena for his two-hundred thirty-second fight he was laughing.

In the ring Pep waved as his name was announced. The crowd cheered and one man near ringside, summing it up for about everyone, whispered, "I come because I'm curious. He was great once, but he's liable to get killed tonight."

At the bell, Pep danced out, flicked a few soft lefts, and danced back. Lennon did not chase him. "At first," Lennon would say later, "I thought I was in with Superman." Pep moved in again, threw more soft lefts, and Lennon responded with equally inconsequential punches. George The Lover charged into Pep's corner and grabbed the water bucket. "Christ, I can't sit out there," he said.

The first round remained dull and as Pep came back to his corner, someone shouted, "Hey, Willie, Sandy Saddler's sittin' next to me. Start shakin'."

George The Lover, fists clenched, peered into the crowd.

Pep leaped out for the second round, slapped Lennon with a left, hit him with a combination and darted away. Lennon swarmed after him and tried swinging from inside. Pep whirled Lennon around, hit him with three left hooks and pushed him back. Lennon, dipping, swung at cigar smoke. "That was the ball game, when I tried to go inside," Lennon would say in the dressing room. "He handled me like a baby."

That was indeed "the ball game." Through the rest of the fight Pep continually hit Lennon with three lefts in a row, three rights in a row. He danced into and out of danger, rarely being hit. He ducked under punches. He forced Lennon off balance and into the ropes. "He always get him off balance," said a man at ringside. "And watch his own feet. They're always set for a punch, one behind the other."

Once Pep faked exhaustion by leaning on the ropes. As Lennon attacked, Pep sprang off the ropes, hitting Lennon in the belly and in the face. Another time Lennon had him trapped in a corner and Pep, spinning, twisted Lennon around. Suddenly, Lennon was trapped in the corner and absorbing punches. "Look at him!" Giardello shouted. "Great. And twenty years ago. Geo, twenty years ago he was a ghost. Way to go, old man! Lookin' good, Will!"

The fight ended with the crowd whistling and cheering. And the ring announcer said, "The winner of this fight and the winner for the two-hundred-and-twenty-second time, Willie Pep." Sheppard flung up his arms.

"What'd I tell you," Sheppard said. "His legs were great. A few more like this and we'll take anyone."

Sheppard had done his job well. The next day, Larry Merchant's column in the Philadelphia *Daily News* would say, "Willie Pep choreographed six rounds last night, picking his partner as carefully as a prima ballerina picking a partner noble—someone to pirouette around." And another writer would say that, yes, Pep looked good and might look good again, but he would have to continue fighting well-chosen marks and wouldn't that be vaudeville rather than boxing?

But cynicism was for tomorrow, celebration for tonight. Inside the dressing room about forty people crowded around Pep's rubbing table. "He still looked good out there," said Chis. "Real good."

Pep smiled and laughed and answered reporters' questions. He told them about physical fitness, ordinary fighters, a kid named Artie Lupo and the effect of spaghetti and meatballs upon Italians. "I'm not destitute," he said. "I can always get a job like Bob Montgomery here. But this is what I know best." He gulped water from a bottle and spat it out. "If Warren Spahn can do it at forty-five, I can do it at thirty-nine. Spahn, Satchel Paige at fifty five, Archie Moore at forty-eight, Sugar Ray Robinson, who knows how old he is? They inspired me."

Pep pranced into the shower room and pranced out, wet and smiling. "He was a good, rough kid," he said as he dressed. "He hit me, I know I got hit. I got hit four or five times."

Pep finished dressing and sat on the rubbing table, laughing and singing, "He who hits and runs away lives to fight another sixty-five years."

The crowd was still thick and Pep was still laughing as Jackie Lennon pushed toward the table. "Willie," said Lennon. "Willie, it was an honor to fight you, sir."

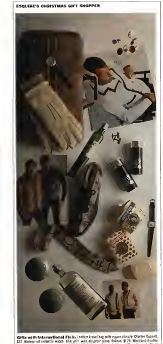
Pep leaped up to shake hands. His grey hat was tilted so far back it fell off. #

MY BOSTON "WHAT IT IS THAT MAKES A CITY APPEALING"

(Continued from page 178) seems to say that, vital and progressive as all the new will be it never will be Boston's personality. That always will be lodged somewhere among the small wharves and chimney pots, off a crooked little alley leading to a rare bookshop, in among the men in old tweed coats who argue on the Common, in the glow of the lighted candles in Beacon Street windows on Christmas Eve, in the fog gathering off the harbor on a grey November day.

By her irreverent charm Boston has enticed its people, generation after generation, to love it as it is, and they are not going to stop. #

The Look of Luxury. Jaguar lotion, Yardley $3.50. Black-cowhide club bag with zipper closure, Enger Kress $25. Six gift set of eau de cologne, after-shave lotion and soap by the House of 4711 $7.50. Leather front cardigan has knit back of Kofel and wool. Brentwood $24. Black turtle neck wool sweater with vivid diagonal stripes. Drummond $20. Vétiver travel set of cologne and after-shave in plastic case. Carven, $7.75. That Man soap duo by Revlon $3.75. Brushed gold watch with leather strap. Kent $75. Crystal bottle of Royal Jester dry cologne by Royalty Cie $8.50. Pub cologne on walnut stand by Revlon, $10. Canoe cologne in smart, nautical-motif gift package. Dana, $24. Tan split-steerhide coat with shearling lining, by Lakeland $60. Green-suede topcoat with horn buttons and game-bird-print lining is by David Church, $150 at Neiman Marcus. Dress watch has six diamonds accenting dial treatment and black-suede strap. Hamilton $115. Feather-edge leather belt, by Paris, reverses from black to brown, $5. Snuff eau de cologne by Schiaparelli $2.75. Linde Star Sapphires set in sterling-silver cuff links are by Destino $100 at Neiman Marcus. New from Caswell-Massey: Persian Leather shave lotion $8.75. Currier & Ives cologne for men in white milk glass decanter $1.75



Gifts with International Flair. Leather travel bag with zipper closure. Charles Doppelt, $27. Waterproof calendar watch 18-k gold with alligator strap. Bulova, $175. Wool-knit double-breasted blazer sweater. Puritan, $35. Gold-plated-brass blazer buttons with embossed clipper ship. American Heritage $5. Deerskin gloves have removable wool-knit linings which may also be worn as gloves. Gates-Mills, $10. Eau de cologne Royale, by Roger & Gallet, $3.50. Zipper jacket of Crompton corduroy with stand-up collar and coffee-suede trim is fully lined in Orlon pile. Sir Jac by Stahl-Urban, $16. Green sweater with corduroy front and wool-knit back is Italian import designed by Leonardo Strassi for Caltax. $33. 007 cologne and after-shave set. Colgate-Palmolive. $3.50. Synthetic sealskin après-ski boot has Herculon pile lining and is waterproof by B. F. Goodrich. $17. Blue lapis cuff links are set in 14-k gold rope design. Lambert Brothers Jewelers. $60. St. Johns Bay gift set of bay rum talc and bath soap. $7. Strap watch, 14-k gold, is set with sapphires. Lucien Piccard. $300. Imported silk paisley tie by Countess Mara, $8.50. Royall Lyme tinted lotion and bath soap. $11. White V-neck pullover of Orlon with red and black trim, Robert Bruce, $15. Jack Nicklaus sweater of Orlon Acrylic by Revere. $18.

GO, MASSILLON GO!

(Continued from page 207) thing, it's the only thing.' And another, 'When the going gets tough the tough get going.' Opposing teams are awed, beaten in advance, yet they are almost all good teams with good records of their own, it is repeatedly pointed out. Winning breeds winning. Teams are crushed before kick-off by the Tigers' record confidence, spirit, their town's booster pride and anew their condition and training, their need and will, the skill and fire of the coach—the blaze in his eye, his desire.

"Tonight I became a Tiger," said Earle Bruce after the Tiger-Niles McKinley game played in 1964 (in the Akron Rubber Bowl to accommodate an overflowing 29,000 fans). This was the night of the Boosters' five hundred costume cowbells and players' jerseys with "Beat Niles!" on the back, and a last-minute game-save that was straight out of Stover at Yale.

Off-season the town is quieter. Its back streets—many of them—are rusty red brick bordered by tilting slate sidewalks, shaded by elms and shaggy-skinned silver maples. Victorian houses vintage 1906 and miniature Gilded Age palaces stand back, their trim lawns like skirts. The Massillon Woman's Club occupies a great grey castle and is neighbor to other grey castles on little hills in long afternoons of suburban silence; from here traffic on Lincoln Way (Route of Pioneers) sounds like a swarming of gnats. In the Massillon Museum the second-floor gallery is arranged with bridge chairs empty, waiting for a lecture by Mrs. Relle Potts on nineteenth-century costume. Mannequins, some headless, wear splendid faded gowns and wait, as it were, on stage in the silence. Some walls of the museum are lined with schoolchildren's space-age murals on brown paper; one shows a mass of drifting boys and girls like fish and says, as a title, 'Mrs. Shissler's Class Floats in Space Because There Is No Gravity.'

John Storck, then head of the Massillon Public Library next door, pointed out that the circulation of books is on the increase; he experiences some anxiety because outsiders, like myself, may fail to see the other (the word is slightly underlined) good things in town because of the obscuring football fame. He mentions the Woman's Club, its cultural activities, the Great Books Group, the Massillon Round Table, a men's cultural club twenty-five years old ("Last week we played out one of those war games"). The high school's championship debate team is mentioned, its award-winning choir, its blue-ribbon band. "Go talk to Jim Millas, rector out at St. Timothy's Church." I ought also, I'm told, to talk to Mayor Bill Keen and to John Ellis, Superintendent of Schools. There is more to Massillon than football. I am shown through the handsomely equipped and efficiently run children's library.

Two shopping centers threaten the town's small merchants (I notice a number of empty shops on the main street), but the economy is sound enough. Mayor Keen in his brown office in City Hall points this out. There was a slump in '68 when Republic laid off a large number of men, but recently they've taken on a lot more. There is no very poor class and no very rich one (the owners of the great mills do not live in Massillon). No Negro problem, the mayor says. "I've often seen Negroes as guests of members in the old Massillon Club. Of course, I don't say they would be members themselves. . . ." I'm told that in any case a committee of the Social Planning Council exists to cope with such problems as they arise. Mayor Keen, like almost everyone else in town, is friendly and open, proud of Massillon and its accomplishments. Winning football is important for the town, for its morale, even for its economy. And the mayor points out that their best—their winning—players have always been Massillon boys born and bred. (This is a sensitive area. Massillon is often accused by jealous rivals of getting work in the local mill for the father of a good player who lives too far away to attend Washington High. Heated denials. But it is true that the parents of a good player may move to Massillon so that their boy can play with the winners, get the scholarship, etc.) The mayor worries about the shopping centers, is afraid the small businessman will go the way of the small farmer. The town has thirty-four policemen. Outside of the mayor's office, in the vestibule, is a brown booth for paying parking-meter fines.

There is a Slovak Club and a Croatian American Club. There are two movie houses. There is a Baptist temple, a Christian Science church, churches of other Protestant denominations. (Coach Chuck Mather used to ask his boys to get to their knees before each game and pray, not for victory but that none of them got hurt.) In the main square under the windows of the YWCA, where Rotary meets each Thursday, a few old men, black and white, sit without apparent despair. The bars and diners have frankly smothering names: "Hideaway Lounge," the "Escape Bar and Grille," "Pancake House." In the golden motionless fifteen minutes before five o'clock supper teen-age boys swoop gracefully about on bikes as boys did thirty years ago. All is quiet. At night there is TV in the paid-for houses—the boosters' homes, and there are the bars for aging boys and girls—the eighteen-to-twenty-five-year group. These boys and girls play table shuffleboard under dusty paper streamers that welcome us in that motherly way to a quiet drink; quietly the aging kids get tight. At eleven o'clock Main Street shuts down. Except for an ominous piercing whistle from a ghostly soldier on leave, there is silence; I peer into a darkened furniture-store window filled with marbled syrup-colored tables and chairs. At the Massillon Motor Inn the beds are equipped with "Famous Magic Fingers Massaging Assembly. It quickly carries you into the land of Relaxation and Ease."

School colors are black and an orange that is described as "burnt" but is really citrus hue. Outside of the coach's office (in the school's newest wing) hangs a gallery of wall-size photos of past greats, the All-Americans. Starring is Harry Stuhldreher, Massillon '20, Notre Dame '24, one of the Four Horsemen; he ended his days as a public-relations man at United States Steel for Benjamin Fairless, another Massillon boy and a great booster. Quarterback Stuhldreher straddles the foreground in classic sepia photo stance, glowers under threatening brows, and looks hollow-cheeked, embattled, proud as a Sicilian, and endearingly a boy. There are others. Stanfield Wells, Massillon '08, U of Michigan '10, All-American end. Ed Molinski, Massillon '35, U. of Tennessee '39, Grantland Rice All-American choice for guard, now a doctor in Memphis. Lindell Houston, Massillon '38, Ohio State '42, All-American guard. Jim Houston, Massillon '55, Ohio State '59, All-American end, now defensive linebacker and corner man for the Cleveland Browns. Robert Vogel, Massillon '59, Ohio State '63, All-American end, now a tackle for the Baltimore Colts. At this writing there are about fifty Massillon graduates playing football in college.

During Coach Paul Brown's last years at Massillon, before the four-week spring practice stint was outlawed (it interfered with other sports), the high-school varsity used to scrimmage college teams and, often as not, beat them. Once they took Kent State, Ohio, in this way, and Kent went on in the season that followed to beat the team that later beat the team that later beat the team that played in the Rose Bowl, which means that the Tigers etc. Massillon has won nineteen state championships in the past thirty-three years. Since national high-school champions started being named in 1950, Massillon has been national champ twice. There are ten games a season, no bowl games or playoffs. If a team is good the Tigers play it gladly (they are fiercest against the champions of the year they missed, of course); if a team is a year-by-year loser, Massillon drops it from the schedule, both because it wants to pit its first-class football against first-class football and because poor opponents mean poor gates and, finally, the wrong kind of reputation. The greatest ten-game total attendance was 187,000 in 1946. The '64 total was 143,000. Top price for an adult season ticket is $12. Adult reserved seats are $1.25 and $1.75. General student admission is fifty cents. One fan, a Mr. James A. Evans, who is a consulting engineer in Massillon, has missed only four games since 1934, which means he has attended some three hundred Massillon football contests at a cost to him of no more than $300. Boosting does not come high, and there are the rewards of success, of sharing victory and fame, of being up instead of down, of being on the inside looking out, of three decades of riding tallest, all of which makes any amount of invested money seem somewhat paltry. (Remember that day in '59 when Massillon beat Barberton 90-0?)

In spite of Evans' record the Tigers' number-one fans are and for years have been Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Basler of Massillon. Mr. and Mrs. Basler (he is trucking traffic manager for a local company) have been "written up" before, because their lives and emotions are so closely tied to Tiger Town football and to individual players. While all of Mrs. Basler's ranch-style house has Tiger decor (colors are relentlessly orange and black in every effect, and she has her own racks and shelves of team souvenirs), it is in Mr. Basler's finished basement den that the visitor is amazed. Beside full-dress team photos that date from 1935 (Modern Era), the football autographed by great players and visiting coaches, and autographed photos of coaches and players and files of records and so on, there is a sea of gadgets and miniature memorials: platters and ashtrays with sports-page headlines embedded in them, black-and-orange "M" pillows, stuffed tigers, Tiger rugs, Tiger pennants, a simulated tigerskin with a music box that plays *Hold That Tiger* sewed into it, bobbly-headed Tiger football dolls, Tiger megaphones, one of the famous cowbells, ceramic ballplayers, Tiger ash trays all sizes, bins of booster pins and stickers and decals, footballs in all shades, in scale from pro down to baby, bowls of orange-and-black Halloween candy, tiger tails from an oil company's recent ad campaign, and behind the bar, among the real bottles, some fakes ("Old Tiger Premium Quality Bilge") and an apparently real orange fire in a black grate. Mr. Basler wears a football tieclip and a wristwatch with a tiger whose paws point to the hour (a recent gift from Mrs. Basler). Mrs. Basler, who, like her husband, is hospitable and warmhearted, even wears orange slippers with a black pompon on the toe of each. This is Tiger Town booster spirit personified and of course in this closed context it appears to be overheated.

Dr. John Ellis is Massillon Superintendent of Schools.

"At this stage in our history—we are an industrial town—we need football," he says. "What we want to aim at more and more is emphasis on the academic, not reduction of emphasis on football. Let's give *visibility* to our academic program and try to get Massillon's image diversified in the state." The point is that there is trouble acquiring first-rate teachers for the school system; the town's "football-crazy" reputation stops good applicants, they are afraid that scholarship will be put in the shade.

But Dr. Ellis sees football excellence as a standard to which the other educational elements must aspire and explains the team's continuing success in terms of the poor boy's psychology, a 'drive for upward mobility'—striving to be All-American. "If you want to do something well you have to see it done well. Our kids see excellent football from the time they're conscious." He wonders if an indulging middle-class economy in Massillon would not hurt the team, since children in such an economy might not strive in the same way. Dr. Ellis sees Tiger football prowess as a weapon; it is one more aspect of the importance of winning. 'We're first in football,' he says to the school board, "now let's be first in everything else."

To underline the effort toward academic excellence and as an hospitable gesture I am Bruce's guest at a Rotary luncheon where the speakers are a pair of Massillon High seniors—top scholars who were sent by Rotary to the World Affairs Institute in Cincinnati and have returned to report.

Rotary badges are in a rack by the door: "Service Above Self. Earle Bruce—Athletics." (If a Rotarian fails to pick up his badge he is fined ten cents. Bruce does not forget.) It is a large second-story room in the YWCA building opposite City Hall and I can almost see down into Mayor Keen's office, on the square beyond, one of the thirty-four policemen stands sturdily writing up parking-meter tickets. We are handed platters of roast-beef sandwiches with mashed potatoes and dishes of pie, then we find room at one of the long tables. The badges opposite me say "Groceries—retail" and "Jewelry." Then a badgeless guest like me. On my right is "Jim" (as well as his full name) and his profession: "Religion—Protestant." At the speak-

Right and Racy. Exclusive 'Tran Cloth' raincoat of Dacron and cotton has removable multicolor Acrilan-pile lining. Gleneagles $55. Jade cuff links and tie-tack set in 14-k gold overlay by Krementz. $17.50. Mark II after-shower cologne on brass stand. Il ciok $5. Royal blue, red and gold paisley tie. Rosilo, $3.50. Travel set of English Leather all-purpose lotion and powder in plastic bottles. Mem $3. Dressy tie combines black, bronze and rust woven stripes in a polyester fabric. Wembley $3.50. Black raincoat of permanent-press Dacron and cotton has split raglan-sleeve styling and a bal collar. Alligator $35. Men's watch, 17 jewels, has Florentine textured bezel and mesh-surface bracelet. Ventage $30. International Club after-shave, cologne and foam shave cream in a brass wall holder. $7.50. *Figaro* cologne, after-shave and bath soap trio. Monsieur Lanvin. $8.75. Honey-colored ostrich-grained-calf pocket secretary. St. Thomas $10. Gold-capped bottle of Piping Rock cologne. $5. Seven Seas cologne and after shave in nautical design bottles with handles. $3.50. For the men with drive, a club filled with refreshing 'Tournament' after-shave by Alfred Dunhill. $3. Black grained leather après-ski boot with zipper closure and crests of leading ski areas is fleece lined, has rubber sole. Crosby Square $17.

If you can't decide what to get him for Christmas, let Jiffies add to your confusion.

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Where to buy it? See page 313.

Where to buy it? See page 319.

Power Driven. Cordless electric shaver is ready for action anywhere $39.95 Schick. Stereophonic tape recorder loads itself in seconds and plays uninterrupted for over nine hours $449 speakers $79 each Ampex. Cordless tape recorder works on power cell with built in recharger $129.95 V M. French molded kit has single-cylinder engine. Three-speed foot-shift clutch $295 Peugeot. Battery-operated cartridge in portable tape recorder features one-button control of all tape movements less than $120 Norelco. Turntable conforms to professional broadcasting-quality standards $78 Acoustic Research. Subminiature camera you just point and shoot about $65 Yashica. Return-A-Lane's Norco is ready for use anyplace $303.98. Automatic cartridge loading camera features a two-speed shutter and comes with film and flash bulbs $16.15 Revere. London-made Barling "Crown" pipe is example of fine craftsmanship, $27.50 Falcon. Other pipe uses a replaceable filter $5 Weber. Decorator wall clock has transistor movements $29.95 Seth Thomas. Subminiature dart gun is gas operated, $154.95 High Standard. Two-speed blender cools any produce at eleven speeds $39.95 Ronson. Slim-line attaché case is practically indestructible, $22.95 Oshkosh. Push-button liquidizer has automatic timer $59.95 Knapp-Monarch

ers' table are two narrow, bright-looking, spectacled youngsters, they confer soberly without apparent nervousness. Coach Bruce, nicknameless, is on my left.

Wasing *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*, standing Jim offers a rather long blessing. After that we sing again. Then the introduction of guests. "Tom Lovett has a business associate from Cleveland here with him—Bill Garfield!" The room responds in chorus "Hi, Bill!" Each guest rises briefly. The Salvation Army presents a medallion and its thanks for a classroom that Rotary has subsidized. The ten-cent fines are collected, the incoming President introduced (he forgot his badge, antes up a dime) etc. Then the two scholars introducing each other, offer efficient, well balanced and intelligent résumés of their share in and observations of the World Affairs Institute meetings. They are poised and calm before these men who are their community's leaders, they tell us enough, not too much (even then, in the big low ceilinged room a gray head or two nods), it is clear that whatever more there is to Massillon than football partakes of winning too.

"When the going gets tough the tough get going."

Saturday after the Friday-night game the team falls out to the stadium, works up a light sweat on the field, is checked for hidden injuries. On Sunday all the Tigers gather to analyze films of the game, swap barbs of criticism, discuss opportunities missed and exploited, plan tactics for next week's game.

At two thirty after school on Monday there is light practice to loosen up. Team and coaches analyze films again, now more closely. On Tuesday, same hour, specific game plans are put forward. John Behling and Stone Morton are defensive and offensive backfield coaches respectively (both served with Bruce before he came to Massillon). "Ducky" Schroeder is the veteran end and tackle coach. Nick Vrotsos is guard and center coach. All start to apply pressure, especially when they have heard the scouts' ($1500 in the budget) report on the condition of the upcoming opponent. They go through new defenses and the new offensive plays.

Normally Wednesday is for defensive practice. It is exacting and rigorous work. On Thursdays the Tigers work on specialties: kickoff and return, field goals and conversions, punts, timing of plays etc. Thursday night Tigers meet their Sideliners at the American Legion Post, come back for the seconds and even thirds of chicken or salisbury steak, and later in the smoky pale Ohio October dusk have a good stroll and a good talk.

Except for the one against Canton McKinley, Friday is game day. No practice. The rally begins in the gym at three p.m., and the entire school—it has been quiet and controlled all day—takes part, rather. It breaks loose and frequently as not, especially before traditional games, spills over into a full-scale through town parade, which all of the citizens watch or participate in: banners up and down Main Street, floats, cheerleaders, open cars, the Washington High band in uniform with baton twirlers in front. Stores close, churches open, police and officials and reporters foregather, crowds begin to move in from all parts of eastern Ohio and from farther away, evening folds down. Here and there—in bars, doorways, expensive cars—odds are argued, bets placed. Excitement gathers steadily, drawing everything to Massillon and football. The opposing team, bearing its courage like a trophy before it, has arrived by now. Guards and police begin their work of traffic manipulating and anxious mothers begin their visions of injuries. The Tigers have eaten the training meal of steak, baked potatoes, dry toast and tea, and they are briefly free in the way soldiers are free in a war before the awful appointments; alone and wandering among their thoughts or walking with a friend, anxiously going over and over the keys for the plays, perhaps drifting into a church. ("Just because you're an athlete doesn't mean you're an atheist," says Booster Reusser.) Then bus to the stadium at six, a walk around the battlefield, throw a penny over a goal post for luck, taping of knees and ankles, the ceremony of football dress. Centers, punters and quarterbacks go out to practice from seven to seven thirty. Everyone lops the field, does basic calisthenics. Game time is eight.

"Hold that Tiger!"

The flag is raised; the *National Anthem*. At the words "And the rocket's red glare . . ." up goes a fiery bouquet of rockets. The stadium lights are damped; each player runs out on the field between lines of bandsmen as the public address crackles with his name and position. Cheers. (During Coach Strang's "moon man" heyday the boys wore white shoes and space-flight helmets.) After each touchdown—and Massillon scores often—a skyrocket ascends the curving black night, and 22,000 cheer. Films are made of each play in the first quarter, developed during the second quarter, analyzed between halves. There is often some accident of glamor in the second half, and Massillon may drop behind, somehow fail and then save the game by miracles of skill and bravery and endurance that make even cynics misty. The football sparkle through the night. Dust flies up into the searing lights. An airplane drones over on its route, but that's from life in another world—the one outside of Massillon. Here there is only the thud and prickly sweat of the world's toughest game, the rawhide cheers, another rocket. Someone lets loose a flock of bright balloons—hundreds of them. The Boosters are outdoing themselves. And at last, of course, but hard-won, victory. And a victory celebration, which the players are too exhausted to attend. The young warriors—fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old—are led home to bed. Lights out. The town calms a bit. Wagers are collected. You and I have a drink.

On Saturday after the Friday night game the team falls out, works up a light sweat on the field.

When a male baby is born to a Massillon mother, and mother and son are about to check out of the hospital, Booster Club President Reusser or his deputy presents the freshly hatched with a little football that has inscribed on it "Tiger Booster Club." The mother in her necessary wheel chair, nurse behind holding the box of candy Dad presented in gratitude for service and this gift of a child, rosy male infant flashing its blue I.D. bracelet in the unexpected sunshine, the football, the Booster hunting, Dad with camera ready, friends from hospital windows above look down on the promise of honorable endeavor and of the victories we all need to sustain us.

Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing. ###

THIRST

(Continued from page 206) where they put him down that they saw the ugly wound on his bared chest. A certain Zhivan from the village of Goraldo, who had joined the patrol as a guide and scout, recognized Lazar right away. They were from the same village, both their families honored the same patron saint, St. John.

The bandit rolled his big grey eyes, which had grown clear through his lying in the open and beside the water, but which now were kindled by fever. The commandant asked Zhivan to confirm once more that this really was Lazar. They were all leaning over the bandit. Zhivan addressed him for a second time.

"It's you, Lazar!"

"I can see you know me better than I know you."

"You know me, Lazar. Sure you know me."

"And if I hadn't known you before, I'd sure know you now. I would know who you are and what you are. And so would every last villager from here to Goraldo . . . every man who calls himself a Serb or a Turk would know you. If I brought along the biggest fool of a child and he could see us the way we are, he'd say, 'The one lying tied up on the ground, that's Lazar; and the one bending over him, that's Zhivan!'"

The bandit had a fevered need to talk and mark time, while Zhivan wanted to assert himself and protect his reputation before the company, and who knows how long the two of them would have bickered in this fashion if the commandant had not interrupted them. But the bandit met all further questions with silence. He would say nothing about his accomplices and protectors, using the excuse that he was wounded and in pain. After consulting with the patrol sergeant, a strapping man from the province of Lika, the commandant issued strict orders that the bandit was not to be given a single drop of water no matter how much he begged for it, and if he did ask for it, they were to get in touch with him.

While they were readying a stretcher to carry the wounded bandit, the young commandant sat down some distance away to rest and collect himself. Planting an elbow on his knee, he dropped his chin on the palm of his hand and gazed at the mountains, which had only just turned green and were as endless as the sea. He wanted to think about his success, about the commendation that awaited him, and about resting up in the company of his wife. And he could not dwell on anything. All he felt was a leaden exhaustion, which he resented and fought as a man caught in the snow at night fights against sleep and freezing. Wrenching himself up from the ground, he rose and ordered a move on. A second patrol overtook and joined them. Now there were nine men in all. The litter they had improvised for the bandit was made of gnarled branches and rough. One of the gendarmes threw his tunic over it, almost as if he did not expect to see it again.

They traveled by slow marches. The sun was beginning to burn in earnest. The commandant, who rode in the rear of the litter, was forced to move on ahead because the stench of the wounded man was unbearable. It was only after midday, when they had climbed down to the Glasinac Plain, that they managed to commandeer a cart and oxen from a peasant. In this way, shortly before sundown, they reached the broad valley at the head of which was the village of Sokolac. They looked like a party returning from a hunt, save that the huntsmen were lost in thought and their game was extraordinary.

The women and children of the village gathered at the window in front of the barracks. Among them, too, was the wife of the commandant. At first she gave no thought to the bandit and merely waited for her husband, as always. But as the women began to chatter more excitedly about the man on the litter and their talk grew more and more lurid and as the procession came nearer, slow and drawn-out like a funeral, she too was filled with a sense of misgiving and trepidation. At last they arrived. The men noisily threw open the left wing of the barrack gate, which ordinarily was done only when a cartload of wood or hay had to be taken in. There, the commandant dismounted, hitting the ground with a thud, as dead-tired riders are wont to do. The young woman felt the scratch of his sharp stubble on her cheeks and smelled the odor of sweat, earth and rain which he always brought back from these official expeditions.

While he gave his orders, she stole a glance at the bandit, who lay bound and motionless. His eyes didn't seem to see anyone. The acrid stench of a wounded animal spread out of him.

Having ordered all that was necessary, the commandant took his wife's hand and led her into the house, so that she would not watch them untie and unload the bandit. After he had washed himself and changed he went out once more to see how they had settled and secured the man. Lazar was locked in the cellar under the commandant's apartment, which was to serve as temporary jail. The door was not a strong one; the upper half had iron bars, and the lock on it was an ordinary one. Thus a man had to be detailed to stand guard in front of it all through the night.

The commandant ate sparsely, but talked a great deal with his wife. He chatted about trifles and was lively and cheerful as a boy. He was well satisfied. He had caught the leading and most dangerous bandit, after five months of strenuous tramping up and down the mountains and after an unnerving correspondence from his superior officer at Rogatica and from the headquarters at Sarajevo. He would find out from Lazar about the hideouts of his accomplices and so earn a respite and official recognition.

"What if he doesn't give them away?" asked his wife timidly.

"He will. He'll have to!" replied the commandant, unwilling to discuss it further with his wife.

Presently he grew sleepy. Fatigue pulled at him heavily, stronger than his joy or his hunger, or his desire for his wife. The freshness of the bed linen went to his head like wine. He made an effort to speak and show that he was not sleepy, but words became crushed on his lips and the pauses between them grew longer. He fell asleep in the middle of a sentence, the fingers of his left hand still resting on his wife's small, white round shoulder.

The woman didn't feel like sleeping. She was content and excited and also frightened and sad. She gazed long at the man sleeping beside her with his right cheek sunk in the softness of the down, his lips slightly parted as though he were greedily drinking the pillow. Re-

Plurality Plus. Movie projector has automatic film loading, $125 Argus. Speedshaver with pop-up trimmer, about $30 Norelco. Single-band transistor radio is pocket size $14.95 Toshiba. Desk set with curved walnut base $50 Sheaffer. Single lens reflex camera takes pictures through a stationary mirror which reflects image into viewfinder, less than $320 Canon. Travel bar has everything for coffee break $29.95 Wes-Ever. Electric knife with safety blade-release switch $27.95 Hamilton Beach. Movie camera automatically sets itself for proper film speed less than $160 Bell & Howell. Crushed ice in seconds with Ice-O-Matic $21.95 Rival. Stereo tape recorder has professional features $299.95 Wollensak. Keeping accessories French purse of mink $16 baby-leopard-dyed-calfskin cigarette pouch $7.50 clutch with leather tray $15 all Ingo Rosse. Electric shoe polisher $39.95 range $34.95 West Bend. Theatre automatic electric coffee maker $24.95 Oster. Desk set has handy compartments $25 Parker. Insulated food container $3.25 Aladdin. Continental styled pipes $5.95 each Dr. Grabow. Bookshelf stereophonic phonograph-radio $195 Admiral. Tobacco named for first successful tobacco grower John Rolfe $2.50 Larus & Brothers

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

Where to buy it? See page 319.

Accent on Scent. Excellent for the man on the go: vinyl scuffs in travel case, Burlington, $6. New cologne in distinctive package by Kent of London, $4.50. Fully lined black-on-gold polka-dot acetate-satin robe with shawl collar, Regal, $25. Teak cologne and after-shave duo in bark-mapped glass bottles, Shulton, $8. Sportsman Limited Edition unique vintage cologne in pewtered flask, $18. Mr. I.D. card-case of brown belting leather holds twenty-four cards, Bosca, $12.50. Watch, 18-k white gold with houndstooth-checked-fabric strap, Universal Genève, $175. Rip Tide cologne and after-shave duo, $7.50. Dacron and nylon-tricot pajamas, $15; nylon-tricot robe, $11, both by Munsingwear. Unicorn gift set of cologne and two bars of soap, by Brentini, $9, at Neiman-Marcus. Stampede after-shave lotion is bottled in replica of historic amber pressed-glass whiskey flask, $2.50, at Sears Roebuck. Yardley Original gift set of shaving foam, after-shaving lotion, cologne and dry-skin talc, $5.50. Miniature jug of Moonshine cologne comes packaged in burlap bag, $3. Sterling-silver-inlay initialed cuff links and tie tack designed by Oleg Cassini for Hickok, $10. Scotch Heather cologne-and-after-shave-lotion gift set by Seaforth, $4. James Bond 007 cotton terry-cloth belted shave coat with shawl collar, Waldon, $9.

tween a person who is wide-awake and his sleeping mate there is always a great and chilly distance, which grows with each new minute and becomes filled with mystery and a strange sense of desolation and tomblike loneliness. The woman tried to fall asleep. She closed her eyes and breathed evenly, but was startled out of her first light sleep by the changing of the guard in front of the cellar door. As if she had never slept or thought of anything else, her mind returned to the bandit.

The new guard was Zhivan, Lazar's compatriot. Now she realized that she had not been awakened so much by the change of sentries as by Lazar's crying and calling. The prisoner was asking for water.

"Which of you is out there now?"

There was no answer.

"Is it you, Zhivan?"

"That's right. Shut up!"

"How can I shut up, you infidel, when I'm dying of thirst and fever. Give me a little water, Zhivan, for the love of God, so I won't die a slow death like a beast!"

Zhivan made as if he didn't hear and gave no answer in the hope that Lazar would get tired of begging. But the man called him again in a low, hoarse voice.

"If you know what it is to be a slave and in pain of torture, don't play deaf with me, Zhivan, and may your children stay alive!"

"Leave my children out of it! You know I've got my orders and I'm on duty. Keep quiet! You'll wake up the commandant."

"Let him wake up. He has no right to sleep. He's worse than a Turk . . . killing me with thirst, on top of all my troubles. I beg you, in God's name, hand me a little water through the bars."

As they went on talking in muffled voices the woman learned that he was being kept off water on the orders of her husband, who was determined to force him with thirst to betray his fellow bandits and helpers. And Lazar in his turn, racked by unbearable thirst and the fire in his blood, apparently found a certain relief in obstinately repeating the word: Water. He would lie still for a few minutes only to heave a long and deep sigh immediately afterward and follow it up by a spate of words.

"Ah, Zhivan, Zhivan . . . may you never taste my salt and bread again, that you make me suffer like this, worse than a gypsy. Give me a jugger of water and then you can make short work of me . . . and no one will be the wiser in this world or the next. Oh h h!"

But Zhivan had stopped answering him.

"Zhivan . . . Zhivan! I beg of you. . . . I'm burning up!"

Silence. Afterward, a ragged last-quarter moon bobbed up in the sky. Zhivan had backed away into the shadows and when he spoke, his voice was an indistinct mumble. The bandit was now loudly addressing the commandant.

"Oh, Captain, stop torturing me needlessly! I hope your bread rots in your mouth!"

After each one of his imprecations, the silence closed in more thickly. In that silence the bandit growled and moaned heavily, no longer bothering to lower his voice and heedless of what he was saying.

"O-o-oh! Heathen sons of bitches! May you drink blood through all eternity and never slake your thirst! I hope you choke on our blood. Where are you, Captain, you son of a she-wolf?"

He shouted the last few words in a smothered, helpless voice that peeled strenuously off his parched palate. Once again Zhivan tried to silence him, promising that he would call the commandant first thing in the morning and that they were sure to give him water, if only he would tell them what they asked; till then he would have to be patient. But Lazar, in his fever, forgot everything after a few moments and started wailing again.

"Zhivan, I beseech you, in the name of God. . . . I'm burning! Water!"

And like a child he repeated the word a hundred times, his voice and speech waxing and falling with his uneven, fevered breath.

Wide-awake and shivery, the woman heard it all, sitting on the edge of the bed, scarcely aware of her body and of the room around her. She was overwhelmed by a new terror, a kind she had not known till then, touched off by the prisoner's groans and by Zhivan's hissed warnings and by the deep, exhausted sleep of the man beside her.

When she was still a child in her parents' home, it had happened sometimes during the nights when she could not sleep, in the spring or in the autumn, that she spent the whole night listening to such monotonous and frightening sounds from outside: the wind rattling the metal vent at the top of the chimney, or the banging of the garden gate which someone had forgotten to lock. As a child, she had endowed those noises with a special meaning: she had imagined that they were living creatures who were struggling, rasping and sobbing. Life often transmutes on a larger plane the imaginings and terrors of our childhood, and out of fancied appalling fears weaves some real and potent ones. She thought how wonderful it would be if the innocent horrors which once had disturbed the sleep of her girlhood were true, and the reality of this night, in the godforsaken village in her married bed, and the dreadful talk and moans of the bandit down below were nothing more than a dream and will-o-the-wisp.

And during all this time—just like a tinny chimney vent or a loose board somewhere on an open door in the wind—there could be heard, almost at regular intervals, the steady labored breath of a man in high fever and a weary human voice as it gasped in fits and starts through a parched, wide open mouth, over a thick and coated tongue.

"Water, water! A-a-ah!"

Zhivan's watch presently came to an end and he was relieved by another gendarme, yet the bandit's appeals for water did not cease; they merely grew feebler and more tired. The woman continued to sit up stiffly, listening to every sound from down below and thinking the same thought over and over, endlessly and inconclusively. How was she to fathom and understand this life and these people? All she could see was that on the one side were the gendarmes and on the other bandits (two aspects of the same misfortune), that they pursued each other without mercy and that here, caught between the two of them, a person was certain to pine to death from sorrow and pity.

For months past there had been a lot of talk in Sokolac about this man Lazar. She had heard awful tales of his cruelty, how he tortured in the most brutal ways the peasants who wouldn't yield to him, how he shot gendarmes from ambush, stripped their bodies to the skin and left them naked on the road. And now she was

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witnessing how the gendarmes repaid him in kind. Could this possibly go on forever? It seemed to her that they were all rushing toward some kind of an abyss and that they would all perish together in a night just like this, destined never to see the light of dawn, in blood and thirst, among unspeakable horrors.

She thought now and then of waking her husband and begging him to dispel, with a word or with one of his smiles, all of this, as though it were a terrible dream. But she could not move from the spot nor wake her husband, and sat still on the edge of the bed almost as if the body beside her were a corpse, and listened to the voice in the cellar, all alone with her terror and her questions. She even thought of saying the prayers they had taught her in childhood, but they were prayers for another, a forgotten and vanished kind of life, and they gave her no clue or comfort. As if making peace with her own death, she resigned herself to the thought that the wailing man would go on wailing and imploring forever, and the man sleeping and breathing beside her would thus sleep and remain still forever.

The night kept pressing in from all sides, growing thicker and heavier. This was no longer an ordinary night, one of the countless ones in the string of days and nights, but one long-drawn-out and perpetual desert of gloom in which the last man alive was moaning and crying for help, begging hopelessly and in vain for a drop of water. But in the whole wide world of God, with its waters, rains and dew, there was not a single tear of water, and among all the living creatures not a single hand to offer it. All waters had run dry, all mankind pined away. Only the frail rushlight of her consciousness still flickered like a sole witness of all these things.

At last came the dawn. Not daring to believe her own eyes, the woman watched the slow paling of the wall, at the same spot where it always paled at daybreak, and saw how the morning twilight, first pearly and then pink, spread through the room and carved and brought to life all the objects in it.

If she strained hard, she could still make out the bandit's voice, but from a great distance as it were. The cursing and sobs had stopped. There was only an occasional, dull, "A-a-ah!" And she guessed that, rather than heard it.

Although daylight was growing stronger, the woman had no strength to move. Doubled and rigid all over, with her chin in the palms of her hands she was crouching on the edge of the bed and never even noticed that her husband had awakened.

He opened his rested eyes and his gaze fell on the curved back of his wife and on the milky-white nape of her neck. At that point, when the first haze of sleep cleared from his eyes, the sense of the joyful reality flooded back into him, bathing him like a warm and luxuriant wave. He wanted to call his wife, to sing her name out aloud, but changed his mind. Smiling, he raised himself a little, making no sound, then propped himself on his left elbow and, with his free right hand, without a word, suddenly took her shoulders, pulled her over and brought her down under him.

The woman struggled briefly and in vain. The unexpected and irresistible embrace seemed dreadful to her. It seemed blasphemous and unthinkable to her that she should betray so swiftly and easily, and without any explanation, the world of the night in which up to that moment she had lived and suffered, alone with her anguish. She wanted to hold him back and convince him that it was not possible, that there were grave and painful things which she had to tell him first and over which one could not pass so lightly into everyday life. Bitter words rose to her tongue, but she could not speak a single one. Her husband didn't even notice this sign of her resistance, this incomplete sound that never managed to harden into a word. She would have pushed him away, but her movements were not nearly as strong as her bitterness or as swift as her thoughts. The very heat of that awakened and vigorous body crushed her like a great weight. Like an obedient machine, the bones and muscles of her young body gave way. Her mouth was sealed by his lips. She felt him on her like a huge rock, to which she was lashed and with which together she was plunging downward like an arrow that could not be stopped.

Losing all recollection not only of last night but of all life, she sank into the deaf and juicy sea of the familiar and ever-new pleasure. Above her floated the last traces of her nighttime thoughts and resolutions and of all human compassion, evaporating one after another like watery bubbles over a drowning person.

The white, profusely draped room quickly filled with the vivid light of day. ##

REDESIGNING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

(Continued from page 255) park and urban sophistication. Two-bedroom apartments in this area start at $285 per month.

3 Cow Hollow, San Francisco, between Greenwich Street and Broadway, and Divisadero and Lyon Streets on the east and west. The most imaginative area in the heart of the city. Lively, non-snobbish. Refurbished Victorian buildings, apartments around $200 a month. Town houses cost up to $90,000.

4. Six Moon Hill, Lexington, Massachusetts. Walter Gropius and some other architects formed a cooperative to build a pleasant community of interesting houses, good recreational areas, cultivated neighbors who "leave each other alone." A half hour from Boston. Houses and lots for around $55,000.

5 Bainbridge Island, Seattle. By ferry thirty-five minutes from downtown. In the middle of Puget Sound with great views of the Cascades and Olympic mountain ranges; sheltered coves, inlets. A home with a good view goes for about $32,000.

6 A three-mile radius of Shaker Square, Cleveland, Ohio. Midwestern living at its most varied and cosmopolitan, rolling hills and lakes; rapid transit puts it ten minutes from downtown. Houses and lots average between $25,000 and $80,000.

7 Druid Hills, Atlanta. Not the poshest residential area in the South, but perhaps the most pleasant, and, because of its nearness to Emory University and its academic and professional air, not fraught with integration problems. Rolling hills, full of dogwood, large, handsome, well-tended homes. House and lot for around $30,000 to $40,000.

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9 The San Roque foothills Santa Barbara California As near as most of the designers and architects want to be to Los Angeles. The city is interesting on its own and full of scientists intellectuals professional people. A reasonably enlightened city government has kept an eye on construction ever since an earthquake wiped out a lot less interesting architecture in the Twenties Hill homes with views of the Pacific, $35,000 to $55,000 with an acre lot.

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NEWS FOR NOSE

(Continued from page 192) The guide to the leading colognes, categorized by their main natural aromas, follows Read now and do your sniffing later

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Where to buy it? See page 319

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(Continued from page 150) study. No effort need be made or should be made to protect individuals from the consequences of their own errors, indiscretions or passion. Parents of Harvard and Radcliffe applicants who feel their children need a more protective environment should, no doubt, be put firmly on notice so that they may send them elsewhere.

It is clear that from among those who accept this bargain we will have all the students we can accommodate and presumably they will be more mature. We will need waste no energy or money in providing the surrogates of parenthood beyond the appointed time. There will be misfortunes, but it will be recognized that these are inherent in personality and not the result of failure of efforts to control it. Our deans will be able to turn gratefully to the more welcome tasks of teaching and scholarship. Above all no moral or biological issue being involved, we will be spared, praise God, any further discussion of these rules. Those who (one hopes on the basis of some special competence) are fascinated by the question of whether undergraduates are improved or damaged by fornication can organize private discussion groups or, if married, talk about it with their wives.

John Kenneth Galbraith

JAMES MICHENER

(Continued from page 150) the work of the shadowy figures and I watch with some amusement the struggles of the imagists to perpetuate themselves.

Yet at the same time I must confess that public life would be very dull indeed without the presence of the image-makers. It sometimes seems to me as if society required a small percentage of its citizens to be visible artists—never mind whether they are real artists or not—simply to reassure that society that it is paying at least lip service to the cause of the arts. I have long suspected that any contemporary society that was in good health (and by that I mean working to extend its frontiers and more or less eager to go to war) had little use for living artists and damned little need for them either, but that in the nagging rear of its collective mind it remembered that all the great civilizations of the past are remembered primarily because of what their artists accomplished and that therefore to hedge one's bets a civilization ought to have a quota of kept artists on hand merely to insure its position in the future.

Now such artists ought to look like artists, ought to be immediately recognized as such. Thus Salvador Dali and Pablo Picasso serve very important roles in our contemporary society. So did Oscar Wilde and Edgar Poe in theirs. So do Truman Capote and Edith Sitwell. So do Hemingway and Françoise Sagan. They remind an art-indifferent society that it too has certain hedges against obscurity. But whether this role fulfillment has anything to do with art in the long perspective I doubt most seriously. It is a religious ritualistic propitiation and the persons involved are best thought of in the role of acolytes furthering a cabalistic cause, although I must admit that classifying Miss Sagan as a vestal virgin, which she is, causes me some discomfort.

I once observed an almost perfect example of what I'm talking about. When the United States Occupation Forces sprawled all over Japan they automatically came into contact with one of the world's most prolific producers of artists. There were literally hundreds of them, many of them men with true genius. But the American military was never altogether happy with these scraggly artists, yet at the same time everyone knew that a cen-

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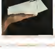

← Where to buy it? See page 319

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quering army ought to patronize the arts. No one knows quite how to do this for the artists who were worth patronage were a pretty nondescript lot: little men in black sack suits who were working hard to make a living and who often needed glasses or dental work. So no communication was possible between the conquering military and the honest artists.

Into this hiatus stepped Paul Jacquolet, a Parisian expatriate living in a romantic mountain hideout in Central Japan. He had long hair, longer fingernails, an ascetic face set off by rouge and lipstick and mascara, and a wardrobe that Cecil B. De Mille would have envied. What was best of all, he did woodblock prints of exotic subjects much in the style of Maxfield Parrish. Girls half nude against tropical flowers remain a strong impression in my memory, but he was a good deal more than a mere illustrator. His line was exquisite and his use of color was good. But the important thing was that Jacquolet immediately created the impression of "an artist." He was accordingly swept up by the generals' wives and he became the official kept artist of the Occupation. Just as all good Germans always knew one Jew whom they befriended, so we all knew an artist whom we supported. (Never mind that a hundred great original men were starving.) It became fashionable to have Paul Jacquolet at one's parties. Everyone had a set of his prints, especially those from the more exotic South Sea islands. Everyone felt at ease that the United States was sponsoring art. And the whole damned thing would have fallen flat on its face and accomplished nothing if Jacquolet had not looked like an artist. He accomplished a great deal more, I must confess, than Jackson Pollock ever could have.

It should be obvious that I consider image creation a totally irrelevant aspect of a life within the arts and I can therefore have not much sympathy with Gore Vidal's proper and understandable concern over this matter. One of my great literary heroes, Balzac, spent a good deal of time and energy creating an image which he dutifully enlarged and protected. I don't think the less of him for this. I consider it wholly irrelevant. I retain a high regard for the exquisite manner in which Truman Capote uses words and sentences and indeed envy him this subtle skill; as to his work in the image creation field I have no opinion one way or the other. I suppose I tend to feel that if he does it well I don't have to worry about it myself because civilization's minimum quota for this sort of thing is being filled and most ably by a man who does it well. We have our age's Lord Byron; the rest of us can get on with the job of being Thackerays.

So far as I can recall, no one has ever recognized me in public. I would suppose that my image is totally nil, not even as faintly alive as Robert Penn Warren's, whose image I would put close to the nil point. In the recent political campaign it was most disturbing to the people who organized one extensive tour to discover that in the twelve Midwestern states in which we campaigned with three speeches a day, not one person knew who I was by sight and only about one in a hundred had ever heard of me in any other capacity either. (I suspect they would not have known Capote or Vidal either; they would have known Hemingway and Arthur Miller, but the latter solely as the husband of Marilyn Monroe.) After about five cold and chilly days of this they switched my identification to "The Man Who Wrote the TV Series, *Adventures in Paradise*." It was astonishing how many people clustered around to talk with me and to assure me that *that* was their very favorite television show and did I actually know Gardner McKay, pant, pant? From these and hundreds of similar experiences I have come to the conclusion that my image is something that I need never worry about and that the creation of images had best be left to others more skilled in the field.

I had strong reaffirmation of this conclusion when I watched the use being made of Robert Frost at the Inaugural. I thought, "Every administration ought to have its kept poet the way the Hapsburgs used to have kept painters. And we're so lucky that ours looks like a poet." Later I reflected, "And we're

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especially lucky that he's too old to write any poetry because that might be embarrassing."

To conclude the analysis of my first position, there remains the question: Does a man with no image at all regret his nakedness and does he envy those who are more fortunate? I am not conspicuously qualified to answer this, because I came to writing at a much more mature age than almost anyone else you know. I can not therefore speak as a young man who feels the weight of his full future before him. Furthermore, I can recall to the minute when I decided to be a writer, and to have such [illegible] of an art of will bespeaks an entirely unique set of values.

I was managing editor of a department within the large Macmillan Company, which was then owned in large part by Macmillan's of London, and one of my duties was to be nice to the visiting authors from London. I suppose our heads were eager to curry favor with the home office because whenever an English writer appeared on the scene we fell all over ourselves trying to be nice. We gave lunches, dressed in our best blue suits, bowed and scraped as they got off the boat, thanked them for bringing culture to our shores, and arranged teas and parties and radio appearances and interviews. In other words, we did our damnedest to build an image of these gifted writers, composed nine-tenths of clotted cream and one-tenth Oxford accent. Among the most impressed among the yokels was I, and I can even now recite the names of fifty such worthies.

One day in the big boss's absence it fell to me to sign the royalty statement for the year and to my astonishment I found that all these famous authors from across the water were doing very poorly indeed. Their books weren't selling at all. We were paying them heavily in compliments but not at all in cash. I thought this extraordinary and so took home a bundle of their books to inspect, and I was appalled at how bad they were. Most turned out to be cozy little analyses of one or another village in the Cotswolds but there was never a *Middlemarch* amongst them, and I recall very clearly banging the table and crying, 'Hell, I can write better than this." And it seemed quite clear to me that night that I was engaged, as a publisher, in a hilarious, harmless but not altogether honest racket. We took people of no conspicuous talent, published their novels, and then set about callously to make them "feel like authors." Every publisher I know has a young girl out of college whose job it is to make ordinary men and women "feel like authors" if it can be done without costing the publisher any money. Interviews are arranged, parties, radio and television appearances, photographs and whatnot. It is both ridiculous and inconsequential. I suppose it does no harm. I'm fairly sure it sells few books. It does keep the author happy and it keeps the publisher in a properly cynical frame of mind so that he can keep his attention mostly on the business aspects of his operation.

Early in my writing life I looked back upon this sleazy aspect of publishing and decided that whereas as a publisher I had been forced to further the innocuous racket, as a writer I would have little to do with it. I have kept to this commitment. I know almost no fellow authors, no critics, few publishers. I attend no seminars, give no lectures, participate in none of the hoopla. I do what is necessary to see to it that my books are well received, but at almost every publication date I am out of the country. I have never spoken to my publisher about more advertising and I have refused permission to many in the business who have wanted to give me public parties. I do not work in Hollywood and I review the absolute minimum number of books that I can get away with. My one great weakness is that I love all who try to make a living in the arts and I am asked to do a positively unconscionable number of prefaces to books; when the requests come from close friends I am powerless to say no. I reason, 'If there is anything I can do to pry a living loose from an indifferent public I'll do it.' I find it hard to believe that my prefaces do any good and I think my friends are wasting their time and mine, but publishers feel

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otherwise. I suspect, however, that *they* know it's a racket but a relatively harmless one.

If I had an image that could be peddled I might think otherwise, but I have none and I think I can say with some honesty that as a man who started writing only in his forties, I have much preferred it this way. Were I younger I might think otherwise but it would be through ignorance of the facts in my case. I have therefore been relatively true to a position I laid out for myself a good many years ago.

Yet even as I reach this conclusion I am beset by a gnawing doubt, and I may call this my "second position." It seems to me that the most significant event in literature to have occurred in the past ten years was the manifesto of the French intellectuals in which they protested the actions of their government in Algeria. I was staggered by the boldness of this statement, its obvious disregard of consequences, its high moral ground, and its ultimate influence upon French thought. Had the statement been made in the United States by citizens of this nation I suspect the law would permit the shooting of the signatories on the ground of giving overt aid and comfort to an enemy of the state. What impressed me most was such a statement could have been made in Paris, and perhaps in Rome or London. It could not conceivably have been made in the United States. Men like me would not have signed it, and we would not have signed it because we would have known that in the United States the opinions of people like ourselves were not of any great consequence, whereas in Paris and London they were.

In no major country of the world is the moral significance of the artist of less importance than in the United States. We make a living, we are able to save a little money, we are moderately well received in a wide variety of milieu, and after we are dead we play a substantial role in forming the public conscience. But that any of us should play a major role during his lifetime in helping the nation formulate its scale of values, its aspirations or its public conscience is unthinkable. I suspect that from long habit the people of France actually listened to the protest of their intellectuals and thought that a problem had been ventilated which merited their attention. I cannot visualize the people of America doing the same, and their indifference must stem from a similarly long habit of disregarding what their intellectuals say.

I am therefore driven to this dichotomy: either the people of France and England are different in some specific way from the people of the United States, or the writers of the first two countries are different in some specific way from the writers of our country. Since the former alternative seems unlikely I am forced to conclude that over the centuries the writers of the Continent have done something right, whereas our writers have done something wrong. I accept this conclusion and I am even willing to specify what it is that we have done wrong. Our error has been twofold.

We have not insisted upon our legitimate place at the council tables of the Republic and we have so far not produced a single writer competent to sit at those tables. We have settled for a second-class citizenship and have consequently been relegated to a second-class status within the Republic. Men like me who should have known better were the chief offenders because we might have fought the ghetto, but we did not. I would hold men like Warren Faulkner, Cozzens, Hawthorne, Melville and Crane particularly vulnerable to this charge. They never carried the social burden for which they were equipped and all of us—writers and society alike—have thereby suffered a diminution. If Faulkner today were to make a statement on anything it would be particularist, argued by him alone, and far off to one side from the mainstream of discussion. The same is true for all the rest of us as we slide with our nation from one chance position to the next.

The second error we made is chargeable to the image makers. By and large they have been content to create images of themselves which have been exhibitionistic and yet at the same time recondite. Perversely these people have taken themselves out of the mainstream of American life and seem to me to have willed it so. Suppose that tomorrow Ernest Hemingway and Truman Capote teamed up to make a statement on something of concern to them: could anyone take it seriously? From Poe on down to the present, the possessors of images in our artistic legions have consciously taken themselves off to one side. They have been the symbol-servers of a society that did not want artists but did want some kind of cabalistic reassurance that it had artists among its people. It seems to me that Norman Mailer has woefully fallen into this same trap.

I therefore conclude, somewhat against my own initial judgment and much to my surprise, that Gore Vidal was correct as reported by you in wanting an image, for the one that we would want would not be of a particularist or exhibitionistic sort, but one which had the strength of a popular image and the intellectual underpinning of a real, hard, well thought-out moral position. In other words he would want precisely what the French writer has enjoyed for more than a century, a blend of Zola-Proust-Malraux and Céline, so that when something required to be said we would have a body of writers with images so powerful that they could command attention and yet so firmly rooted that what they were about to say could be counted on to make sense.

We do not have such a group in the United States, and Arthur Miller has written wisely on why not. Looking back it seems to me that I was too afraid of the meretricious elements that surround the average image-making and not sufficiently aware of the urgent need of our society for the kind of artist's position that is possible in either France or Great Britain. I am sure I was right in shying away from the nonsensical operation of the average publisher's helper in the United States, but I also suspect that I was dead wrong in concluding that that was the most important aspect of the problem. It seems to me now that it was at best a regrettable excrescence that beclouded a fundamentally sound consideration. I remain wryly amused at the ridiculousness of blowing up a transparent little talent like Françoise Sagan into what the bullfighting world calls a *figura*, but I was totally wrong in not seeing that sometimes this has to be done so that later on when France faces a moral crisis there is someone like Miss Sagan at hand to utilize the creation for good purpose.

In that respect we in the United States have created only trivial figures that can be used to no effective

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purpose. (Can you imagine Edgar Allan Poe commenting on the Mexican War?) I hope that men like Vidal and Miller and Ellison and Mailer will correct that basic error.

Most warmly,
Jim Michener

ROBERT JOHNSON

(Continued from page 151) I have great admiration for the aptitude and precision of the America's Cup sailors. They are artists. But we are in a different business. Accomplishing a dip pole jibe at night in 30-foot seas, 40 knots of wind and a 3800-square-foot 2.2-ounce Dacron spinnaker is not exactly child's play. Add to this a thirty-year-old ketch with a bowsprit that takes the man on it under water, a rain squall, jury-rigged spinnaker hardware to replace the regular spinnaker pole gear that ripped right off the mast three days before, and the sum total is a situation that comes under the heading of amateur sport and offers security somewhat less than a foxhole in South Vietnam. A professional seaman wouldn't attempt it. Good sense and the union rules wouldn't permit it.

The *Ti* rolled her windward rail under a couple of times, the spinnaker pole came out of the jury rig on the mast, went *overboard* and they got it back. The helmsman, Bob Dickson, was able to steer a course to follow the spinnaker. It never collapsed and those boys got the pole back, connected to the mast again and connected it to the spinnaker clew. We changed course 25° and pulled away from *Stormvogel*, passing Diamond Head buoy by a few feet.

It couldn't have been more exciting if we'd staged it from prepared script. From script, no one would have believed it anyway.

This was the greatest crew I have ever sailed with. Being the oldest man aboard, I can gracefully avoid engaging directly in these foredeck exercises. The boys let me off, thank the Lord, and I'm perfectly content with this arrangement. I just tend to my navigating and tail occasional line. These boys were magnificent and I can't say enough about them. In Bob Dickson and Chip Cleary we had a couple of old hands who were wonderful watch captains and the quarterbacks for every maneuver we made.

During the race we were aware from available weather information that there was a "tropical disturbance" off the coast of Mexico. Usually these recurve from a start off Nicaragua and hit the mainland of Northern Mexico. But twice in the last century they have not recurved but have made their way across the Pacific and hit Honolulu. No one likes to admit this and to think that this might happen during a race was out of the question. But we watched it on the weather map and it happened! The Weather Bureau finally admitted that Beatrice had been born and its existence made public when its center was at Lat. 21° North 137° West, heading for just north of Honolulu, speed 12 knots.

We knew it was there. Any sailor knows that when you see huge cross swells from a quarter different from either the present or prevailing wind, things are just not right.

We turned down 1000 miles from Honolulu, hoping to sail the "edge" of it. We figured we were in the northwest to westerly quarters of it. We figured that its counterclockwise winds would supplement the normal 12-to-18-knot trades. We were right. The wind built up to 50 knots dead aft. That's when we hit our 20 knots-plus. The surfboarders say that they get "locked in" on a wave. That's what we did. We flew a four-ounce Dacron storm spinnaker of about sixty percent area and *full* main, no reefs, mizzen sails furled. We "locked in" twice on two giant waves and the speed indicator banged right up against the pin—20 knots *plus* we don't know how much and the old *Ticonderoga* stayed with the wave. Wave speed—what's that? The crew were like maniacs, like dope addicts. I don't know whether this is surfing or what it is! The water flew off the bow like it would off a PT boat. Finally she'd "break" in a smother of "foam." At least once, the spinnaker, instead of pulling, was "plastered" against the mast. I've heard about the old ships "sailing under." Is this the way you do it? If it is we just about made it. Finally the four-ounce spinnaker exploded into confetti and the main ripped from leech to luff halfway up, and this madness was over.

The gooseneck was ripped loose from the mast, the poles, spinnaker bells and the ears went into orbit and overboard. We put on a staysail and jib and meanwhile Signode strapped the boom hardware back on and made up a sort of charm bracelet out of cable clamps and jib track cars to hold the spinnaker pole. We sailed over 250 miles during this 24 hour period, half of it with no main. We really didn't hurt anything. The helmsmen were so good that they kept her "on the track"—no broaches, no knockdowns, we're in the water and have gone over bare—she doesn't leak, and nothing's pulled loose—nothing's been hurt but some hardware.

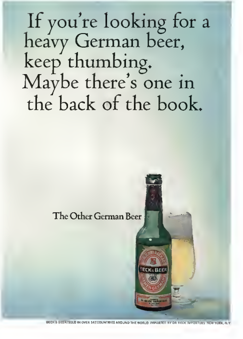
Mr. Herreshoff, this is one great ship. What other ship of any length has averaged *over* ten knots for 2400 miles under sail, bear in mind that we had some 6 and 7 knots in our sailing. At the start of the race, we fell into a hole and were dead in the water for over an hour, during which even the small boats all passed us.

With this crew and the shape we have her in, we're ready to race anything as far as they want in the trade winds, reach and run. Pass the *Cutty Sark*. Where is she?

The master and crew of the *Ticonderoga* salute you and now henceforth the name Herreshoff shall only be spoken aboard with the accord due the immortals of the sea. Herreshoff, Columbus, Henry the Navigator, Magellan. And in that order!

Sincerely,
Robert Johnson

P.S. After this one, I thought I might quit racing. You know, quit while you're ahead. But a couple of days have passed. We've entered the Transatlantic Race—Bermuda to Copenhagen, Summer of 1966. The *Stormvogel* will sail from here round the world, racing from Hong Kong to Manila, Sydney to Hobart, Tasmania, then to home port, Capetown, South Africa, then on to Bermuda. I've taken a liking to this Dutchman from South Africa. He wants to race us again and if he'll sail around the world to do it I certainly can go part way round the other way to meet him. He's sixty-five years old and the boat's five years old—that's seventy! I'm only fifty-three and the *Ticonderoga's* thirty years old—that's eighty-three! His advantage is youth, and we make up in experience. Isn't that the way to figure it?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(Continued from page 151) fortune was coming from their fathers owned the hotel Anyway, I didn't get to see Justin he was avoiding me I didn't realize till Jack told me some days later that he was aware I was searching for him. Believed Justin was rejecting me his last vision of me still standing lone and somewhat elegantly dressed at the three a.m. bar of the San Remo in the Village weary with a book under arm, after years suddenly come upon like a changeless specter of other days of dissipation but now lone and sparta came upon me from uptown he accompanied by Jack, White and young new dandy from Columbia—a *new* fresh generation ready with sweet but knowing eyes to supersede our own with romance

Now I am on a new kick two weeks old, a very beautiful kick which I invite you to share, as you are in a city where you have access to this kick A prelude I was working in a literary agency for two weeks and got fired for poor typing (tho you'll notice that thru the experience my typing in this letter is mistakeless and neater—I go over and correct instead of being a slob) So after making preliminary financial arrangements (all taken care of I work for Gene during unemployed periods, do little work live easily $$ wise maybe will continue this way awhile, tho I have old market-research jobs to go back to if I desire—nice security at last), I rushed over (three blocks) to the Public Library Vast branch 42 Street and went to the Fine Arts Room and took out a dozen volumes of Chink painting, which I never hardly laid eyes on before in m life True I had attended the Met Museum of Art show of Jap paintings, which opened my eyes to the sublimity and sophistication (meaning learning and experience, not shadiness) of the East. But as for as Chinaland went I had only the faintest idea that there was so much of a kulcheral heritage so easy to get at thru book upon book of reproduction—coolie-made volumes sewn together on fine linen paper by laundrymen in Shanghai or Kyoto (Jap) decades ago before the First World War even. That is to say, the China is a blank great blank in our intimate knowledge there is actually at hand a veritable feast, a free treasury a plethora a cornucopia of pix—pictures like children love to see—in good libraries and museums So this gets me on a project and I am now spending all my free time in Columbia Fine Arts Library and N. Y. Public leafing through immense albums of Asiatic imagery I'm also reading a little about their mystique and religions which I never did from a realistic standpoint before. Most of that Buddhist writing you see is not interesting vague, etc because it has no context to us—but if you begin to get a clear idea of the various religions, the various dynasties and epochs of art and renaissance and spiritual waves of hipness so to speak you begin to see the vastitude and intelligence of the yellow men, and you understand a lot of new mind and eyeball kicks I am working eastward from Japan and have begun to familiarize myself with Zen Buddhism thru *Introduction to Zen Buddhism* by one D T Suzuki (outstanding eighty three-year-old authority now at Columbia who I will I suppose go see for interesting talk) Zen is a special funny late form, with no real canon or formal theology except for a mass of several hundred anecdotes of conversation between masters and disciples These conversations (called Zenzen I believe) are all irrational and beguiling such as 'I clap my hands, a pupil you hear the sound Now answer me this what is the sound of my right hand clapping alone in space?' Or anecdotes of actions such as, "Two groups of monks arguing over which wing of monastery should have possession of a kitten. So headman says! Anybody can give me a real good reason they can have the cat but if no one advances a convincing argument I chop cat in half and give each side half So everybody comes up with big loudmouthed arguments and he chops cat in half. Next day into monastery comes young novice who spent week wandering in forest looking for his soul Master says This what happened what

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would you have said to get cat?" Novice looks at him, takes off shoes, puts them on his head and walks out of room without further word. Master say: Had young novice been here yesterday that cat would have been saved." Also story of great monk who never spoke but just held up his forefinger and everybody got the idea no matter what they asked him. So there was a little boy running around the court seeing this and soon the boy began running around, and whenever anybody spoke to him he'd hold up his forefinger and lay his point across just like that as cool as you please. Well one day the monk saw him do that in the court and he reached to his backside for his machete and chop' off went the kid's finger. The kid grabs his hand with a look of astoundment and surprise and opens his mouth to let out an agony howl and the master suddenly lunges forward in front of him zonk, sticks up his finger in the air, and stares. End of joke, except that the kid grew up to be a famous and holy monk on the basis of this lesson.

Well anyway, to continue, all these Zenzen or conversations or anecdotes, are given to the Zen novitiates, and made up as they go along sometimes until the novitiate is completely beflabbered intellectually and stops thinking. Meanwhile all along he's been shooting his mouth off like anyone else trying to explain the sound of one hand in the air and other ridiculous questions metaphysical and otherwise. Then he gets the point. He begins to look about him. If he says "What is the Eternal?" the Zen master answers, "That bird over there" or "My left foot." If he says, "Tell me master why did Gautama Buddha walk all the way from India to China in the year 500 B.C.?" the answer he gets is likely to be "Buddha never made no such trip what you talking about boy huh?" So now he begins to look at the waterfall. If he keeps asking silly questions he also is often insulted like Cannastra insulted girls or slapped around or pushed off the monastery porch.

Then finally one day he gets the Big point and has what is known as *satori*, or illumination. This is a specific flash of vision which totally changes his ken. Then he's graduated, goes off to hiding or into the world, does whatever he wants in the earth.

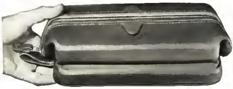
Zen also says "There is no god" and "God is big toe," and "I am god" and "Don't presume to think you are god." That is their idea of God is very interesting: they refuse to have a theology or admit that one exists or anything verbal at all. That's the point of these anecdotes, to exhaust words. Then the man sees anew the universe. The kid in the story had satori after losing finger, at that moment. *Satori* also comes oft by accident or after monk gets slapped or nose-tweaked.

Interesting is that this is not a small sect but the great formal final religion of the last thousand years in China & Japan—the base of all later great post-200 A D Jap Chink art.

Here followeth poem based on a famous painting with notes

SAKAMUNI *1 COMING
OUT FROM THE
MOUNTAIN
Liang Kai fecit *2
Southern Sung *3
In robes of rag, eyebrows
grown long with weeping
and hook-nosed woe,
dragging himself out of
the cave
barefoot by the shrubs
wearing a fine beard
unhappy hands clasped to
his naked breast
humility is beatness
humility is beatness
stands upright there tho'
trembling
Arhat *4 who sought
heaven
underneath the mountain
of stone
reentering the world a
bitter
wreck of a sage
the flesh came
earth before him his only
path
Sat thinking till he realized
how painful to
be born again
wearing a fine beard
we can see his soul
he knows nothing like a god
shaken
meek wretch
humility
is beatness
before the absolute World.

*1 A name for one of the later forms of Buddha, I think



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*2 Liang Kai made it, painted it—Latin, Pound identifies things thus.

*3 The period—don't know when—about 1150 A.D. it was painted.

*4. Ascetic name for Sage or Mage or Saint or Holyman.

Apparently this man immured himself under a mountain till he should be wise.

Well now anyway, all this religion aside. Neal's in San Francisco, I understand, you have a great deal of Oriental art in the museum—whatever it is called. Really go there and look at the Chinese and Jap stuff carefully. My opinion is, it is a great area of pleasure.

Remember incidentally, that green symmetrical head of Christ crowned with thorns by Carlo Crivelli we once saw high in the New York Museum?

I am incidentally all hung up on looking at painting all sorts. And I daily grow hunger on Orient. Today I heard a remarkable record of Gandhi speaking before vast New Delhi All Asia 1947 mass of people, saying something intent in weak voice about Asia teaching West the way of peace. Then crowd begins to applaud, and he says as if speaking to children something like "No please no [in a voice so intent and weak as if he were half dead and urgent], I am trying to tell you something which I want you to understand in your hearts and if you interrupt with clapping that is not what I want. I am trying to reach you, etc." Well anyway he mentions in this speech the great Teachers and speaks of Buddha, Christ and (of all people) Zoroaster. Who the hell that is I don't know. Shows you how ignorant we are of the real powers of spiritual history—Zoroaster in West is a vague magical name somewhat of a séance joke.

Needless to say I am as usual all hung up in every way on the wrong kicks—now I don't know what I'll do about a job again in long run—maybe I should become a social bum ... or look and still make the social effort to adjust, etc. And I still at this old age am torn between various kinds of sexual impulses which I don't, can't satisfy.

And much more of the youthful flower of romance has drooped & died. Amazing how truly aging is a process of horror and disillusioning for me the once—however mad I was—I never dreamed it would be like this. Also amazing to realize how truly we create our own world—delight and romance out of our own hearts. As if youth's sweetness once gone, can be re-created in another older form of activity and delight through the realization that the feeling we have for existence is up to us to choose. One choice I made before was empty mirror. Now I will make another brighter and fuller. Amen.

Love
Allen

DYLAN THOMAS

(Continued from page 151) matter what happens. The artistic consciousness is there or it isn't. Suffering is not going to touch it. Consciousness of beauty (and what that elusive thing is I haven't the remotest idea! woman isn't, because she dies. Nothing that dies is truly beautiful) is born with you or not at all. Suffering is not going to create that consciousness nor happiness nor anything else you may experience. True beauty, I

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Surprise her this Christmas and she may surprise you.

See pages 60-61.

Where to buy it? See page 319.

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Where to buy it? See page 319

shall always believe, lies in that which is undestroyable and logically therefore is very little But it is there Not that what you have suffered does not influence you deeply and terribly It is bound to upset and disillusion, carry you unless you are careful to the margins of madness. But it is not going to touch in any way at all that which really makes you an artist: knowledge of the actual world's deplorable sordidness, and of the invisible world's splendor (not heaven with God clothed like a deacon, sitting on a golden cloud but the unseen places clouding above the brain) Suffer as much as you like, that world remains It is only the complexion of the outer and absurd, world that changes

Words are so misleading I don't urge a monastic seclusion and preoccupation with the invisible places (you see, even my facile flow of self conscious images fails and I am left with the word 'places,' which is quite unsatisfactory) That is Roman Catholicism (One day I may turn Catholic but not yet.) You must *live* in the outer world suffer in it and with it enjoy its changes despair at them, carry on ordinarily with money making routines, fall in love, mate and die You *have to* do that. Where the true artist differs from his fellows is that *that*, for him, is not the only world He has the inner splendor (which sounds like a piece of D H Lawrence or a fribble of Dean Inge) The outer and inner worlds are not I admit entirely separate Suffering colors the inner places and probably adds beauty to them So does happiness.

You may think this philosophy—only in fact, a very slight adaptation of the Roman Catholic religion—strange for me to believe in I have always believed in it. My poems rarely contain any of it. That is why they are not satisfactory to me Most of them are the outer poems. Three quarters of the world's literature deals with the outer world Most modern fiction does Some of it, of course is purely reporting of outer incidents. Not that that need condemn it Perhaps the greatest works of art are those that reconcile perfectly inner and outer

There is nothing new in what I have been saying But it sprang to my mind when I read your reply to my sincere advice—shun morbidity (as I haven't) You say, or at least imply that you couldn't because of your terrible misfortunes And I say that you can Morbidity is sickness, unhealthiness That need play no *great* part in your stories. They might be very fine stories anyway But they will be finer without. This is not a stirring plea to be British, only to let the inner consciousness—you've got it because you are an artist from the little I have read of yours—develop "Raise up thine eyes to the hills"

And now, when I look back over what I have written I feel conscious that there is a terrible lot of priggery in it—intellectual and emotional priggery It reads like a chunk of adulterated Chesterton revised by Sir Edward Elgar Looking over it again I doubt its sincerity such is the horribly argumentative contradictory nature of my mind Give me a sheet of paper and I can't help filling it in The result more often than not is good and bad, serious and comic sincere and insincere lucid or nonsensical by the turns of my whirligig mentality, started from the wrong end, a

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A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold or amber Puerto Rican rum. Photograph by [illegible]

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Here are two great recipes for a traditional eggnog Use the one that suits your own tempo and taste.

Traditional recipe Beat 12 egg yolks until light Beat in ½ lb sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of *gold or amber* Puerto Rican rum. Chill three hrs Pour into punch bowl Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped cream. Chill for one hour Dust with nutmeg Serves 24.

Quick recipe Add 12 oz *gold or amber* Puerto Rican rum to 1 qt eggnog mix from your dairy Fold in 1 cup whipped cream Chill Dust with nutmeg Serves 12

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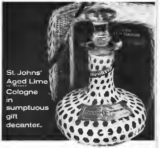

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mentality that ran before it walked and perhaps will never walk, that wanted to fly before it had the right even to think of wings. Tomorrow, the next moment, I may believe in my beastly inner and outer. I may be believing in it now. It may be feeble immature humbug. Again it may be the expression of a real belief. The prince of darkness is a gentleman. But his satanic convolutions and contradictions abide by no gentlemanly conditions.

As I am writing, a telegram arrives. Mother's sister, who is in the Carmarthen Infirmary suffering from cancer of the womb, is dying. There is much lamentation in the family and Mother leaves. The old aunt will be dead by the time she arrives. This is a well worn incident in fiction and one that has happened time after time in real life. The odor of death stinks through a thousand books and a thousand homes. I have rarely encountered it (apart from journalistic inquiries) and find it rather pleasant. It lends a little welcome melodrama to the drawing-room tragicomedy of my most uneventful life. After Mother's departure I am left alone in the house feeling slightly theatrical. Telegrams, dying aunts, cancer, especially of such a private part as the womb, distraught mothers and unpremeditated train journeys come rarely. They must be savored properly and relished in the right spirit. Many summer weeks I spent happily with the cancered aunt on her unsanitary farm. She loved me quite inordinately, gave me sweets and money, though she could little afford it, petted, patted and spoiled me. She writes—is it, I wonder, a past tense yet?—regularly. Her postscripts are endearing. She still loves—or loved—me, though I don't know why. And now she is dying, or dead, and you will pardon the theatrical writing. Allow me my moment of drama.

But the foul thing is I feel utterly unmoved, apart, as I said, from the pleasant death reek at my [illegible] nostrils. I haven't really the faintest interest in her or her womb. She is dying. She is dead. She is alive. It is all the same thing. I shall miss her biannual postal orders. And yet I like—liked her. She loves—loved—me. Am I, he said with the diarist's tortuous, egotistic preoccupation with his own blasted psychological reactions to his own trivial affairs, callous and nasty? Should I weep? Should I pity the old thing? For a moment I feel I should. There must be something lacking in me. I don't feel worried or badly even about other people. It's self self all the time. I'm rarely interested in other people's emotions, except those of my pasteboard characters. I prefer (this is one of the thousand contradictory devils speaking) style to life, my own reactions to emotions rather than the emotions themselves. Is this, he pondered, a lack of soul?

I am interested in what you say about your story writing—the quick, quiet dream come idea, the lifting of the pen and then the faces of past miseries and horrors obliterating everything. I can realize why your output is so small. From my seat among the ancients, may I for one moment shake a few stalactites off my frosty beard and give you a little advice? I asked you, in a letter, to write from your guts. You did. And of course you do in your short stories. But why not, just for a few times, put a sheet of paper in front of you and without thinking twice, write half, or a quarter, or all of a short story. Don't begin with a polished

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idea in which every incident is fixed in your mind Just above a girl on a seashore on a summer day and let her make her own story Write write, regardless of everything Your present method of story writing—the draft after draft, the interminable going-over-again—can be compared to the method of the marksman who spends weeks and weeks polishing his rifle weeks and weeks cleaning it, weeks and weeks getting the exact ammunition for it, weeks and weeks deciding on a target, weeks and weeks weighing his rifle in his hand weeks and weeks weighing it in a different way and, at the end of the year having a pop at the bull's eye Why not, for a change fire off round after round of ammunition from any old gun you can get hold of You'll miss hundreds of times, but you're bound to get the bull's eye a lot of times too You'll find the hit-or-miss, the writing with no plot technique will help you considerably in loosening your mind and in getting rid of those old stifling memories which may unless you are careful get in the way of your literary progress.

I now rest my beard upon my knees again, and the crows return to their nests.

Dylan

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JAMES THURBER

(Continued from page 15.) sult not only biographical source books, but the magazine register possessed by all good libraries In that way you would find out that pieces have been written about me in American magazines by Robert Coates (*Saturday Review*) Wolcott Gibbs (also *S R*) C Lester Walker (*Ladies' Home Journal* or *Woman's Home Companion*), and so on, and so on.

You sound as if you might learn to write well, but for Christ sake snap out of such dull and invariable questions as the crap about writing habits. I write all the time in my head awake or asleep Exactly when I dictate it or put it on paper myself is as unimportant as my schedule of evacuations or exercise.

I do now own and live in the kind of home I described As for my work, I am enclosing a carbon of a note to John Crosby the *Herald Tribune*'s television critic, who had printed in his column "that I was not very active any more" Please return this carbon

The War Between Men and Women (*not* the War Between the Sexes—everybody makes that mistake) is about men and women, not about a particular woman, for God's sake If your own creative work, God forbid is going to be based on the tiny nature of some Kappa or beer town gal named Ruby you might as well go in for coaching professional basketball

Nobody knows why he begins writing, or wants to be a writer or a surgeon or anything else

Don't take my word about the nature of the humorist. Study them all and draw your own conclusions I'll give you this tip about their tendency to write short pieces. The following American humorists have never written a novel Dorothy Parker Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Sid Perelman Arthur Kober Wolcott Gibbs E B White You can find many more Write Peter De Vries at *The New Yorker* and ask him why he writes novels, or why the rest of us don't.

Get the lead out, Smitty and you may become an ornament of American letters some year

God help you and all my best wishes

Cordially yours
JT/ek James Thurber

The letter by James Thurber is by permission of Mrs James Thurber

EZRA POUND

(Continued from page 152) when you do not praise form themselves into a sort of loose and semiconscious vendetta and those whom you do praise fly into rages when you find a gleam of hope in the works of anyone else and then we have paragraphs about "*pontif litterature*" and "however prominent a literary personage, his own creative work," etc., etc.

On the whole it is amusing

"Well, Elizabeth, nearly time to leave for the airport"

"Yes, Richard."

"Are you sure everything's packed? My Old Rarity scotch?"

"Yes, Richard, it's in the new gift-wrap of fashionable houndstooth, the holiday package we decided to give all our discerning friends."

"Good girl Drinking any other scotch on a long flight is a dreadful bore Most of them are either too heavy or so light I don't know what I'm drinking Old Rarity has flavor"

"Exquisite flavor, Richard."

"But you jolly well don't find Old Rarity just anywhere Devil of a time getting it in Egypt, and remember that lonely beach in California You couldn't find any for me."

"Poor Richard!"

"Liz, m'love, we really must hurry or I shall miss the plane Could I help you with the luggage?"

"Just open the door, Richard"

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Where to buy it? See page 318.

for anything which casts the human psychology on the screen or makes it not visibly from ascertainable motives is of interest bacteriologically. However you are better out of the teapot and its tempests. *If* the magazine does materialize you shall write pretty much anything you like for it, and even old McClure (proprietor of a popular American magazine) once advised me never to do anything I did not like as he never had and one only did such things badly.

I enclose the silly clippings. Hope they will pass the censor in this form. I don't think there is anything seditious on the reverse sides of 'em. As the *New Age* was printed in February and the St. Louis paper some time ago I doubt if the news can be of any assistance to any military commander more especially as it concerns only ourselves. The stuff is certainly not worth your writing to the papers direct in order to have the back numbers sent you. I perceive I have used a phrase in what I think is middle high german meaning "I do ye to wit" but otherwise my article and letter contain nothing to which the censorship need take exception.

I don't suppose the magazine will start till January 1st, even if Quinn is successful in raising the money.

Now that Brzeska has been killed *pour la patrie* my enthusiasm has found a market for his sculpture. It is some comfort to know that the market would have been there just the same if he survived and that he would have had a chance to work free of encumbrance if he had come back but there is a deal of irony in it all.

This letter is of indecent size, so I stop before it gets any worse.

Yours ever
Ezra Pound

Ezra Pound's letter is from a volume of his letters to James Joyce and his essays about Joyce's work edited by Forrest Read of the English Department, University of North Carolina. It will be published by New Directions in 1966. Sixty-two letters which Pound wrote to Joyce between December 1913 and June 1920 now in the Joyce Collection at Cornell University will be published for the first time. One of these letters appears here with the permission of Cornell University, Mrs. Ezra Pound and New Directions.

WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER

(Continued from page 217)

has to reconstruct the sequence in his own mind. Like Shirley crying on one or Jessica sobbing over baked Alaska which we ate for a scene that took two weeks to shoot.

I had been on the picture for nine weeks. Out of that time I worked one day. What I mean is that only one day did I go home feeling proud and satisfied of the work I'd done. It happened during the eighth week and seven weeks of boredom and depression on the film went into it.

We were shooting the scene in Helena's apartment after Kay's death. It was a long, talky scene and Sidney shot two master angles and then came in on each one of us for individual close-ups. It was the last scene to be shot. I didn't know what in the world to do. I watched as Joan, Jessica, Kathy, Mary, Liz and Shirley ripped off great close-ups and then it was my turn and I was stuck. I'd never had the nerve to ask Shirley what in the world she thought about when she was showing her grief for the funeral scene. *How* do you prepare? I mentally slew everyone I loved: my dog, my family, my friends, and had them all in the same casket, bleeding and dismembered. Great image, but it didn't work. I knew that this was the one time in the movie where I had to show great emotion for the first time. And I couldn't get sad. So I gave up. Millions of people do crying scenes in movies every year and I can't even get worried. I think Sidney was through. He'd set the shot up and came over to me. I guess I looked happy. He looked sad. "Come on, baby. Work on this now."

But Sidney. I mean Sidney started talking to me. I'm not sure what he said but the

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Reese Stamps & Coins, Royal Oak
International Stamps Bureau, Detroit
Riegers, Pontiac
Reynold Stamp Shop, Flint
J. L. Nielsen, Detroit

MINNESOTA
Dayton's, Minneapolis
Twin City Stamps, St. Paul
Sullivan Stamp Shop, St. Paul

MISSOURI
Gregor's, Kansas City
Macy's—Downtown, Kansas City
Saint Louis Stamp & Coin Co., St. Louis

NORTH CAROLINA
Doubleday Book Shop, Wilmington

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Stamp & Coin Co., Manchester

NEW JERSEY
Allen Stamp Co., Upper Montclair
Bamberger's, Newark
Fairlawn Stamp Co., Inc., Fairlawn
Fairlawn Stamp Shop, Ridgewood
Monmouth Stamp Shop, Red Bank
Downtown Stamp Company, Newark
Rio Stamp Co., South River

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Times Square Stores, Levittown
Elmer Jones, Lockport
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Allstate Stamp Company, Phila.
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way his face was all screwed up his intensity and his frantic whispered words all triggered something I asked him to keep talking He went on hammering it in.

"You can't believe it Best friend Dead Fight the antagonism with Libby Can't believe it. Best friend best friend, best … tell em action."

I started to gasp for breath and my throat was swollen and my eyes were hot and tears sat right on the balcony of my eyes As I did the scene suddenly the emotion made use of it and the lines killed me I knew that I couldn't cry openly because it wouldn't be as effective and it wouldn't be right. But I was really crying My best friend really was dead and the scene ended and Sidney said "Cut Lily" I calmed down a little, not too much because I didn't want anyone to miss it. And I took my time going upstairs so everyone could congratulate me, surfeit me with praise But no one did I knew every actress could do it, but this time *I* did it for the first time I felt like I had worked and done a good job The cameraman came over to me with tears in his eyes and that was a lovely sight But no one else They must have been overwhelmed I figured That was it They couldn't take it. I was right. They couldn't. I had made a boo-boo. I had not matched the master take where I wasn't crying and I had supposedly, thrown the other girls off because they weren't expecting it. One of my favorites came up and said "Candle-boy, did you evah shock me! I mean we didn't know you were going to do that.

"Neither did I."

"Well honey, I would have done the scene *much differently* You really scared us. What did Sidney *tell* you anyway? Boy Don't evah *do that* again!"

I could not believe it. I had done it again Stirred the infested waters. I walked upstairs determined to be a tender martyr I get the same thing from a girl I really like It just isn't *fair*, I thought. *I* do good work, but I do it wrong and I get clobbered. If you don't think I was strangled with self pity … then Shirley knocked on the door and came in. She looked like St. Francis. She said that it was a fine piece of work and that it surprised people and me to pay attention and that I could be a good actress if I worked and so on, and from that day on I really loved Shirley and all her tea leaves and gave her great respect because no one else would take the time to consider how another felt, and be secure enough in herself to give some of that security to me And so to you Shirley Knight, I am forever grateful So ends the beginner's episode on acting and what it did for me. Nothing But one day of self pride and satisfaction Amen Thank you and good night. ###

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH MENACE

(Continued from page 117) National Truth Elimination Tournament should draw well It is even possible to visualize a World Series of Truth played on the lawn of Mount Vernon

The huge crowd includes the great and wise At the mobile TV units are Milton Caniff and Norman Mailer Following *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the Marine Band strikes up Rolly Trudum Trudum Rolly Day The regional finalists are introduced, a drag racer from Los Angeles a frog gigger from Yoknapatawpha County a Minnesota log birler and a Massachusetts warbler imitator The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court throws out the first Truism and they are off The superbly conditioned contestants jockey inconclusively for several hours and then slowly the birler and the warbler whistler draw ahead The birler on his log begins to shake and quiver The birder in a boxwood thicket is motionless The crowd hushes Suddenly a Sutton Warbler flits through the bushes The New England hopeful sees the bird and whistles "Whee whee wheet, seem seem" There is a pause and then the bird answers. The warbler man goes catatonic as if skewered by a 220 volt current. It is a Moment In awe in acclaim, a great roar rises from the crowd "Struth 'Struth, 'Struth" ###

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Humperdinck — Prayer fr "Hansel & Gretel"
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Leoncavallo — Vesti La Giubba from "I Pagliacci"
Liszt — Liebestraum
Massenet — Meditation from "Thais"
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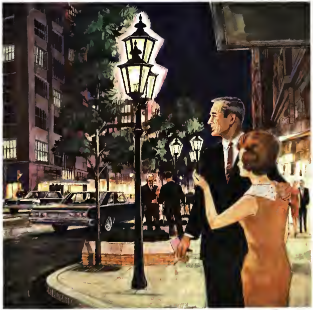

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(Continued from page 248) If that dinner of festive proportions and of classic sequence outlined on page 241 and shown in color on pages 244 and 245 appeals mightily to your taste but not to the time you have nor the talent for preparation here are some of the outstanding restaurants throughout the country that will serve it to you There is only one restriction and that is a necessary one to prepare a feast of such high consequence at least twenty-four hours' notice must be given the restaurants, a longer time if it is possible.

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(opposite Biltmore Hotel)
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Chicago Illinois

Biggs Restaurant
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Phone 787-0900

Louisville Kentucky

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Detroit Michigan

London Chop House
155 West Congress
Phone WO 2-0277

St Paul Minnesota

The Blue Horse
1355 University Avenue
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Tony's
826 North Broadway
Phone CE 1-7007

Las Vegas, Nevada

Sultan's Table
Dunes Hotel
2650 South Las Vegas
Phone 735-8111

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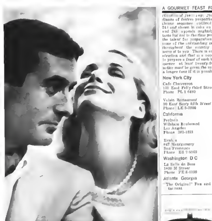
Bon appetit!



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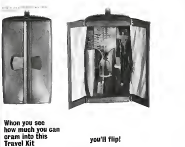

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THE WORLD (THIS ONE), THE FLESH (MRS. OEDIPA MAAS), AND THE TESTAMENT OF PIERCE INVERARITY

(Continued from page 114) liable city than a grouping of concepts—census tracts, special-purpose bond-issue districts, shopping nuclei, all overlaid with access roads to its own freeways. But it had been Pierce's domicile, and headquarters: the place he'd begun his land speculating in ten years ago, and so put down the plinth course of capital on which everything afterward had been built, however rickety or grotesque, toward the sky; and that, she supposed, would set the spot apart, giving it an aura. But if there was any vital difference between it and the rest of Southern California, it was invisible on first glance. She drove into San Narciso on a Sunday, in a rented Impala. Nothing was happening. She looked down a slope, needing to squint for the sunlight, onto a vast sprawl of houses which had grown up all together, like a well-tended crop, from the dull brown earth; and she thought of the time she'd opened a transistor radio to replace a battery and seen her first printed circuit. The ordered swirl of houses and streets, from this high angle, sprang at her now with the same unexpected, astonishing clarity as the circuit card had. Though she knew even less about radios than about Southern Californians, there were to both outward patterns a hieroglyphic sense of concealed meaning, of an intent to communicate. There'd seemed no limit to what the printed circuit could have told her (if she had tried to find out); so in her first minute of San Narciso, a revelation also trembled just past the threshold of her understanding. Smog hung all round the horizon, the sun on the bright beige countryside was painful; she and the Chevy seemed parked at the center of an odd, religious instant. As if, on some other frequency, or out of the eye of some whirlwind rotating too slow for her heated skin even to feel the centrifugal coolness of, words were being spoken. She suspected that much. She thought of Mucho, her husband, trying to believe in his job. Was it something like this he felt, looking through the soundproof glass at one of his colleagues with a headset clamped on and cueing the next record with movements stylized as the handling of chrism, censer, chalice might be for a holy man, yet really tuned in to the voice, voices, the music, its message, surrounded by it, digging it, as were all the faithful it went out to; did Mucho stand outside Studio A looking in, knowing that even if he could hear it he couldn't believe in it? Awful for him. God.

She gave it up presently, as if a cloud had approached the sun or the smog thickened, and so broken the "religious instant," whatever it might've been; started up and proceeded at maybe seventy miles per hour along the surging blacktop onto a highway she thought went toward Los Angeles, into a neighborhood that was little more than the road's skinny right of way, lined by auto lots, drive-ins, small office buildings and factories whose address numbers were in the seventy thousands and then eighty-thousands. She had never known numbers to run so high. It seemed unnatural. To her left appeared a prolonged scatter of wide, pink buildings, surrounded by miles of fence topped with barbed wire and interrupted now and then by guard towers: soon an entrance whizzed by, two sixty-foot missiles on either side and the name YOYODYNE lettered conservatively on each nose cone. This was San Narciso's big source of employment, the Galactronics Division of Yoyodyne, Inc., one of the giants of the aerospace industry. Pierce, she happened to know, had owned a large block of shares and had been somehow dimly involved in negotiating an understanding with the county tax assessor to lure Yoyodyne here in the first place. It was part, he explained, of being a founding father.

Barbed wire gave way again to the familiar parade of more beige, prefab, cinderblock office machine distributors, sealant makers, bottled-gas works, fastener factories, warehouses, and whatever. Sunday had sent them all into

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

silence and paralysis, all but an occasional real-estate office or truck stop. Oedipa resolved to pull in at the next motel she saw, however ugly, stillness and four walls having at some point become preferable to this illusion of speed, freedom, wind in your hair, unreeling landscape—it wasn't. What the road really was, she fancied, was this hypodermic needle, inserted somewhere ahead into the vein of a freeway, a vein nourishing the insatiable mainliner L.A., keeping it happy, coherent, protected from pain, or whatever passes, with a city, for pain. But were Oedipa some single melted crystal of urban horse, L.A., really, would be no less turned on for her absence.

Still, when she got a look at the next motel, she hesitated a second. A representation in painted sheet metal of a nymph holding a white blossom towered thirty feet into the air; the sign, lit up despite the sun, said "Echo Courts." The face of the nymph was much like Oedipa's, which didn't startle her as much as a concealed blower system that kept the nymph's gauze chiton in constant agitation, revealing enormous vermilion-tipped breasts and long pink thighs at each flap. She was smiling a lipsticked and public smile, not quite a hooker's but nowhere near that of any nymph pining away with love either. Oedipa pulled into the lot, got out and stood for a moment in the hot sun and the dead-still air, watching the artificial windstorm overhead toss gauze in five-foot excursions. She remembered her idea about a slow whirlwind and words she couldn't hear.

The room would be good enough for the time she had to stay. Its door opened on a long courtyard with a swimming pool, whose surface that day was flat, brilliant with sunlight. At the far end stood a fountain, with another nymph. Nothing moved. If people lived behind the other doors, or watched through the windows, each gagged with its roaring air-conditioner, she couldn't see them. The manager, a dropout named Miles, maybe sixteen, with a Beatle haircut and a lapelless, cuffless, one-button mohair suit, carried her bags and sang to himself, possibly to her.

Miles's Song

Too fat to Frug,
That's what you tell me all the time,
When you really try'n to put me down,
But I'm hip,
So close your big fat lip,
Yeah, baby,
I may be too fat to Frug,
But at least I ain't too slim to Swim.

"It's lovely," said Oedipa, "but why do you sing with an English accent when you don't talk that way?"

"It's this group I'm in," Miles explained, "The Paranoids. We're new yet. Our manager says we should sing like that. We watch English movies a lot, for the accent."

"My husband's a disc jockey," Oedipa said, trying to be helpful, "it's only a thousand-watt station, but if you had anything like a tape I could give it to him to plug."

Miles closed the door behind them and started in with the shifty eye. "In return for what?" Moving in on her. "Do you want what I think you want? This is the Payola Kid here, you know." Oedipa picked up the nearest weapon handy, which happened to be the rabbit-ear antenna off the TV in the corner. "Oh," said Miles, stopping. "You hate me too." Eyes bright through his bangs.

"You are a paranoid," Oedipa said.

"I have a smooth young body," said Miles. "I thought you older chicks went for that." He left after shaking her down for four bits for carrying the bags.

That night the lawyer Metzger showed up. He turned out to be so good-looking that Oedipa thought at first They, somebody up there, were putting her on. It had to be an actor. He stood at her door, behind him the oblong pool shimmering silent in a mild diffusion of light from the nighttime sky, and said, "Mrs. Maas," like a reproach. His enormous eyes, lambent, extravagantly lashed, smiled out at her wickedly; she looked around him for reflectors, microphones, camera cabling, but there was only himself and a debonair bottle of French Beaujolais, which he claimed to've smuggled last year into California, this rollicking lawbreaker, past the frontier guards.

"So hey," he murmured, "after scouring motels all day to find you, I can come in there, can't I?"

Oedipa had planned on nothing more involved that evening than watching *Bonanza* on the tube. She'd shifted into stretch denim slacks and a shaggy black sweater and had her hair all the way down. She knew she looked pretty good. "Come in," she said, "but I only have one glass."

"I," the gallant Metzger let her know, "can drink out of the bottle." He came in and sat on the floor, in his suit. Opened the bottle, poured her a drink, began to talk. It presently came out that Oedipa hadn't been so far off, thinking it was an actor. Some twenty-odd years ago, Metzger had been one of these child movie stars, performing under the name of Baby Igor. "My mother," he announced bitterly, "was really out to kasher me, boy, like a piece of beef on the sink, she wanted me drained and white. Times I wonder," smoothing down the hair at the back of his head, "if she succeeded. It scares me. You know what mothers like that turn their male children into."

"You certainly don't look," Oedipa began, then had second thoughts.

Metzger flashed her a big wry couple rows of teeth. "Looks don't mean a thing anymore," he said. "I live inside my looks, and I'm never sure. The possibility haunts me."

"And how often," Oedipa inquired, now aware it was all words, "has that approach worked for you, Baby Igor?"

"Do you know," Metzger said, "Inverarity only mentioned you once."

"Were you close?"

"No. I drew up his will. Don't you want to know what he said?"

"No," said Oedipa, and snapped on the television set. Onto the screen bloomed the image of a child of indeterminate sex, its bare legs pressed awkwardly together, its shoulder-length curls mingling with the shorter hair of a St. Bernard, whose long tongue as Oedipa watched began to swipe at the child's rosy cheeks, making the child wrinkle up its nose appealingly and say, "Aw, Murray, come on, now, you're getting me all wet."

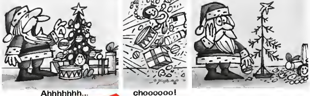
"That's me, that's me," cried Metzger, staring, "good God."

"Which one?"

"That movie was called," Metzger snapped his fingers. *Cashiered.*

"About you and your mother."

"About this kid and his father, who's drummed out of the British Army for cowardice, only he's covering up for a friend, see, and to redeem himself he and the kid follow the old regiment to Gallipoli, where the father somehow builds a midget submarine, and every week they slip through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmara and torpedo Turkish merchantmen—the father, son, St. Bernard. The dog sits periscope watch and barks if he sees anything."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"You're kidding." She poured the wine.

"Listen, listen, here's where I sing." And sure enough, the child, and dog, and a merry old Greek fisherman who had appeared from nowhere with a zither now all stood in front of phony Dodecanese process footage of a seashore at sunset, and the kid sang

Baby Igor's Song

Grant the H—n and the Turk, never once do we shirk,
My daddy, my doggie and me,
Through the perilous years like the Three Musketeers
We will stick just as close as can be.
Soon our sub's periscope'll aim for Constantinople,
As again we set hopeful to sea,
Once more unto the breach, for those bums on the beach,
Just my daddy, my doggie and me.

Then there was a musical bridge featuring the fisherman and his instrument, then the young Metzger took it from the top while his aging double, over Oedipa's protests, sang harmony.

Either he made up the whole thing, Oedipa thought suddenly, or he bribed the engineer over at the local station to run this. It's all part of a plot, an elaborate seduction plot. O Metzger.

"You didn't sing along," he observed.

"I didn't know," Oedipa smiled. On came a loud commercial for Fangoso Lagoons, a new housing development west of here.

"One of Inverarity's interests," Metzger noted. It was to be laced by canals with private landings for powerboats, a floating social hall in the middle of an artificial lake, at the bottom of which lay restored galleons, imported from the Bahamas; Atlantean fragments of columns and friezes from the Canaries; real human skeletons from Italy; giant clam shells from Indonesia—all for the entertainment of scuba enthusiasts. A map of the place flashed onto the screen. Oedipa drew a sharp breath. Metzger, on the chance it might be for him, looked over. But she'd only been reminded of her look downhill this noontime. Some immediacy was there again, some promise of hierophany: printed circuit, gently curving streets, private access to the water. Book of the Dead.

Before she was ready for it, back came *Cashiered*. The little submarine, named the *Justine* after the dead mother, was at the quay, singling up all lines. A small crowd was seeing it off, among them the old fisherman and his daughter, a leggy, ringleted nymphet who, should there be a happy ending, would end up with Metzger; an English missionary nurse with a nice build on her, who would end up with Metzger's father; and even a female sheepdog with eyes for Murray the St. Bernard.

"Oh, yeah," Metzger said, "this is where we have trouble in the Narrows. It's a bitch to begin with, see, because of the Kephez minefields, but Jerry has also recently hung this net, this gigantic net woven out of cable two and a half inches thick."

Oedipa refilled her wine glass. They lay now staring at the screen, flanks just lightly touching. There came from the TV set a terrific explosion. "Mines!" cried Metzger, covering his head and rolling away from her. "Daddy," blubbered the Metzger in the tube, "I'm scared." The inside of the midget sub was chaotic, the dog galloping to and fro scattering saliva that mingled with the spray from a leak in the bulkhead, which the father was now plugging with his shirt. "One thing we can do," announced the father, "go to the bottom, try to get under the net."

"Ridiculous," said Metzger. "They did build a gate in it, so German U-boats could get through to attack the British fleet. All our E-class subs simply used that gate."

"How do you know that?"

"Wasn't I there?"

"But," began Oedipa, then realized they were out of wine.

"Aha," said Metzger, and from an inside coat pocket produced a bottle of tequila.

"No lemons?" she asked, with movie gaiety.

"A tourist thing. Did Inverarity use lemons when you were there?"

"How did you know we were there?" She watched him fill her glass, growing more anti-Metzger as

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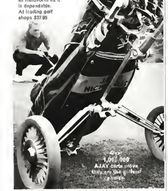

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the level rose.

"He wrote it off that year as a business expense. I did his tax stuff."

"A cash nexus," sneered Oedipa. "You and Perry Mason, two of a kind, it's all you know about, you shysters."

"But our beauty lies," explained Metzger, "in this extended capacity for convolution. A lawyer in a courtroom, in front of any jury, becomes an actor, right? Raymond Burr is an actor impersonating a lawyer, who in front of a jury becomes an actor. Me, I'm a former actor who became a lawyer. They've done the pilot film of a TV series, in fact, based loosely on my career, starring my friend Manny Di Presso, a one-time lawyer who quit his firm to become an actor. Who in this pilot plays me, an actor become a lawyer reverting periodically to being an actor. The film is in an air-conditioned vault at one of the Hollywood studios, light can't fatigue it, it can be repeated endlessly."

"You're in trouble," Oedipa told him, staring at the tube, conscious of his thigh, warm through his suit and her slacks.

"The Turks are up there with searchlights," he said, pouring her more tequila, watching the little submarine fill up. "Patrol boats and machine guns. You want to bet on what'll happen?"

"Of course not," said Oedipa, "the movie's made." He only smiled back. "One of your endless repetitions."

"But you still don't know," Metzger said. "You haven't seen it." Into the commercial break now roared a deafening ad for Beaconsfield Cigarettes, whose attractiveness lay in their filter's use of bone charcoal, the very best kind.

"Bones of what?"

"Inverarity knew. He owned fifty-one percent of the filter process."

"Tell me."

"Someday. Right now it's your last chance to place your bet, lady. Are they going to get out of it, or not?"

She felt drunk. It occurred to her for no reason that the plucky trio might not get out after all. She had no way to tell how long the movie had to run. She looked at her watch, but it had stopped. "This is absurd," she said. "Of course they'll get out."

"How do you know?"

"All those movies had happy endings."

"All?"

"Most."

"That cuts down the probability," he told her, smug.

She squinted at him through her glass. "Then give me odds."

"Odds would give it away."

"So," she yelled, maybe a bit rattled, "I bet a bottle of something. Tequila, all right? That you didn't make it." She felt the words had been conned out of her.

"That I didn't make it." He pondered. "Another bottle tonight would put you to sleep," he decided. "No."

"What do you want to bet, then?" She knew. Stubborn, they watched each other's eyes for what seemed five minutes. She heard commercials chasing one another into and out of the speaker of the TV. She grew more and more angry; at, perhaps, juiced or perhaps only impatient for the movie to come back on.

"Fine, then," she gave in at last, trying for a brittle voice. "It's a bet. Whatever you'd like. That you don't make it. That you all turn to carrion for the fish of the Dardanelles, your daddy, your doggie, and you."

"Fair enough," drawled Metzger, taking her hand as if to shake on the bet and kissing its palm instead, sending the dry end of his tongue to graze briefly among her fate's furrows, the changeless salt hatchings of her identity. She wondered then if this were really happening in the same way as say, her first time in bed with Pierce, the dead man. But then the movie came back.

The father was huddled in a shell hole on the steep cliffs of the Anzac beachhead. Turkish shrapnel flying all over the place. Neither Baby Igor nor Murray the dog were in evidence. "Now what the hell," said Oedipa.

"Golly," Metzger said, "they must have got the reels screwed up."

"Is this before or after?" she asked, reaching for the tequila bottle, a move that put her left breast in the region of Metzger's nose. The irrepressibly comic Metzger made cross-eyes before replying.

"That would be telling."

"Come on." She nudged his nose with the padded tip of her bra cup and poured the tequila. "Or the bet's off."

"Nope," Metzger said.

"At least tell me if that's his old regiment there."

"Go ahead," said Metzger, "ask questions. But for each answer you'll have to take something off. We'll call it Strip Botticelli."

Oedipa had a marvelous idea. "Fine," she told him, "but first I'll just slip into the bathroom for a second. Close your eyes, turn around, don't peek." On the screen the *River Clyde*, a collier carrying two thousand men, beached at Sedd-el-Bahr in an unearthly silence. "This is it, men," a phony British accent was heard to whisper. Suddenly a host of Turkish rifles on shore opened up all together and the massacre began.

"I know this part," Metzger told her, his eyes squeezed shut, head away from the set. "For fifty yards out the sea was red with blood. They don't show that." Oedipa skipped into the bathroom, which happened also to have a walk-in closet, quickly undressed and began putting on as much as she could of the clothing she'd brought with her: six pairs of panties in assorted colors, girdle, three pairs of nylons, three brassieres, two pairs stretch slacks, four half-slips, one black sheath, two summer dresses, half a dozen A-line skirts, three sweaters, two blouses, quilted wrapper, baby blue peignoir, an old Orlon muumuu. Bracelets then, scatter pins, earrings, a pendant. It all seemed to take hours to put on and she could hardly walk when she was finished. She made the mistake of looking at herself in the full-length mirror, saw a beach ball with feet, and laughed so violently she fell over, taking a can of hair spray on the sink with her. The can hit the floor, something broke, and with a great outrush of pressure the stuff commenced atomizing, propelling the can swiftly about the bathroom. Metzger rushed in to find Oedipa rolling around, trying to get back on her feet, amid a great sticky miasma of fragrant lacquer. "Oh, for Pete's sake," he said in his Baby Igor voice. The can, hissing malignantly, bounced off the toilet and whizzed by Metzger's right ear, missing by maybe a quarter of an inch. Metzger hit the deck and cowered with Oedipa as the can continued its high-speed caroming; from the other room came a slow, deep crescendo of naval bombardment, machine-gun, howitzer and small-arms fire, screams and chopped-off prayers of dying infantry. She looked up past his clenched eyelids into the staring ceiling light, her field of vision cut across by wild, flashing overflights of the

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can, whose pressure seemed inexhaustible. She was scared but nowhere near sober. The can knew where it was going, she sensed, or something fast enough, God or a digital machine, might have computed in advance the complex web of its travel; but she wasn't fast enough and knew only that it might hit them at any moment, at whatever clip it was doing, a hundred miles an hour. "Metzger," she moaned, and sank her teeth into his upper arm through the sharkskin. Everything smelled like hair spray. The can collided with a mirror and bounced away, leaving a silvery, reticulated bloom of glass to hang a second before it all fell jingling into the sink; zoomed over to the enclosed shower, where it crashed into and totally destroyed a panel of frosted glass; thence around the three tile walls, up to the ceiling, past the light, over the two prostrate bodies, amid its own whoosh and the buzzing, distorted uproar from the TV set. She could imagine no end to it; yet presently the can did give up in midflight and fall to the floor, about a foot from Oedipa's nose. She lay watching it.

"Blimey," somebody remarked. "Cool." Oedipa took her teeth out of Metzger, looked around and saw in the doorway Miles, the kid with the bangs and mohair suit, now multiplied by four. It seemed to be the group he'd mentioned, The Paranoids. She couldn't tell them apart; three of them were carrying electric guitars; they all had their mouths open. There also appeared a number of girls' faces gazing through armpits and around angles of knees. "That's kinky," said one of the girls.

"Are you from London?" another wanted to know. "Is that a London thing you're doing?" Hair spray hung like fog, glass twinkled all over the floor.

"Lord love a duck," summarized a boy holding a passkey. Oedipa decided this was Miles. Deferent, he began to narrate for their entertainment a surfer orgy he had been to the week before involving a five-gallon can of kidney suet, a small automobile with a sun roof, and a trained seal.

"I'm sure this pales by comparison," said Oedipa, who'd succeeded in rolling over, "so why don't you all just, you know, go outside. And sing. None of this works without mood music. Serenade us."

"Maybe later," invited one of the other Paranoids shyly, "you could join us in the pool."

"Depends how hot it gets in here," winked jolly Oedipa. The kids filed out, after plugging extension cords into all available outlets in the other room and leading them in a bundle out a window.

Metzger helped her stagger to her feet. "Anyone for Strip Botticelli?" In the other room the TV was blaring a commercial for a Turkish bath in downtown San Narciso, wherever downtown was, called Hogan's Seraglio. "Inverarity owned that too," Metzger said. "Did you know that?"

"Sadist," Oedipa yelled. "Say it once more, I'll wrap the TV tube around your head."

"You're really mad," he smiled.

She wasn't, really. She said, "What the hell didn't he own?"

Metzger cocked an eyebrow at her. "You tell me."

If she was going to she got no chance, for outside all in a shuddering deluge of thick guitar chords, The Paranoids had broken into song. Their drummer had sat up precariously on the diving board, the others were invisible. Metzger came up behind her with some idea of cupping his hands around her breasts, but couldn't immediately find them because of all the clothes. They stood at the window and heard The Paranoids singing:

Serenade

As I lie and watch the moon
On the lonely sea,
Watch it lap the lonely tide
Like a comforter over me,
The still and faceless moon
Fills the beach tonight
With only a ghost of day,
All shadow grey and moonbeam
white.
And you lie alone tonight,
As alone as I;
Lonely girl in your lonely flat, well,
that's where it's at,
So hush your lonely cry.
How can I come to you, put out the
moon, send back the tide?
The night has gone so grey I'd lose
the way, and it's dark inside.
No, I must lie alone
Till it comes for me;
Till it takes the sky, the sand, the
moon, and the lonely sea,
And the lonely sea . . . etc.

FADE OUT

"Now then," Oedipa shivered brightly.

"First question," Metzger reminded her. From the TV set the St. Bernard was barking. Oedipa looked and saw Baby Igor, disguised as a Turkish beggar lad, skulking with the dog around a set she took to be Constantinople.

"Another early reel," she said hopefully.

"I can't allow that question," Metzger said. On the doorsill The Paranoids, as we leave milk to propitiate the leprechaun, had set a fifth of Jack Daniel's.

"Okay," said Oedipa. She poured a drink. "Did Baby Igor get to Constantinople in the good submarine *Justine*?"

"No," said Metzger. Oedipa took off an earring.

"Did he get there in what did you call them, in an E-class submarine?"

"No," said Metzger. Oedipa took off another earring.

"Did he get there overland, maybe through Asia Minor?"

"Maybe," said Metzger. Oedipa took off another earring.

"Another earring?" said Metzger. "If I answer that, will you take something off?"

"I'll do it without an answer," said Metzger, shucking out of his coat. Oedipa refilled her glass. Metzger had another snort from the bottle. Oedipa then sat five minutes watching the tube, forgetting she was supposed to ask questions. Metzger took his trousers off earnestly. The father seemed to be up before a court martial now.

"So," she said, "an early reel. This is where he gets cashiered, but ha."

"Maybe it's a flashback," Metzger said. "Or maybe he gets it twice."

Oedipa removed a bracelet. So it went: the curiously spliced succession of film fragments on the tube, the progressive removal of clothing that seemed to bring her no nearer nudity, the boozing, the tireless shivarees of voices and guitars from out by the pool. Now and then a commercial would come in, and each time Metzger would say, "Inverarity's," or "Big block of shares," and later settled for nodding and smiling, a drunken largeness to the gestures that called up as much exaggeration in the way Oedipa would scowl back. She grew more and more certain, while a headache began to flower behind her eyes, that they among all possible combinations of new lovers had found a way to make time itself slow down. Things grew less and less clear. At some point she went into the bathroom, tried to find her image in the mirror and couldn't. She had a moment of nearly pure terror. Then remembered that the mirror had broken and fallen in the sink. "Seven years' bad luck," she said aloud. "I'll be thirty-five." She shut the door behind her and took the occasion to blunder, almost absently, into another slip and skirt, as well as a long-leg girdle and a couple pairs of knee socks. It struck her that if the sun ever came up Metzger would disappear. She wasn't sure if she wanted him to. She came back in to find Metzger wearing only a pair of boxer shorts and fast asleep with his head under the couch. She noticed a fat stomach the suit had hidden. On the screen New Zealanders and Turks were impaling one another on bayonets. With a cry Oedipa rushed to him, fell on him, began kissing him to wake him up. His radiant eyes flew open, pierced her, as if she could feel the sharpness somewhere vague between her breasts. She sank with an enormous sigh that carried all rigidity like a mythical fluid from her, down next to him; so weak she couldn't help him undress her; it took him twenty minutes, rolling, arranging her this way and that, like, she thought, some scaled-up, short-haired, poker-faced little girl with a Barbie doll. She may have fallen asleep once or twice. She awoke at last to find herself in on a sexual crescendo in progress, like a cut to a scene where the camera's already moving. Outside a fugue of guitars had begun, and she idly counted each electronic voice as it came in, till she reached six or so and recalled only three of The Paranoids played guitars; so others must be plugging in.

Which indeed they were. Her climax and Metzger's, when it came, coincided with every light in the place, including the TV tube, suddenly going out, dead black. It was a curious experience. The Paranoids had blown a fuse. When the lights came on again, and she and Metzger lay twined amid a wall-to-wall scatter of clothing and spilled bourbon, the TV tube revealed the father, dog and Baby Igor trapped inside the darkening *Justine*, as the water level inexorably rose. The dog was first to drown, in a great crowd of bubbles. The camera came in for a close-up of Baby Igor crying, one hand on the control board. Something short-circuited then and the grounded Baby Igor was electrocuted, thrashing back and forth and screaming horribly. Through one of those Hollywood distortions in probability, the father was spared electrocution so he could make a farewell speech, apologizing to Baby Igor and the dog for getting them into this and regretting that they wouldn't be meeting in heaven. "Your little eyes have seen your daddy for the last time. You are for salvation. I am for the Pit." At the end his suffering eyes filled the screen, the sound of incoming water grew deafening, up swelled that strange Thirties movie music with the massive sax section, in faded the legend THE END.

Oedipa had leaped to her feet and run to the other wall to turn and glare at Metzger. "They didn't make it!" she yelled. "You bastard, I won."

"You won me," Metzger smiled.

"What did Inverarity tell you about me," she asked finally.

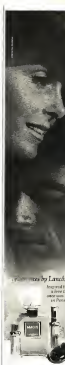
"That you wouldn't be easy."

She began to cry.

"Come back," said Metzger. "Come on."

After a while she said, "I will." And she did. ///

This is from Mr. Pynchon's forthcoming novel, The Crying of Lot 49, to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co. Copyright © 1966 by J. B. Lippincott Co.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THE DOUBLE SNAPPER

(Continued from page 192) said MacBean. "Braxton has identified our point of attack. It would be a genuine portrait in depth. With every wart and wen thrown in. The sweet and the sour. It's ultramodern."

"Hmmm," said P. Nelsma from his stool. He shook out his built-in creases, leaned an elbow carefully against one, leaned his chin carefully against his hand. "Dick Whitney, king of the hill, sells out from the top of the Stock Exchange. Hell of an O. Henry bit there . . ."

"Sure, Nels." MacBean began pacing again. "Look, why stop with Arnold? *All* the players for great stakes. Aaron Burr . . ."

"Maximilian in Mexico," said Harry Braxton.

"How about Bill Bryan?" said P. Nelsma. "He got a *terrific* shafting from Darrow."

"And *four* times an unsuccessful candidate," said Harry Braxton.

"Go, go," muttered P. Nelsma. "Nicky of Russia."

"Of course," said MacBean. "Laval."

"Yeah."

"Petain," said Harry Braxton.

"Yeah."

"Hell," said MacBean. "Adolf."

P. Nelsma slid down his stool and began to pace. "Don't say a single goddamn thing," he said, closing his eyes and picking his way skillfully across the carpet. After three trips he stopped and, with his eyes still closed, said, "Okay, devil's advocate." He threw his head back and opened his mouth. "Ahhh. It's downbeat." His head came down and he smiled. "Hell, it's loaded with identification. Every shnook who ever failed." Head up. "War is hump . . . Nuts, a good story line has the eternal values. Okay, okay . . . It's too real." Smile. "Hell, it's not *that* real." Harry smiled too. P. Nelsma opened his eyes, leaped for his desk and slid across the top, his old socko-boffo finale. Stopping a delicate inch from the edge, he said, "One note. It's one note." He raised his arms, closed his eyes again and monotoned: "Burr, Bryan, Laval, Adolf, Nicky . . . Shoeless Joe Jackson. Jesus Christ. Jesus *Christ*. Wow! We've got a whole vertical concept. A Sunday night full. A night for losers. *Losers*. See?" The eyes popped open. "Okay, Mac, Braxton, I wanna pilot *The Benedict Arnold Show*. It'll be strictly on Apex, baby, no movie outfit muscles in. Hey, and listen, we go live. Yowsa. I'll sell the board, leave it to me. Three segments. I want three, we'll reset our whole Sunday night format, it's from hunger anyway. Any questions?"

"Mr. Nelsma," said Harry Braxton.

"Yes, Harry?"

"I have this idea for a spin-off on Major John Andre . . ."

"Now hear this . . . Opus Number Four:

Mass popular, media mass
need be unpopular, got to be crass?
a flatulent wasteland, where truth
never festers?
Read bland-hearted Hearts for tragic
Prym Hesters!
Not with a hero who proves catalytic,
whose natures are bugs, if not analytic
So bring on The Fount and old Saratoga,
CBS lost Barre
and we've got the Yoga!"

For Arnold they got Vic Fusari, for Peggy, Joy Kraleto, who left an eight-month run in *Charcoal and Dust*. One Friday afternoon Manny Winkle, the old soft-shoe man who had made a string of Thirties musicals with Nelsma, fought his way into the office and convinced everyone he was Washington.

During this time Harry Braxton spent a week in Philadelphia and another week in Saratoga and two days in New Haven (for Captain Arnold), and, when he returned, holed up in the Writers Wrest on the fourteenth floor, where in eight days he turned out three scripts. With the scripts MacBean, Vic, Joy, Harry and Manny, P. Nelsma walked into Milton Lewitz' apartment on West Fourth Street and talked him out of another season of repertory and into fifteen segments of *The Benedict Arnold Show*. Milton was pacing through his apartment and quivering when they left.

After a week of rehearsal, which Milton insisted on and MacBean supported, they ran through the three segments chronologically ("the only way I work"), exciting Milton so much that he descended a fourth, at which point P. Nelsma said the hell with budgets when you catch lightning in a bottle go go go, and sent Harry back to the Wrest, where he whirled off two more scripts.

Then, with Arnold climbing impatiently up the success ladder, young, interlocking poignantly with Peggy, P. Nelsma planted a few soft leads at Shor's, the Downtown A.C., the Stadium Club and in four columns and from nineteen bidders allowed Gomper's Denture Paste, Mulleavey's WarBong Toys and Instant Drop Insect Bomb to sponsor the show.

The Benedict Arnold Show received three raves from the morning papers and two from the evening. The only dissenter, supplying what P. Nelsma called the controversial clincher, was George Westung in *NewsReview*, who had spent eight months in an R.A.F. supply center in 1940 and questioned the advisability of reopening old wounds at a time like this.

Benny jumped immediately into the top twenty at Arbitran. Two magazines saluted it as show of the month, another called it top-drawer family entertainment and clean clean clean! In three weeks it was top ten in all three surveys, neck and neck with *Back Bay Moonshiners* and *Doc Digby*.

It seemed that everyone connected with *Benny* caught fire. Vic Fusari proved conclusively that he could do something beside brood. Joy revealed a new softness, was all Army wives in one. Manny began a brand-new career as a creator of historical portraits. And Milton . . . Milton demonstrated with exquisite sensitivity and perception that, in the words of Opus Number Five, 'Hark Hark the Lark could sell and could spark.'

And behind it all, building the smooth, driving power that moved them all, was Harry Braxton and his dedication. His story line was jagged when it had to be, subtle where it had to be, tough and tender (always) and terribly rich in human-interest values, heartbreaking in its accumulation of identification grabbers. With each new script MacBean found himself squirming in anticipation as he climbed with Arnold toward the summit and dreaded and loved every step of the way.

Each Monday Harry would walk into his office with an outline for the next inevitable jump. They would chat, MacBean would quietly marvel, Harry would smile shyly and walk out and on Friday deliver the finely wrought chapter that pushed *Benny* closer to the precipice.

On the Monday after they returned from West Point, where they had shot some background footage, MacBean was busy at his workbench in the corner of his office. It had been a trying weekend. He had spent the entire night pacing the Hudson with Vic, who was beginning to tense up with overinvolvement. "Christ," he kept saying, pounding his palm as they walked. "I don't think I can sell out. I really don't." And MacBean kept gentling him down. "Vic, baby," he said over and over again softly, insistently, "you are anticipating, and damnit, you *know* better. What would Strasberg say?" Vic, pounding, muttering: "Yeah, yeah, I know it, I jam it down, but then . . . I can't *help* it, man." Until at four in the morning he maneuvered him back to the Thayer, fed him a Seconal, tucked him in and rushed back to town. And so the Monday-morning workbench to work off the tension and, more important, to postpone the tragedy with small tangible bases.

He was working on a lamp base when he heard Harry's apologetic knock. Washing hands and face quickly, he slid into his jacket, hurried to his desk, shuffled papers and yelled, "Come on in, Harry!" Harry slipped in, neatly clutching his cardboard briefer. "Morning, Mr. MacBean," he said, drawing pages out of the briefer. He placed them gently on the desk.

"Hi, Harry, sit," MacBean said. "How goes it?"

"Very well, Mr. MacBean."

"How was the weekend? I didn't see very much of you at the Point."

"Fine, Mr. MacBean. I did two installments."

"Uh huh. Say, Harry, I don't think I ever really told you how I feel about this thing you've created . . ."

"I didn't really create it, Mr. MacBean."

"No, of course not. I mean the way you molded it into an artistic unity."

"The deterministic forces inside and outside of Arnold really molded . . ."

"Sure, sure, Harry. Of course. Well, anyway, I wanted you to know. Okay, let's see what you've got." He picked up the outline, spun around smartly and glanced down Madison Avenue and began to read. He read it once quickly, looked up and sighted down Madison, then read again, slowly. Then again quickly. And looked up again. He couldn't be sure but . . . again to the script . . . come on now . . . He swiveled around. "Harry," he said softly, spacing his words, "what the hell do you mean you're changing the ending?"

"Well, Mr. MacBean," Harry said, "I think the deterministic forces call for it."

Harry, still quiet, still spacing: "what do you mean you think?"

"Well, it's my professional judgment . . ."

"Oh?" MacBean got up and walked to his workbench and rubbed his hands over the lamp base. "Your judgment. What about *History*, Harry?" he said gently. The lamp base was rough and soothing.

"Frankly, I think history was wrong in this case," Harry said.

"What was that, Harry?"

"I've thoroughly analyzed all the social and psychological factors, all the centrifugal and centripetal forces at work here and everything adds up irrevocably to an heroic denouement for Arnold."

The lamp base slid a splinter into his thumb. "Hey, Harry, fella, you know what you're saying?"

"Look, Mr. MacBean . . ." Harry was tipped on the edge of the sofa. "Look," he said, "at how lousy you've been feeling the past week. You know why, don't you?"

"Naturally. I think about this guy."

"And the whole company, look how upset they are."

"Sure. We're involved. Hell, it's a tribute to you, Harry."

"Two million people are upset."

"Sure, Harry. God, Harry, I'd give my right arm if Arnold didn't fink."

"See? You said didn't, not hadn't. Two million viewers feel the same way." He smiled. "That is a psychohistorical determinant."

"What, Harry?"

"I worked it all out, Mr. MacBean."

"You worked it all out, Harry?"

"Mr. MacBean, I would like to ask

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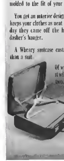

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Where to buy it? See page 318.

you something. Tell me, how do you feel about Booth shooting Lincoln?"

He tried to force his hand through the lamp base. "Oh, God, God Harry if only he'd misfired, if only that damn guard . . ."

"See?" Harry said. He stood and walked to the door and looked back. "Think it over, Mr MacBeau."

He ran through a dozen sheets of sandpaper, shellacked the lamp base, slashed out a design for an end table, powered through the top, cut it to pieces, jigsawed a half dozen happy profiles, half-dozen sad profiles, hacked them to pieces, swept the workbench clean, took a hot shower and walked down the hall to P Nelsma's office. When he reached the great desk, Harry Braxton was perched on the red leather chair beside it.

"Hiya Mac," said P Nelsma swiveling and beaking with a tiny foot. "Sit. Harry and I were just kicking the gong around."

He slid onto the high stool and smiled at Harry, smiled at P Nelsma. "Nels," he said folding his arms, "I guess you're aware that we've got ourselves a bit of a problem." Far down, Madison Avenue was beginning to jam with the going home and fast-drink crowd. He focused on straw hats coming out of *Look*.

"Well in a way," said P Nelsma. "Harry filled me in. You I gather, are not so happy, are you, Mac?"

Eight straws one panama, so they were coming back. He unfolded. "Oh it's not quite *that*, Nels," he said. "Hell what I feel personally isn't important."

"But of course it is Mac."

"Well what I mean is Harry's done such a damn fine job that I want to be sure he's not hurt. You know—by the way we handle this."

"Uh huh?"

The uptown buses were filling. "Sometimes," he said reasonably, "we become enmeshed in a problem. We lose a little perspective. Hell Fussart's almost sick with the idea of giving away West Point."

"Kid's really involved, huh?"

"You know it. So I'd like Harry to feel absolutely secure about this. To know that we still want him and appreciate him. We both want and appreciate him. And well he works so damn fast he can still pull it out by Friday."

P Nelsma tilted far back, his eyes picked at the ceiling; he drummed on his chin. "I like Harry's bit," he said.

MacBeau folded his arms and smiled wider. The hairy-hose girls were stepping to the rear of the buses. "Nels," he said gently. "It's not just a bit. That's the point. Harry is tampering with history. We can't do that type of thing."

"You preaching to me, Kenyon?"

"Nels you know better. You know what I think of you." He slid down the stool and sat on the desk. "But I've got to do my job. We simply have to get our focus straight, that's all. After all we *do* have a responsibility. This isn't show business."

"Harry," P Nelsma said to the ceiling "does historical determinism make psychological sense?"

"Absolutely Mr Nelsma. Motivation? Cause? Effect? Sensible story line?"

"Completely."

"So," P Nelsma said, dipping down. "There's your *show* business. May I remind you that *Louis Pasteur* pulled in an Oscar and made a mint."

"Hey, Nels, you're not serious? Nobody tampered with Louis Pasteur . . ."

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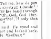

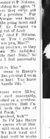

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"Why should they?" He was a hero. Suppose he'd sold out. You think he'd get an Oscar?"

MacBean stared at Madison Avenue. Two, three, four buses were moving in line, lousy transportation. All the packed-in office girls. Pouring out in the Seventies, stopping off for groceries, slacking up four flights. Flicking the on-off button. He stood up. "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. What's going on here? You really think you can sell this. You think those people down there are idiots?"

P Nelsma gazed at him. "I sell," he shrugged. "They buy."

MacBean reached for his lamp base, substituted the Brentano Thinker, kneaded its tight, tense neck. "What about O Henry?" he said.

"Henry," said P Nelsma.

"O Henry really wasn't psychologically valid," said Harry.

"Hell," said P Nelsma. "This cat Henry's O Henry. A *double* snapper." He flicked a hand. "Go ahead, go ahead, devil me."

"What about the loser concept?"

"The real grabber. Every loser out there becomes a winner. It's so goddamn simple it took a loser like Harry to come up with it." Harry smiled modestly.

"Mr Nelsma," MacBean said. "Benedict Arnold was a traitor to this country. He was not, repeat, was not a hero. The American public knows that."

"Mr Kenyon," said P Nelsma, "lemme tell you something okay? I was in Three D. Remember? Yowsa, right in on the ground floor. I had a very sizable piece of the action. Well, the American public came into the theatre see, and just begged for this wild set of cardboard glasses and sat down there with these nutty things on and the American public was in heaven. We could have draped a toilet seat around their neck . . ."

"Goddamn! Three D folded up!"

"Because we didn't have the guts to give 'em bigger and better *toilet* seats."

MacBean looked at the buses. It was so friendly in those buses. "The F C C," he said finally.

"Come on buster. With all the loot our sponsors got tied up in this? Oh brother."

"All right," MacBean said quietly. "Let this alone for a minute. Where do we go from here?"

"Hell Harry's got *some* great things on top. Robert E. Lee, Kaiser Wilhelm . . ."

"What," said MacBeau. "Lee . . . well at least Lee is a genuine folk hero, but the Kaiser? You're going to switch on *him*?"

"Hey now, Mac—I deals," P Nelsma grinned. He waggled a finger and looked at him sideways. "What's the substantive difference, huh, Mac-baby?" He winked. "And we've got to be impartial. This determinism thing has to have depth and breadth and variety. That's why it's great, it's so goddamn applyable."

"I . . . oh . . ."

"See?"

"I . . ."

"Sure Mac."

"Ah . . . I . . . have to think about this . . ."

"Sure."

"I think I'll knock off. It's been a . . . peculiar day."

"Sure. After all Harry's your boy, isn't he?"

"Well . . ."

P Nelsma walked around his desk, took MacBeau's arm and escorted him to the door. "Let me do the worrying. Okay, Mac? That's what they're paying me for. Forcryinout-loud they're only shadows on a piece of glass, what's the big deal. Right? Right. Oh, and Mac."

"Yes."

"Mac please don't get cute."

"Cute?"

"Uh huh. Harry."

Harry reached down and dug a finger into the desk. Filling the room was a vaguely familiar voice, that is, it should have been familiar except it was Donald Duck's voice. And Donald was saying peculiar familiar things. "CBSlostBears," shrilled Donald. "hetuc'vegottheYogn." Harry punched again and Donald quacked again "medapopuloemsdiamess." Harry kept punching, Donald kept quacking.

"Hey, Louse Carroll," said P Nelsma slicing the air and silencing Donald. "You gonna write one of those inside exposés? A satirical novel? Life in the bagel factory? Are you baby? Hell you like the kinda loot this gig pays don't you baby? And all the fringe benefits? You don't really object to being a member of this industry? You read me?"

In two days he had dug out the hull of *Old Ironsides*, molded the forecastle and penciled in riggings. Beneath his sketch over and over he wrote

"Ay tear her tattered ensign down, long has she waved on high."

On Friday as he glued on the mainmast the script came back to him with "appr P Nelsma" scribbled above the title.

Under the title, which was *Drums to Glory*, was written, "Dear Mac, just read this, give it—all of us—a chance willyahuh?"

So he read. In the corner of his office, beside *Old Ironsides*. And it was a beautiful thing. Simple, plastic, filled with the terror and magnificence and reality of those years. Human, direct. Fair. And it was just as valid when he read it behind his desk. And still as right at lunch at a side table at Shor's.

After lunch he walked to Fifth and continued up to the park, past the Fighting 69th boys driving, falling, dying as they pushed over the top. There on a bench with the stone boys behind him, imploring him to keep faith he felt the power of Historical Determinism. It poured out of those magnificent helmets, down the tough old Enfields, out along the bayonets and it righted all the wrongs, cleaned up the doubts, cleared out no man's-land.

It was after three when he got back to the office. Still standing, he wrote a note to P Nelsma asking if he could hold the script for a while. The answer bounced back, "Sure thing, as ruch atoll." He slipped it into his briefer and left at three-thirty walking slowly downtown to Thirty-third and then east to First. All evening he was very quiet with Maggie. Before he went to bed he read it once more and cried for the first time since Roosevelt died.

The next morning he sent the script back to P Nelsma. On the stapled interoffice that said "From the desk of Grayson MacBean," he wrote, "Now they can bury the poor bastard with his leg."

P Nelsma walked into his office, held out his hand and said, "Thanks, Mac, that's beautiful."

A gigantic wave of relief rolled over the company. By the end of the week they had all folded securely into *Drums to Glory*, Vic especially showing a new, humble strength as if he had discovered a new dimension in himself. MacBean ate with him till two-thirty in the morning at P J's while he explained what this meant to his career. And on Sunday they shared a good-luck drink in his office before Vic went across town for the show. As he left, Vic hook-shot his Miltowns into the wastebasket.

Alone, MacBean puttered around *Ironsides* and tried a few sketches of the Battery Fort. Then he glanced at the clock, closed up shop and walked downstairs. He walked along Central Park South, past Simon Bolivar, past Remember the *Maine*. He walked slowly, backed up by the gallant sailors. "By fate unwarned, in death unafraid." There at the entrance to the park the spinning wheel of Determinism circles around the hub of Columbus Circle, uprooting steel, concrete and Huntington Hartford and exposed the miserable lie of history gone wrong, and righted the wrong.

Lindy haranguing the motley crew at the Garden? Hell. He flashes an F.B.I. card and pinches Fritz Kuhn.

Christy Mathewson shriveling to nothing inside the glorious pinstripes, eh? Why Trudeau grabs him and farms him out to Saranac Lake and he's back in '19 mowing down the hated Cubs.

The draft riots. Yes, those horrible panics rippling easily through this wonderful town. *Oh?* Wasn't that yes, it was Jeff Davis, original Commie provocateur.

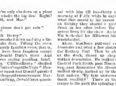
Hendrik Hudson? The double snapper. Climbs with jaunty back onto the *Half Moon*, puts down the misguided mutineers (forgives), sails to glory, settles down on . . . West Point . . . The Point.

He sat down breathlessly on a bench beneath the *Maine*, gazed west and then upriver to where Patton and Blackjack stood guard over the mothball fleet and all the gallant young Douglas Macs. Of course. The Point was still there, wasn't it? Turning out the stars. Didn't that prove it? That Determinism worked? That it made beautiful irrevocable sense despite the frustrating history books? Didn't *it*?

Georgie Patton's varnished helmet swiveled slowly in the Hudson sunset. Blackjack's tough ramrod neck bristled out of the iron collar. The mothball fleet shuddered. Wasn't *anybody* buying? Wait. How about the thousands of shavetails carved out of the long grey line sleeping in San Juan, Thierry, Iwo and Bastogne? Wouldn't *they* take care of one of their own? Hell, he had to smile.

He pulled back to Huntington Hartford and the frightful, dependable Coliseum and he looked up at the *Maine* sailor boys. Okay, Lindy *had* taken the medal from Goering. Yes, Big Six *had* gone west at ninety pounds. All right cowards, thousands of cowards stampeded the city and yes, yes, Hendrik had drifted forever into the night. . . . The shavetails knew, Georgie and Blackjack knew . . . Don't get cute, eh? You like this gag, fella? "Dammit," he muttered, "they bled and they died." He stood up and quickly squared his shoulders. "And they gave us our pride."

Vic was leaning against a wall with his eyes closed and his lips moving in violent preparation. Jay was knitting and Milton was shuffling in place and blinking. P Nelsma was sitting behind control as usual, and he waved as MacBean walked in. MacBean waved back and stood behind Sol Garble on number-one camera. At twenty seconds before prime



KING CHARLES II (1630-1685)   OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BURNING (The Bettmann Archive)

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time Milton took a noisy breath, walked behind Sol, held up a hand and shouted "Silence!" MacBean closed his eyes and saw the millions glued to sets and horse-collared with toilet seats. And the words flashed, running across his forehead like a teleprompter on the Times Building, he saw them so clearly: *"How do you do, my name is Grayson MacBean and I am the executive producer of this show. I am also the first vice-president of this network which means I am in a position of responsibility, a lot of responsibility. Therefore I must tell each and every one of you that the show you are about to see, this episode, is a completely calculated fraud. Therefore* The Benedict Arnold Show *is a fraud. What you are about to see, my friends, and I never felt so close to you as I do now, is a cynical attempt to deceive you. To play on your notorious gullibility. Now it is just possible that this is so, that you sit there stupefied, that you do not care. That of course is possible but I choose not to believe it. I don't want to believe it. But even so, even if this is true, I must tell you that I know what is about to happen, that I bear a major responsibility. Therefore I ask you to watch, yes to watch, and then with calls, telegrams, with all your great, untapped power rise up and tell this network and its supervisors just what you think of it. For ladies and gentlemen, if you're the kind of folks I think you are, I am hoping you are, you will then keep the faith with Patton, Pershing, Lieutenant Douglas Mac"*

The distant sound of drums invaded the Times Building and cracked into his teleprompter. He opened his eyes. Across the grey barracks above the cliffs P. Nelson sat behind his glass, gazing proudly down. Beside him sat Harry Braxton, grim and stiff, with his evil little smile. And beside Harry, Gabby Istvan and Marty. At that moment P. Nelson looked at the four writers and at MacBean and nodded and gave him thumbs up.

MacBean looked away, then up at the writers straining forward, observing the very first success. Success? *"How do you do, my name is,"* He looked at the four, savoring the next moment. *"I am also the first vice-president of this network which means"* "The four of them, the big four, learning their lessons." *"Therefore I must tell each and every one of you, I must"* His team, his stable. *"With all your great untapped"* His break through. Christ. *"great untapped"* "Christ power."

He took a tremendous breath, let it out and, ignoring the funny little guy behind the glass, he smiled on his boys and then turned to A GRAYSON MACBEAN PRODUCTION, THE BENEDICT ARNOLD SHOW. ##

ROBERT FROST SPEAKS PROSE

(Continued from page 280) its heroes, not in abstract terms. Lives of the Worthies is what we might say. You emulate and not imitate. Sometimes you try to make poetry do more than it can.

In a time of crisis, say, a poet tries sometimes to write heroic poetry, to encourage the soldiers. But we are always dying and being killed. I never go by a hospital and smell anesthetic but I know we die. We continue to do what we have to do.

"In a time like this"—that's what people say. That's silly. Poetry has something to do, even if not in the heroic vein, it has something to do with being brave.

Without any question we all come into political life. Some people stay aloof but even the most aloof are touched by faint implications. For instance, we talk about loyalty. One poet says, *When half gods go, you get whole Gods.* You get a higher loyalty. It was very subversive of Emerson. You're on your way up, word regardless.

Poets are always thinking about loyalty which is the key to all political things. Party loyalty, country loyalty, idea loyalty, ideal loyalty—poetry is talking it all the time. Satire as loyalty and disloyalty is the base of much poetry.

You have an attachment for an attraction. It goes on in every way, an attachment for an attraction and it means some suffering. It ought not to be easy to make shifts. Freedom means breaking. You don't do it because you have to, forced to from the outside. It has to come to you almost against your own inclination. I take it that that's what happened to Luther: the difference came out of his nature. "I can do no other."

That is the essence of the very individuality in art. I can do no other. It's the convergence of things to that decision.

Everybody wants freedom to *take* some liberties. I insist on that, to take some liberties. I think it's Macbeth that says it: "Bid my will avouch it." That's a way of saying, I did it because I did it. The spirit of man looks criminal but it is just a kind of running out ahead of the law. And then let the law catch up. The will first and the law second.

That may not be the way it ought to be, but that's the way it is. First the strength, then the control. Punch your own hand against your palm and it expresses it, the strength and the control. ##

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A WINE LIST FOR PATRIOTS

(Continued from page 238) ture. A dry white wine—something like an excellent champagne without the bubbles—produced only by New York's Gold Seal Vineyards. Similar to the native wines of France it was developed here by Charles Fournier, president of Gold Seal and a lecturer at Cornell University. Widmer's Wine Cellars, another of the Finger Lakes wineries, also produces some notable New York whites, especially its Rieslings.

- Pinot Chardonnay. When a wine expert from the *Guide Michelin* visited California a couple of years ago he pronounced the Wente Brothers Pinot Chardonnay 'equal to the greatest French Chablis.' Some authorities believe the Frenchman was being unduly enthusiastic, but there is no doubt that the grape which produces the bone-dry white wine of Burgundy thrives in the gravelly soil of the Livermore Valley where the Wentes have their Vineyard.
- Dry Semillon. The Semillon is one of the white wine grapes of Bordeaux, and a good many experts believe that it produces the best white wine in America. It is slightly sweet but more like a Chablis than a Sauternes. The Concannon Vineyard turns out a particularly well made Dry Semillon. Until a few years ago the wines of the Irish Concannons, next-door neighbors to the German Wentes, were available only in California. Some of the very good but small vineyards of California still sell everything they make to knowledgeable San Franciscans and Los Angelenos. Among the local vineyards worth checking out during a visit to California: Stony Hill Vineyard and Souverain Cellars in the Napa Valley, the San Martin Vineyard and the Martin Ray vineyard in the Santa Clara Valley and the Firkin Vineyard near Fresno, which makes America's best port.
- Chenin Blanc. This is the grape which produces Vouvray in France's Loire Valley and one of California's most delightful whites. It is fruity tasting and slightly bubbly. The Charles Krug Winery turns out a refreshing Chenin Blanc.
- Johannisberg Riesling. Almadén's 1960 Johannisberg gives a firm clue as to why the Riesling, light and dry, is known as Germany's greatest white wine grape. Almadén, with vineyards in the Santa Clara, Santa Cruz and San Benito regions, is California's largest producer of premium wines, accounting for about fifty percent of all the varietals produced in the state.
- Rosé. The one item on the American roster of wines that rarely causes an argument is the pink, which holds its own with its European counterpart. The best of this fresh light bodied wine usually comes from the Grenache grape, but the Inglenook Vineyard of Napa Valley produces a happy blend called Navalle Rosé.
- Champagne. The F. Korbel and Brothers vineyard in Sonoma specializes in champagne, and its sparkling product probably comes closer to the French original than any other made in America. Almadén also produces well thought of champagne under the name of Blanc de Blancs. Slightly sweeter but more to the taste of most Americans are the champagnes of New York State, particularly those made by the Taylor and Great Western wineries.

The price of the wines listed above will run anywhere from $1.50 to $3 and more a bottle but a lot of perfectly respectable American rosés and whites can be bought by the half gallon for $1 or $2.

Yet so potent is the pull of a famous label that any bottle of imported wine, no matter how cheap or poorly made, is likely to get the place of honor on a wine dealer's shelves. Walk into an average restaurant in an average city anywhere in the United States for a demonstration of one of the factors that has held down the domestic wine industry: in far too many cases the waiter will greet an order for dinner wine with suspicion, apathy or the announcement that the only wine on hand is a rosé. With luck he may be able to come up with a bottle of red or white priced at double its value. The waiter and his boss couldn't care less.

"Restaurants feel there's not enough money in wine," a noted Los Angeles restaurateur explained recently. "Martinis do the job quicker, easier and more profitably."

They can get away with that kind of thinking because not enough Americans order wine. On a per capita basis, the U.S. consumes about one gallon a year compared to the thirty five, thirty-one and twenty-two gallons respectively for France, Italy and Argentina. Roots in a malt-tippling Anglo Saxon culture have something to do with it. Prohibition added to the problem by developing a citizenry with an illegitimate taste for drinks with a knockout punch. Prohibition, in fact, gave American vintners a hangover that they suffered from for years. During the national dry spell, excellent vineyards in California, Ohio and New York were let go to sacramental wines, grape juice and raisins. With Repeal an equal disaster set in. It takes a vineyard at least four years to produce wine worthy of the name. But most vintners couldn't wait that long in their haste to meet a sudden demand. It took them a good fifteen years to live down the bad name they earned in the mid Thirties.

The industry still hasn't learned to put its best foot forward. In France, where less than ten percent of the wine produced in any given year has any real claim to superior quality, no Frenchman would try to convince you that the vin ordinaire on his table compares with the product of Lafite Rothschild. He may never drink a wine from one of the great estates or chateaux, but he is proud that the great wines exist. In the U.S. the domestic industry's publicists spend an inordinate amount of time promoting

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration

Now RCA, the company that makes tape recorders for Gemini, offers 9 new tape recorders you can buy.

Four RCA Victor snap in cartridge models that load in seconds And they're Solid State

Just snap a tape cartridge into the *Relay I* and you're ready to record. It's as easy as pulling a penny in a piggy bank—no messy rewinding, threading or tangling. Solid State throughout plus the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits. VU meter recording level monitor.

Have a picnic with the Solid State *Relay II*. Big 6" oval speaker, VU meter, and controls for volume, record, rewind/off/play, tone, fast forward, speed and track selectors, public address and earphone switches. More, it's lightweight, compact—and snap-in cartridge loading lets you get the action fast—as it happens.

Stereo—for the really big sound. *Relay III* has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½" tweeters in swing out detachable enclosures. Sound plus Sound lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Four track recording at 3¾ or 1⅞ ips. Output jack for use with optional stereo headphones. VU meter. RCA Victor's finest—the tape recorder of tomorrow.

Here's the audiophile's delight—the *Module Mark I*—a Solid State stereo tape cartridge recorder deck. Play through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response is 50 to 15 000 cps (at 3¾ ips).

They're from RCA Victor. They start at $49⁹⁵*

*Optional with dealer for Tiros I

Five RCA Victor Solid State reel-to-reel models (with a choice like this, why look further?)

It's battery operated so you can get the message *wherever you go*. It's also Solid State (no tubes to burn out). The *Tiros I* is a two track reel-to-reel model with VU meter recording level monitor and battery level indicator. Complete with microphone, batteries, earphone, 3" reel of tape and reel.

Language students who parlez poorly will get a quick pick up with the *Tiros II* battery operated reel to reel recorder. Plays on house current, too, with optional AC adapter. 4" oval speaker, earphone jack, tone control, VU meter, fast forward. Comes with its own shoulder strapped carrying case plus mike, batteries, earphone, tape reel.

For steno or senior veep, the *Score I* is a deluxe 4-track reel-to-reel model. Comes complete with microphone, 7" reel of tape, reel and auxiliary cable. Storage space for reels and accessories.

Stereo and Solid State—with Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits that won't come loose, won't short circuit, won't go haywire. The *Score II* has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½" tweeters in swing-out, detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound feature lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Complete with two ceramic microphones, 7" reel of tape, reel and cables.

For the purist's pleasure, the *Module Mark II* is a Solid State stereo reel to reel recorder deck that plays through your own amplifier speaker system. Frequency response of 50 to 15 000 cps at 7½ ips. Special "pause" switch. VU meter recording level indicator. Handsomely styled Danish Walnut veneer and selected hardwood base.

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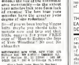

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Where to buy it? See page 319.

a self-defeating argument, namely that the basic difference between a mass-produced "jug" wine and the more expensive vintages of America's quality vineyards is price. The experts don't agree, and the snobs make hay with that type of argument.

Snobbism may be the biggest problem of all. It is fostered by wine cultists who surround what should be a simple staple of the good life with fanfare and esoteric overtones of culture. Everyone complains about it. But status symbolism isn't going to disappear until a lot more Americans know that they can drink at least some of the white wines with any meal, and that any red which costs less than $1.25 will benefit by chilling. Then there will be no point in trying to snow the other dinner guests.

For years, wine consumption in the United States hardly increased at all. To make matters worse, two thirds of the wine that Americans did drink was of the dessert or aperitif varieties, sweeter and stronger than the table wines that civilized man uses to complement his meals.

But times, as they have a way of doing, finally may be changing. Americans drank one hundred and eighty-six million gallons of U.S. wine in 1964, five-and-a-half percent more than in 1963. Especially encouraging was the fact that all of the increase was accounted for by the table wines. And President Johnson's little drink-American campaign has brought the domestic wine industry to the attention of a good many wine lovers who never gave it a friendly thought before. In one of New York's best-known wine shops, for example, domestic-wine sales have doubled in recent months. Preliminary nationwide figures for 1965 were so encouraging that Don W. McColly, the normally cautious president of the California Wine Institute, was driven to exclaim, "We may finally have reached the breakout point."

Hopefully McColly is right because the American vineyard will never reach its full potential until it has to meet the sophisticated demand of a considerably larger share of the American people. ###

THIS BLESSED PLOT THIS EARTH THIS REALM THIS DENMARK

(Continued from page [illegible]) how small one realizes on learning that it is in fact less than half the size of the state of Maine—a state of Maine, at that, crumbled into one chunk of a peninsula (Jutland), one fair-sized and two smaller islands and some five hundred very small to tiny islands, one hundred of them inhabited. No one at any point in Denmark is ever farther than an hour's drive from the sea, and many people at many points are never long off a beach, a jetty, a ferry or a sailing boat. And these thousand coastlines, these bays, this ring of sea are complemented by inner circles of still water: marshy lakes fist set into the land and village ponds under the willow trees, round as a hole, round as the cartwheel that props the stork's nest on the thatched rooftop.

The weather changes with the sea winds and the winds change twice a day. The overall climate is cool, grey, blustery, rain-sprayed, a climate that just may do for winter, fall and spring but cannot quite make summer, at least not every year. The Danes, with their worship of the sun and their joy in outdoor pleasures, do not have the climate they deserve. Yet who knows if they had been reared in some tropical latitude by some warmer shore, they might perhaps not have attained that very deservingness. And when it is fine in Denmark, when for an evening or some morning hours the sky is clear with that light Nordic blue, sail with cumulus clouds white as a ship, as swift as down, the fineness has a gossamer quality, an essence of calm and sereneness. It is the weather of childhood, some ideal childhood fixed in an impressionist vision of spade and bucket on beach and the long grasses of the dunes.

The Danish countryside, too, exercises a soothing charm. Tilled to the inches, not quite flat, uncluttered—there is always a long view to the horizon—green, flaxen and red with pasture, ripe barley, cornflower, sunflower and poppy, the scene of centuries of man and nature going hand in hand, it fills the eye and mind with measured content and peace.

To get about, on wheels, afloat, on foot, is unfrustrating, easy. The ferry steamers and the fast clean electric trains run like clockwork and while running ply the willing travelers with food, soups and beer. Stationary sustenance is provided on trees farms by country inns which go by the engaging name of Kro. The roads and side roads are good and, apart from the six-lane Copenhagen-Esbjerg highway which crosses the country (and the seas), innocent of traffic. Copenhagen is another matter. There the traffic is not only dense but (Denmark is not without its psychological riddles) ruthlessly fast, as fast as the most headlong Italian driving, though without the Italian dash and driving skill. This death race is intricately regimented by a spider's network of white lines and guiding lights most sensibly worked out, provided you live long enough to learn the ropes.

The learning must be voluntary; there are few traffic police about. Indeed there are no visible police at all. In three weeks of Copenhagen we never saw a policeman on patrol either by day or night, and as capitals go Copenhagen is well on the unteetotalistic side. Anyone who so wishes may drink in a public place all night; sensibly and tolerantly the government does not interfere; when one bar or cafe has to close there will be another about to open, quite legitimately, down the block. Likewise it is always possible in Copenhagen, as it is in New York or Paris, to find some place to eat hot food around the clock, respectably and at the normal prices. Incidentally, it is Sweden which has the alcoholic problem. Denmark is a part of Scandinavia as Canada is a part of America. Danes, Swedes and Finns and Norwegians are Scandinavians in the way that Americans and English are Anglo-Saxons, and Brazilians and Bolivians are South Americans. Denmark once owned Norway and ruled Sweden. Norwegians up to a hundred years ago spoke Danish. Now Denmark and Norway and Sweden are neighbors and good neighbors. They share some of their outlook and their policies. There are affinities. Looked at from the outside, and even from the inside, they have a good deal in common and a good deal that they have not. Readers may recall Miss Katherine Anne Porter's Swede Arne Hansen in *Ship of Fools*. Herr Hansen, admittedly a knotty character, flies off the handle when a person he is introduced to takes him for a Dane and when corrected waves aside the difference. Swedes are not Danes and Danes are not Swedes and not Norwegians, and they would have you know it.

One of the unique things about Denmark is that this rural, this bourgeois, this deeply democratic country without class handicaps, without great fortunes, without poor, this solid welfare state where a social democratic party has been in office with few interruptions for over forty years, does not only possess an aristocracy and live with it harmoniously, but has itself in many ways an aristocratic air. Look at the architecture. The very cottages have line and grace, and those small-scale seventeenth and eighteenth-century manor houses (inhabited) that are everywhere have an elegance, a fantasy, a style to them that takes one's breath away: they are ravishing. They are also unexpected—dazzling white picked out with slate grey; they are entirely unlike anything one could meet elsewhere in those temperate parts, in Holland, Austria or Germany. If there is any reminiscent link it is oddly enough with the domestic baroque of Northern Portugal, those delicious mansions and *quintas* of the Beira and the Minho. Perhaps not so oddly: the Portuguese, like the Danes, were once a seafaring, predatory and adventurous small nation. How far, how far apart, have they traveled since!

Architecturally Denmark also has its ample quota, lovingly preserved, of the more conventional stunner stuff—craggy dragon castle and vast ornate Renaissance boxes spectacularly sited on seaboard or parkland, the homes nowadays often of schools or the old. And then original again, another unique delight, pink-washed medieval village churches, Aslev, Hojerup, Mogenstrup—one could almost invent the names—painted inside and exquisite in form.

Architecture without pain, art looked at in undiluted pleasure, enjoyment without anxiety, compunction, heartache: there is no beggar woman in the church door, no caged child or sore animal in the square. The water is safe and the wallet inside the pocket. There will be no missed plane connection. We are in a country where the curable ills are taken care of. We are in a country where the mechanics of living from transport to domestic heating (alack poor Britain!) function imaginatively and well, where it goes without saying that the sick are looked after and secure and the young well-educated and well-trained, where ingenuity is used to heal delinquents and to mitigate at least the physical dependence of old age; where there is work for all and some individual leisure and men and women have not been utterly alienated yet from their natural environment, where there is care for freedom and where the country as a whole has renounced the drive to power and prestige across its borders and where the will to peace is not eroded by doctrine, national self-love and unmanageable fears; where people are kindly, honest, helpful, sane, reliable, resourceful and cool-headed, and strangers (shyly) smile to strangers.

Tak is the word for thank you and the Danes thank one another all the time: when they hand or accept an object, when they put fork to food, when they rise from table, when someone has said thank you—*tak tak tak mange tak, tak for mad, tak tak*. And the foreign visitor, too, is soon caught in that virtuous circle.

War and the threat of war only start when all is not well at home. Countries that solve their own problems are no problem to others. How did it all come about? How did the Danes get that way? Why are they what they are? Was the country particularly favored? Did they try to keep the peace in the past? Did they practice religious tolerance? The answers are no. Is it then all but a miss? A people holding a territory poor rather than rich, with a history as long, mixed and disturbed as the next country's—are these the facts that must be fed into the computer, and what might the answer be? Portugal? Switzerland? Prussia?

The most cursory catalog of Danish antecedents bristles with the violence, confusion and vicissitudes commonplace in European histories. The computer would have been told about Viking terrorist raids (the Vikings of course being the forefathers of the Danes), the successful invasion of England, the line of roughhewn kings, Hrorik, Harald Bluetooth, who forced his subjects into Christianity and subjugated Norway; Gorm the Old, who had a slogan for his conquests—Denmark's Repair—Sweyn Forkbeard. Been told about expansion in the twelfth century, dynastic disputes, absolute monarchy, a chain of regicides, invasion of Germany, nobles' risings, other conquests and reconquests culminating in Valdemar the Great and Danish Ascendancy, hegemony in the Baltic, rule over the whole of Scandinavia, Estonia, Holstein, Greenland, Iceland. Strife, decline, division. Reformation and religious wars, the Blood Bath of Stockholm, the Counts' War, participation, inevitable and debilitating, in the Thirty Years' War. And so it went. By the end of the eighteenth century there was a wind of change: relief from oppressive taxation, improvements of justice, some liberty of the press. By the nineteenth, Denmark's troubles came thick and fast. In 1801 a British fleet bombarded Copenhagen; a few years later the Danish fleet itself was lost. Norway and Sweden gone, a rough deal at the Congress of Vienna. Fifty years later, Bismarck embarked on the first of his planned wars and won. The Prussians—so much stronger—took Holstein, South Slesvig and a huge chunk of Danish Denmark, North Slesvig. It was a devastating defeat. Denmark was left nothing but itself, a country less than half the size of the State of Maine, a country with no metals, no iron, copper, tin, no oil, no coal; no colonies, no overseas possession (except for the Virgin Islands which only went to the U.S. in 1916). A devastating, a traumatic defeat, and the Danes might well have fallen and become fixed in a Treaty of Versailles mentality. Mysteriously they did not. Instead they redirected their aims and will: they did turn inward. They changed their agriculture from grain to dairy products, they set up cooperatives, gave their attention to social and economic advance, chose a neutral policy, developed an altogether new kind of adult schooling. It was a chain reaction but the links forged themselves into a virtuous circuit. It has turned out well.

Why—we are back again at our original question—were the Danes able to use a particular chance, one they could then hardly have seen as such, in a beneficent way? Did national character determine their choice or did the choice stabilize that character? Perhaps, for want of a better answer, all one can say is that Denmark at one point entered a phase of historical luck. *Tak*. Long may it last. ###

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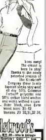

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CAN A SIMPLE WELSH LASS OF THIRTY SIX FIND HAPPINESS WITH A MACEDONIAN ROCK AND ROLL STAR OF TWENTY FOUR?

(Continued from page 164) even tight a little island Great Britain looks to us over here, to the Scotch and the Welsh that step across the border is enormous and without comparison though crossing the Mason-Dixon line may have some of the feel of it.

"I had decided by then to be an actress," says Sybil, "and immediately got involved in amateur groups. Then I decided to try for London. Went to the London Academy of Dramatic Arts for a year and then heard that Emlyn Williams was doing the movie of *The Last Days of Dolwyn* and looking for Welsh actors. Emlyn Williams was to all of us aspiring Welsh actors like a God. We felt if we could just meet him our fortunes would be assured. I wrote to him and to my surprise he answered and told me to come to his house for an interview. He doesn't know it but to this day whenever I go up those steps of his house I remember the first time I ran up them. Well he hired me. It was just a small part but obviously he was keen to use all the Welsh people he could find around London and save himself the expense of transporting actors from Wales."

It is interesting how one chooses to remember one's past. What a less perpetual lass would have seen in terms of The Big Break Sybil sees in terms of plain economics. It was also during the making of this film that she met Richard Burton.

"He was playing the lead," says Sybil, "and about four months afterward we got married." The casual, perfectly unimpressed tone she uses in talking of their meeting and marriage cannot be wholly explained away as a reaction to subsequent events; one feels rather that however strong the image to the outside world may have been at the time of Sybil the obscure bit player marrying the Big Star, to the self image of Sybil herself it was simply a matter of marrying a boy from her village, from her Chapel, from her family even—part of the tightly knit Welsh Chapel going family.

Sybil's acting career after her marriage was unspectacular: a small part in the English production of *Harvey*, bit parts at Stratford-on-Avon during that "wonderful year, that great year in 1951 when Richard was so marvelous as *Prince Hal* and *Henry V* and began getting his brilliant notices. Rachel Roberts (the present Mrs Rex Harrison) and I kept playing small Lady-Something-or-Other parts that season. And, really, we were shocking. Two less ambitious girls would have been hard to find. The way we came on stage—nail polish, wristwatches hastily tucked under our wimples any whichway at the last minute—we were simply hopeless. What I did discover was that I loved everything about the theatre—the casting calls, the rehearsals, the tea breaks, the backstage giggling and gossip—everything except the actual performing. But I've always enjoyed being behind the scenes. People have always picked my brains about casting. I love doing casting. That's the kind of ambition I have. I don't have the personal kind of ambition.

"One of the lowest points of my life was the death of my sister Elsie. I was about twenty or twenty-one at the time. We were in New York. Richard was playing in *The Lady's Not for Burning*. I hadn't seen her for a long time but she'd virtually brought me up and then I got a letter from some relation in Wales just casually mentioning her death. Because you know ... It's so good, money and success and all of it, thinking that you were doing it for yourself. There was always someone else you were doing it for so that they would be proud of you, would be pleased with you, would be happy for you—someone in your family. And Elsie was always that person I kept in my mind. I felt very lost for a long time. I've since thought of her death in relation to what happened with Richard as a sort of preparation. A preparation for losing someone. So that when it happened it was as if somehow I had always been prepared."

"All the time she was married to Richard Burton and you heard those rumors about other women, I figured I don't know, maybe Sybil enjoyed being treated badly, you know, some sort of psychological angle like that," said my show-business companion at the opening of Arthur, "but the way she's behaved since Liz Taylor, the way she's bounced back, I've had to change my mind."

The psychological angle he had overlooked was woman's most basic age-old fear: that of being *left*—whether for hunting, for war, for work, for death ... or for another woman. And as it follows with survivors that what they fear most is what they have most been preparing themselves for, so Sybil, the simple Welsh Methodist lass orphaned at ten, again at fifteen, again at twenty-one, had ample opportunity to prepare for being left again at thirty-four.

"My lowest point with Richard came when I'd read myself out. Reading has always relaxed me; usually I'm reading three things at the same time—a biography, a detective story and a novel. And there I was in a Swiss village after the filming of *Cleopatra* and I looked down at the page and *I couldn't read it*. Then I knew I was really in trouble. It was awful. I couldn't go anywhere—couldn't go to England or anything because the bloody Press was watching, actually watching through the windows! When I felt I was finally out of the woods was when I made the decision to come to America. It was such a relief to have made up one's mind. But you know, I decided it in a moment. That was it. And I knew I couldn't have made that decision even one minute earlier. And the timing was so lucky. I came over two years ago in April and the Royal Ballet was here and more than even theatre I've always loved ballet—loved all the people in it as well. And by the time they'd left, somehow the worst of it was over. But you know, I've never thought of myself as 'single.' I'd been married most of my grown life so I'd never had that awful thing so many women of twenty-eight or thirty go through of worrying if they're ever going to get married at all. And then I still had the children, the household, the coping with the organizing of the housekeeping. I was still Mrs. Sybil Burton. After that first uncertainty about whether people like you for yourself and not only for your famous husband (though Richard had always been wonderful about that, about giving me confidence, making me feel people wanted to meet me equally) and about raising children on my own, it was rather like having a holiday. And I had my old friends and they were wonderful—particularly Joanne Brown and Roddy McDowall—talking, talking, talking. They helped. They gave me not just their time but their [illegible]. I'll always be grateful to them for that. And then I think what happens—at least it happened to me—is that you get *bored* talking about it. You've talked yourself out. The situation is still there, but you *just don't care any longer*.

"The Strollers—the club that now is Arthur—was a great help too. First of all as a place to go to, but also because of the satirical group—The Establishment that was there all the time. I loved them. They were English, but they were something new for me to get interested in. Especially Jeremy Geidt, one of the boys in the group who kept on saying, 'But what are you going to do, Sybil?' over and over at me all the time until we finally conceived of becoming a producing unit—getting hold of the upper floors at The Strollers and turning them into a theatre. As I've said, theatre and particularly casting is something I've always adored being involved in, so why not do it professionally?"

Last year, along with the things that Sybil had always known she liked, she added the discothèque. After The Establishment boys left, The Strollers club had foundered under a series of band shows, jazz groups, Scopitone and speak-out nights, until it finally subsided altogether. Here Sybil seized her chance and offered her long list of friends and acquaintances an opportunity to become investors (after she had helped organize the Broadway Answer to Selma Night, Sammy Davis Jr gave her $1,000 in cash); with this backing she turned the club that had become her home-away from home into a discothèque of her very own. And with it came The Wild Ones. And with it, of course, Jordan Christopher.

"I vividly remember one particular day last spring," recalls Jeremy Geidt. "We have a school now attached to our theatre and I was rehearsing some students in a quiet scene—something out of Chekhov—when suddenly there was a most fearful racket downstairs that made the floor shake so hard the actors leaped three feet off the ground and my script flew out of my hands. I dashed down to find out what the hell was going on. Sybil was auditioning The Wild Ones."

Arthur itself—that rousing success named after a Beatle's reply to *What do you call that haircut?*—is perhaps not everyone's dish of tea. There is a severe testing before you are allowed entrance, made more severe by the fact that it's done out on a sidewalk in front of a group of interested and apparently permanent spectators. This is something new in nightclubbing: the surly young man glowering at you *outside* the club. Does he think you're going to bomb it? Do you need a passport? Is this the Berlin Wall? However, you know that if you can couple successfully the magic name of Sybil Christopher with your own (that is if you can remember it by then, or even pronounce it the necessary three times) you will be allowed through and the glower will turn to a smile. (You *know* this is going to happen—it must happen two hundred times a night, but it doesn't make the performance less extraordinary—that violent change from hostility to deference.) Three yards inside you are subjected to the same testing. By now your face has changed to anger. First of all, instead of the red plush rope of an older, more gracious era, there is a *chain*. Like, they mean business. Second of all, the surly young man in charge has added to his rudeness by engaging in a conversation with his back to you, so what can you do? Shout? Stamp your foot? Rattle the chain? Ah, at last. His conversation is over. The password and connecting name have evoked the same violent reaction—not exactly hospitality—more like total capitulation. And you are in. Sort of anticlimactic. Now they are being nice to you, for God's sake.

Inside Arthur is everything a discothèque should be ("Like the Black Hole of Calcutta, only with no air," says a great friend of Sybil's who is sitting next to me)—very camp, very elegant, very funny. 'Aren't you beginning to feel like a tuning fork? Nobody gets loaded in here,' the friend shouts in my ear. "The waiters are deaf of course—they can't hear you—it's like working under water. I love it. I'm one of the investors. I come here every night." And then you stop fighting it for a while and sort of let it win: the colored lights winking on the ceiling, the constant, ceaseless continuous jerking of the marathon dancers, the loudest amplifying system in the world—and The Wild Ones themselves. Sybil has done her casting well: they are cool, elegant, arrogant and—Jordan Christopher in particular—dignified. They don't horse around onstage trying to break each other up—none of that sort of unprofessional behavior. And—especially in their really fast numbers—they are good.

"It's so unsuitable," sighs a society friend of Sybil's about the marriage. And on paper she is right. What would have been suitable—on paper or rather in the papers, if you like—would have been for Sybil to have married one of the crowd that turns up in the papers with her: one of those Sad Young Men, those eligible, well heeled, well spoiled, well-scratched-over New York bachelors in their mid-thirties who wander around the right parties during the season, trailing clouds of ambiguity, lost in a self absorption just this side of breathtaking: part of that glamorous assemblage that upon closer scrutiny seems to be composed entirely—as someone so succinctly put it—of Fags and Famous Hang-ups. Not that Sybil hasn't gone that route herself and snapped at one of them, 'You're not even sad—you're *pathetic*!'

But getting back to Sybil and Jordan. When two such seemingly disparate people get married after so short an acquaintance it is usually more illuminating to discover what they have in common than what they don't. Clearly something was pulling them together very hard. Clearly something they know about each other that we don't.

"Jord is Macedonian," says Sybil. "Being Welsh I've always had strong feelings about belonging to a minority group—about feeling at home with them and wanting them around me as well. And it was amazing—after we got married we went down to Akron, Ohio, to stay with Jord's parents and I listened to him and his Dad talking. They've got special Macedonian food, did you know? Special Macedonian newspapers—it's a separate language, a special way of thinking of things, of looking at the world. And I thought, good heavens, they might be Welsh! It's true. Why, just as I know every Welshman that ever gets to New York—Jord knows every Macedonian—and there are a lot more than you think."

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(*Continued from page 211*) rests solely in its land nor in the grace of its women, nor in the courage of its sense, nor in the exoticism of its place names (names like Go Cong and Chau Doc, Ny Phuoc Tuy and Ba Dop and Ken Tam and Ban Me Thuot which seem to defy pronunciation when read but, when you hear them spoken, roll liquidly from the tongue and seduce the ear).

Perhaps the most provocative beauty of the country lies in its children. I love them.

Wherever you go they materialize in wholesale batches. And, since the South Vietnamese soldier (particularly the Popular Force or Regional Force soldier, as distinguished from the regular Army of the Republic soldier) maintains his family with him wherever he goes to fight, there are always plenty of children around. (No television, you see.)

The children are dirty and ragged for the most part but they do not seem cowed. They have seen their fathers and uncles taxed and tortured, their brothers impressed into the service of the Vietcong, their grandfathers beheaded and eviscerated. They have been starved and kicked by the VC and bombed and scorched by the Americans. Some of them are hardened beyond the threshold of recall, but most of them have smiles of innocence and the life zest of optimism.

No matter where I went there were swarms of them shouting "Hokay, okay!" and "Fillooooh!" At the glimpse of a camera they would arrange themselves with magical alacrity and insist on being photographed.

The sight of my beard was a universal motivation for laughter among the children. They would point at it and jump up and down, roll on the ground, giggle with delight. Facial hair is almost as rare among Vietnamese people as pubic hair. One sees only an occasional scraggly chin whisker on very old men (who are probably Chinese anyway) and even adults thought my beard was hilarious.

It is impossible to forget the serene face of the seven-year-old who overcharged me for a magazine on a Saigon street and then, with the most vivacious of smiles, shortchanged me in the bargain. It is impossible to forget sitting on the ground in the compound of a Catholic orphanage run by an ancient Vietnamese nun surrounded by over a hundred homeless children, wishing to God that I were Danny Kaye and could entertain them. It is impossible to forget the dozens of times I saw them at the chopper pads, waving, laughing, their little bodies straining to stay upright in the powerful wake of rotor blade wash, their faces lit with ecstasy. If there is beauty and reality anywhere, it is in the children.

In a whorehouse in Pleiku our guide, a ten-year-old nicknamed Charlie (not, I trust, because of his VC sympathies), insisted that the Mama-san get all her girls up in order that they could see my beard. For hours we all sat at a big table and drank "wicky Coke" and terrible Vietnamese beer and everyone took turns stroking my beard. The oldest girl was about nineteen. They were all trying to learn English. A German correspondent, an old Oriental hand, told me that Vietnamese whores are

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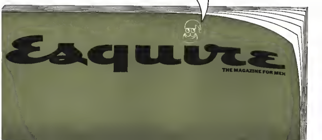

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among the world's most accomplished linguists. At one time or another they have dabbled in Chinese, Japanese, French and German. English, naturally, seems to be in vogue at the present time.

I'm sure that Charlie got a rake-off on all the booze we bought. I hope he did at any rate. If he lives, Charlie will one day be an important man in the absolute determination of his toey, winning or losing in Vietnam means winning or losing the next generation.

To be sure, there are the jades and the hustlers and the opportunists like little Charlie and we may have lost them. Vietnam is not Summerhill and combat soldiers are not Montessoris. But all over Vietnam a seven-day a week war is being fought by American soldiers and civilians for the minds and the hearts of the children. It is being fought by people who care. If they have not totally succeeded in overcoming the image of the Ugly American, at least they have been able to subtract some of the Ugh.

I am not qualified to speak on military matters, nor to make evaluations of the conduct of the war. Having thus copped out, I will now make some pronouncements on the situation in Vietnam. I will be as brief as possible, like a stage manager who steps before the curtain to announce that the play will fold on Saturday night unless the audience persuades its friends to besiege the box office.

Americans must understand one fact. For years prior to the recent buildup of American forces and the first tentative feelers of American autonomous military action in July and August, we have been advisers. That means just that: advisers, suggesters, renderers of advice. Units of Americans (handfuls, actually, ranging from as few as three to rarely more than twenty five or thirty) are attached to South Vietnamese outfits of company, battalion, sometimes of regimental strength. The ranking American officer, designated "the senior adviser," has the responsibility of command over his own personnel only. His counterpart, the Vietnamese officer in charge, has the last word on policy and tactical operations, and the direct command of his GVN troops.

"I can tell my counterpart 'Go,'" one senior adviser summed it up for me, "and if he says 'Stay' we stay. I can tell him 'Stay' and if he says 'Go' we bloody well go, friend, and there's not a goddamn thing I can do about it!"

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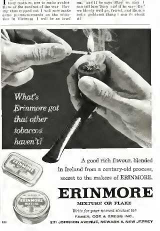
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Often, the Vietnamese military leader is also the civil commander, district or province chief as well. If he is a competent, reasonably efficient, experienced man this can be beneficial. If he is stupid or corrupt, or cowardly, it can be disastrous. People—our people—get killed that way.

A major who was "short" (his tour of duty almost concluded) said to me, "The ARVN soldier is as good as any other soldier in the world. If you kick his ass hard enough he will fight, and he will fight well." But a moment later he voiced a lament I was to hear over and over again. Shaking his head, he repeated with almost hypnotic frustration, "Leadership. Leadership. Leadership."

Americans are impatient people. We are used to winning. We are used to getting in or getting out. This is not "our kind" of war. We must, at home, realize just a little of the fantastic complexities of this effort. This war is not Patton crashing across France to the Rhine.

Fancy if you can the Great Plains wars of last century with the Indian nations (the Sioux, the Cheyenne, the Cree, the Blackfeet, etc.) allied against remote fortified outposts. Imagine that they are able to infiltrate St. Louis without being detected, to burn and ravish and tomahawk and retire five miles outside of town and vanish into a prairie-dog hole. Imagine that they are equipped with first class automatic weapons, unlimited ammunition, mortars, recoilless rifles, mines, plastic explosives, that they have the skill to use them with punishing effect. Imagine that they mobilize, stage and launch assaults in force from behind the sanctified borders of Kansas or Iowa and then withdraw to the inviolable safety of these states whenever they so choose. Imagine if you can that they possess efficient intelligence and communications, propaganda and tax-collection networks.

But, most fantastic of all, imagine that these durable, cruel, resourceful warriors are guided, led and inspired by traditional intellectually stratified ideology, backed by Canada and endorsed by the might of the British Empire.

Granted the analogy fetches rather far, but it must be admitted that even John Wayne would be hard put to rely upon the cavalry to save him in the last reel under such circumstances.

American soldiers in Vietnam know the stakes are incredibly high and the repercussions far-reaching. I am not speaking of that small percentage of Junker fanatics (the Buck Turgidson types) who say, "It's the only war we got, so we got to make it last." There are a few of those, to be sure, but not many, thank God. I am speaking of the knowledgeable, experienced men who coolly state that whether we like it or not we are and have been for years at war with International Communism, that the Vietnamese conflict is a unique and necessary phase of that longer war, the consequences of which may not be sidestepped, or ducked, or diplomatized under a polished table.

They resent the criticism of American policy in Vietnam from some foreign quarters. But they ignore it, generally. They bitterly resent, and cannot ignore, the feelings of some of their countrymen at home, those feelings which manifest themselves in demonstrations against American actions and policy. They resent and are hurt by people who are indifferent, or terribly uninformed, or just plain self-seeking. They mistrust ranting college students, and "do-gooders," and "intellectuals" whom they feel are, for the most part, misguided ostriches.

They feel alone. They have the soldier's natural suspicion of civilians in general, and of visiting firemen, newspapermen and bureaucrats in particular.

I was not surprised that a few resented me. Perhaps fifty percent of the men recognized me right away. Twenty five percent had a vague notion who I was and twenty five percent didn't know me at all and couldn't care less. Although I was treated with courtesy everywhere and welcomed with generosity and kindness there were some who mistrusted my presence. To combat soldiers there are two kinds of people, those who are *with* you is one kind.

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They are fiercely and understandably loyal to their own. Everywhere I went I found men incensed and outraged by the rumor of an American officer's widow who had been plagued with phone calls telling her that her husband had got exactly what he deserved when he was killed in action in South Vietnam, that he shouldn't have been there in the first place.

They were sardonically amused by the story of a citizen who was reported to have collected money at a Midwestern university in order to buy medical supplies for the Vietcong. "I hope he gets 'em and brings 'em right down," a soldier told me. "We'll make sure that he walks two klicks up that road there and delivers them to Charlie personally."

The time came for me to leave Vietnam, and I was saddened. Make no mistake, I was still concerned (almost reflexively, I hope) with the jealous perpetuation of my tiny life. Many people had died in Vietnam during the few weeks I had been there—some only a few yards or minutes from where I walked and flew. Although a number of critical questions had been answered for me I had not found the answer to *that* one question: Why one man lives and another dies. And I was saddened and ashamed.

The Salvation Army is celebrating its century of service this year. They need your help all year round, but especially at this time of the year.

But I had learned that, contrary to the popular prayer of interment, in the midst of death we are in life. I had met and spoken to scores of people who were alive and concerned with the business of life in a dark and tragic and sometimes hopeless corner of the world. I had shared, however infinitesimally, their warmth, sense of purpose, wry, non-histrionic ability for self-sacrifice.

I recall a loved one who has squandered an entire lifetime on the cruel altar of "self-preservation." Each of us knows this person. At times each of us is this person, crushing our lives by trying to hold them too hard, not *committing* fully, not believing enough, always holding a little back for Number One. In Vietnam I learned that to hoard life is to strangle it. That it is better to fester with the leprosy of life than to be a burnt-out case, alone, empty, in the No Exit hell of self-preservation.

It seems quite obvious that I did not find the answers to my questions concerning truth and illusion. Certainly I cannot "use" my experience in Vietnam as an actor, nor would I be so arrogant as to presume to collect experiences for my own ends. Thankfully, I lost myself in the preoccupations of the men around me. The blindness, triviality or misdirection that is part of everyone's professional life choices—and for an actor, choice of roles, of interpretation, of career itself is an ever-present anxiety—faded under the pressure of the moment.

I did not come up with answers, then, but it must be equally obvious that I'm just screwy enough to go on looking. Well . . . Sorry about that. ###

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(Continued from page [illegible])

Shoot

In the September issue, *22 People Who Count* cites François Truffaut for *Shoot the Piano Player*, and this is not exactly as it should be. But then, very little is these days, and there are two ways to handle it. One is to sort of drift away from all the complaining, as the piano player did. The other is to get hold of an ax and start chopping. After two years of doing the piano-player bit and seeing Truffaut get all the credit, I'm finally impelled for the sake of my blood pressure to screech that *Shoot the Piano Player* was not created by Truffaut. It was created by the author of the novel which the film follows as closely as a baby rhino following mamma. With all due respect for the talent of Truffaut, this writer wants it known that primarily it's his work.

DAVID GOODIS

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Right.* Shoot the Piano Player *by David Goodis was published in 1962 by Grove Press as A Black Cat Book; it is still very much in print.*

You know us, Al

I was curious to know just what kind of a magazine is Esquire, so I purchased a copy of the September issue—now I am sorry I ever spent seventy-five cents on a junk of a magazine. Golly, the magazine doesn't contain nothing good to read, much less to peruse through. The article you boasted yourself as being just the thing to read about *The Ivy League Girls on the Road* contained nothing of interest that anyone doesn't know, so why so much shouting and hollering? Am not sure just who is publishing the good-for-nothing Esquire but I am surmise.

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Time

Your statement on the cover of the October, 1966, issue said: "Heaven help him—he's going to play 60 minutes of pro ball."

This statement is quite untrue, because there is no man in pro ball who plays a whole game of both offense and defense for sixty minutes.

GREGOR DIHR

Cazenovia, N.Y.

Oct. and etc.

Thank you for *Mr. Schwartz* and *Adventures* (October).

Not all colleges even on the West Coast are quite like you describe (*Stealing Their Way Through College*, September). There are still small colleges who still make attempts at being *in loco parentis* where thievery is mainly souvenir hunting (even if the souvenirs do get pretty big, like four foot wide highway signs) and dropins are instantly recognizable and usually limited to people with some bona fide connection with the institution, and student demonstrations are usually individual protests against civil defense or against 'No Smoking' signs and for Bermuda shorts.

There are girls with nonfunctional I.Q.'s west of New York too, only in Seattle or someplace of the sort they usually wind up in the little shops (at $1.25 an hour like I did) or clerking. I once had girls working under me in a small college library who thought that any effort they made was sufficient as long as they looked busy. I was wondering then why intelligent girls who made good grades seemed incapable of comprehending simple instructions and turning out good-looking work.

Now I think I understand. I haven't quite figured out how this article (*The Ivy League Girls on the Road*, September) got into Esquire magazine; it would be so appropriate in *Mademoiselle*.

So what's new about Yiddishisms (*The Yiddishization of American Humor*, October)? I've heard them in Spanish on *I Love Lucy* reruns from ten years ago.

And the whole Ecumenical Council flap about the Jews just shows that somebody hasn't read their textbook very well.

It takes an incredible amount of arrogance in light of Luke chapter twenty-three, verse thirty-four, to even consider it a valid issue.

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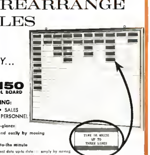

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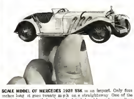

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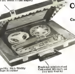
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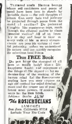

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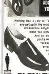

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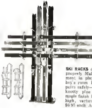

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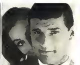

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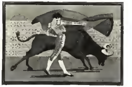

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[illegible] for the [illegible] Arthur [illegible] design [illegible] collar points [illegible] with tapered body and [illegible] French cuffs [illegible] 14 to 17 [illegible] 32-36 [illegible] $8.95 [illegible] for $26 [illegible]

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Twisto lemon

Just a shake of Twist-O lemon across the top of your cocktail gives it that gourmet touch. It's so easy—just a squeeze of the [illegible] Each bottle a [illegible] perfection [illegible] lemon peels. [illegible] Send check or M.O. for $4.95 ppd. [illegible]

IDEAL GIFT smartly packaged!

REVERE JAMES & CO. [illegible] Dept. [illegible]

NEW! MUSTANG HORN FOR ALL CARS
WHINNIES LIKE A WILD STALLION

Wild horse whinny lets them know you're coming! Novel new horn that works off battery, not manifold, attaches easily under hood of all cars, all models, makes any car sound like real live [illegible] Mustang stallion. Precision-made by quality horn manufacturer. Complete with horn button control wire, mounting hardware, 5" x 5½" x 6". [illegible] enamel finish. Available in both 6-volt and 12-volt (specify). When you blow your horn [illegible]
$14.95 [illegible]
[illegible] shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed [illegible]
HOBI [illegible] FLUSHING NEW YORK [illegible]

PURE WHITE BRILLIANCE
at $22 per carat
[illegible] DIAMONDS [illegible] UNCONDITIONAL [illegible] EASY PAYMENTS [illegible] Money Back [illegible] FREE [illegible]
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Start 1966 with a new look, feel wonderful, keep fit, exercise in a SEAIWEAR Pure Latex Rubber suit hand made to your measurements. Nine lovely shades of Latex Rubber including newest Midnight Blue, three different weights. For full catalogue of sports wear, slimline foundations and lingerie rainwear etc. (incl. $1.00 which we give you back with your first order) to:
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was in fashion!

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[illegible]

lew magram [illegible]

[illegible] 7th Ave (53rd) Dept. [illegible] N. Y. 10019

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the Fabulous "FABULITE"

AT $28 PER CARAT

[illegible] MONEY BACK GUARANTEE [illegible] FREE BROCHURE [illegible]

THE STRONGITE CO [illegible]

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[illegible]

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HOUSE OF MINNEL Dpt 08

[illegible]

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[illegible] MAVERICK BROWN Send head size [illegible]

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Add Zip Number to your Address

DARLING PET MONKEY

[illegible]

$18.95

[illegible]

ANIMAL FARM [illegible]

First Time Ever!

LIGHTER SNUFFER COMBO

Cigarette fire shed? Don't crush it . . . Snuff it in the built-in Snuffer. First new change in light ere in years. Perfect gift for smoking friends. Order today.

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Patent Pending

Meet...

JACKIE VERNON

Presenting Jackie Vernon — the country's newest and funniest comedian. You've enjoyed him on TV — laughed at his preposterous comedy in nightclubs and on campus — now howl with him in this funniest comedy album ever! A WET BIRD NEVER FLIES AT NIGHT

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[illegible] — America's Number One Producer of Comedy Albums

Send for Free [illegible] "PARTY" Comedy Catalog, featuring Rusty Warren, Richie Rees, Rudy Vallee, Larry Storch, Kermit Schafer's "Bloopers," Aubry Iamse, Greg Clark & The Hot Nuts, and a host of other famous comedy stars

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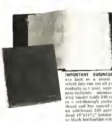
Dept. [illegible] 318 W. 48th St. New York, N. Y. 10036
Please rush ____ copies of A WET BIRD NEVER FLIES AT NIGHT by Jackie Vernon at $4.79 each prepaid. I enclose check or money order in the amount of ________
Send to ________
Address ________
City ________ State ____ Zip Code ____
(Add appropriate Sales Tax if ordered in New York State) ☐ Send Catalog.

TALKING SHOP

GIVE A HOOT for Christmas. Early American owl is fourteen inches high. Of special composition with antique-wood finish, it's a favorite among ornithologists and bird watchers, not to mention those whose decor is Early American. $24.85, express collect. Wynn's Fine Art Studios, Dept. E-305, Kings Park, Long Island.



IMPORTANT BUSINESS CARDS are kept as a visual card file which lets you see all your V.I.P. contacts in a neat, organized and easy-to-locate manner. Three-ring binder holds 240 cards each in a see-through pocket. It's indexed and has special forms for an additional 240 entries. Standard 10"x11½" binder in brown or black leatherlike vinyl. $12.50 postpaid. Brison Co., 12260 Ventura, Studio City, California.

DECORATOR TELEPHONE. Give her a "duchess" phone in classic European tradition. In French-provincial ivory with gold trim, this cradle phone combines the modern and antique with compactness and lightweightness of today's instruments. Just plug into any standard phone jack. Dial is centered by a cameolike disc. $59.95 plus postage. National Systems Corp., 941 N. Highland Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

CHEESE IT! Sauté pan coated with Teflon is filled to brim with a mouth-watering assortment of Wisconsin cheese. Eight-inch Mirro fry pan holds sixteen ounces of cheese. $5.95, ppd. The Swiss Cheese Shop, Box 4297, Monroe, Wisconsin.

CHARLES X music box is circa 1830. Of fruitwood and lined in moiré silk, it's chic! for baubles. From France, it plays a French melody. $160 postpaid. Belle Ferronniere, P.O. Box 1937, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C.

SKI-BOOT CASE simplifies travel for skier so he can tote boots, poles and other gear in one hand. Of unbreakable plastic, case features a removable boot press plus compartments for goggles, gloves, wax and other items. Has clips for ski poles with friction catches on outside. Boot press adjusts for either men's or women's boots. $13 plus postage. Sig Buchmayer, 18 East 53rd Street, New York City.

PUT THIS ON YOUR DESK AND SAVE! — AUTHENTIC REPLICA OF THE MASSIVE TURN-OF-THE CENTURY MOSLER SAFES

$1,000 Bank on Wheels—$5.95

- Stands 3/4 Ft. Tall
- Combination lock
- Holds $1,000.00 in change
- Complete to rubber tires, eagle & gold leaf designs

This is a fine replica of the massive Mosler safes considered impregnable 100 years ago. This all-steel [illegible] colorful eagle and gold leaf designs, gold floral edging, combination lock and is big enough (6" x 7" x 9") to hold a full $1,000 in change. Bold Americana right to the rubber tires. Nice way for young and old to save. Now and a solid value for $5.95.

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103 Park Ave. New York 17
Enclosed check or m.o. for $____
____ Safe Banks @ $1.95
NAME ________
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SEND FOR YOUR "COMMISSION" TODAY! Here's your opportunity to become a member of the world's most distinguished mythical organization. You'll be mighty proud to display the handsome, distinctively worded 9" x 12" Commission, beautifully printed on quality paper (it's ideal for framing for your office, den or bar) . . . and you'll have fun the world over with your wallet-size Identification Card which can be shown as evidence of your honored rank. Your name — or a friend's — on both the Commission and the ID card in Old English letters.

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Includes correct formats to follow. Loads of proven, actual resumes, successful covering letters. Also shows how to answer ads, how to handle yourself at the interview. Money back if not pleased. Mail now.

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For Fun and Profit

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Collectors Item

Genuine Russian Roubles! Czarist collectors' notes. 2 in each frame, various denominations. Quality mounted and framed. Limited amount. $15 P.P. Checks, I.M.O. or (cash reg.)

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COMPLETE OR IN KIT

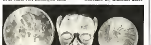
Locking—Rolling—

Fold-up Bar Holds 40 Bottles—4 Doz. Glasses

[illegible]

YIELD HOUSE

Money-Back Guarantee. Dept. E12-3, No. Conway, N.H. 03860



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Rare 1901 1903 $20 gold uncirculated Guide book appraisal $125.00—$39 each Scarce $5 and $10 Indian gold coins. Special prices custom gold coin bracelets. Coins set in gold holders $5 $10 extra In gold money clip $35.00 additional Brilliant common date $20 gold—$55 Uncirculated silver dollars—$2.95 each In holders sterling—$2.55 extra Gold and platinum custom design on order

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(SIZES 46 to 70)

Specialist big Klein will send you free our 40 page illustrated Christmas catalogue With chock full of wonderful gift ideas for the big man in your life.

[illegible]

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Algonquin 4-1162

SPANISH GALLEON
54 Brass Cannons 26" length 30" mast height. Ideal for Living Room, Den or Study. $14.50 (freight collect) [illegible]
Gold Coast Trading, 1141 SW 22 St., Miami [illegible]

Taylor ✶ MADE
GREEN VELVET, the
PUTTER
with
CHANGEABLE
HEADS

"Three Putters In One" an exciting New putter that every golfer will appreciate. The perfect gift for golfing customers and friends.

Green Velvet features golf's three most popular heads perfectly balanced and crisply styled. Heads can be changed with a flick of the wrist according to your mood or green conditions. All heads are 24 Karat Gold Plated and have covers for protection. $24.95 complete

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Enclose $24.95 for each Putter Shipment will be POSTAGE PAID

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[illegible]

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VOICE

[illegible]

FREE BOOKLET

[illegible]

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Give Her That MINK Now!

Every woman should have one! This beautifully fashioned 14 Kt. gold Charm is in 3 dimensions.

14Kt Mink Coat Charm $22.
With 14Kt Bracelet $67.

Orders filled same day airmail Beautifully gift wrapped.

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Twice the fun . . . at half the price!

For couples—or detach second tube for convalescent or single (mighty lonesome) smoke.
A delightful smoke for lounge TV or bed
Collects nightly oils and sparks automatically
Prevents burns in garments furnishings bed-sheets and [illegible] to convalescent or elderly smokers.

Only $5.00 (chrome). No c.o.d.'s
(with [illegible] attachment added $6.50 complete)
At all better stores, or write to

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TALKING SHOP

FAMOUS RING-A-DING-DING Liberty Bell is worthy of a place on the finest entrances Replica of cracked original it's cast in brass with antique finish and black aluminum cross-beams Comes with bracket, clapper has a tied leather thong There's a printed card that gives a brief history of famous Liberty Bell 6"x4" $7.50 postpaid. Garret Thew Studios 45 Roseville Rd., Westport, Conn

CALFSKIN RUGS give a "Wild West" effect to your decor Selected for quality, shape and color, they're tanned for durability and non-shedding quality—just like precious furs They keep their fresh clean appearance for years. $13.95 for regular (8½ square feet), $16.95 for large (10½ square feet) postpaid. Western Calfskin Products 25 Joseph Ct. San Rafael California.

"SPACE" CASE for airborne V.I.P.'s is spacious enough for a complete change of clothing plus all important papers Of leatherlike Skai it has large zippered luggage compartment with removable suit bar and hanger Two full length outside expanding pockets one for clothing, the other for documents 21"x12¼"x3" $21.95 Includes Federal tax. Klein's, Dept. E., 227 W Washington Street, Chicago, Ill

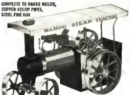
LIPPIZAN STALLION coasters a horsey gift for riding class Prints of famous breed are reproduced on masonite coasters and protected with special plastic coating to make them alcohol-proof Backed by felt each measures 3¼" x 3¼" Set of four $7, postpaid Charles of the Ritz Boutique 461 Park Avenue, N Y C 10022

MULTI-TOOL is a plier-knife that makes quick, easy repairs. Less than five inches long it slips conveniently into pocket or dashboard Crafted in West Germany of high-carbon nickel-plated steel, you get pliers wire cutter punch knife bottle opener two files screwdriver $10.25 plus 45¢ postage Hoffritz, 49 East 34th Street N Y C

PLAN ON MONTHLY BASIS Personal planner fits into your pocket and reminds you of appointments memos and expenses. Separate diary for each month Thumb-cut index shows day and date on each page Set starts with diary for current month and contains twelve consecutive monthly diaries Packaged in hinged chest, the deluxe set is $14.95 with black morocco-leather pocket case, prestige set is $19.95 with black pinseal goat-leather case, ppd Caddylak Systems, Dept ES, 139 Linden Ave., Westbury, N Y

THIS IS A MAGNIFICENTLY-DETAILED 1/24th SCALE MODEL
1896 ENGLISH LIVE-STEAM TRACTOR

COMPLETE TO BRASS BOILER,
COPPER STEAM PIPES,
STEEL FIRE BOX



Raises steam in 3 minutes, travels 1/3 mile in a 10-minute run, can be used to operate other stationary models

[illegible]

ANTIQUE TOY CO Dept ES-12, 360 Lexington Ave., New York 17

CONTINENTAL
FLIGHT BAG

Carry a whole week's wardrobe (including an [illegible] suit) in this dashing imported [illegible]

[illegible] $24.95

A MAN'S WORLD
[illegible] FLUSHING NEW YORK [illegible]

COMPLETE OR IN KIT
SUSAN BOOK END TABLE
HOLDS 8 BOXES 40 BOOKS

A friendly colonial charm and function distinguishes our lovely Susan Book End Table. [illegible]

COMPLETE IN ONE KIT Precut sanded ready to assemble and finish Simple instructions Only $19.95

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YIELD HOUSE
[illegible]

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SOUTH AMERICAN HAMMOCKS
[illegible]
[illegible] CARACAS VENEZUELA

ANTIQUE WEAPONS
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Send me your Catalog #32 with backgrounds 1400 illustrations of old guns, daggers swords armor I enclose $1 to cover handling and postage
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CITY ZONE STATE

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The Fisherman's Pleasure Chest is a convenient plastic box with 15 assorted nationally advertised Creme soft plastic lures. The box is 4½" x 8½" with a selection of [illegible] tested fish catching baits

Order several for that fishing "Guy" or "Gal" for Christmas now! Sent to you in a white alligator gift box.

only $5.95 POSTPAID

Your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not completely satisfied

Send check, cash or money order (Sorry no C.O.D.'s)

FISHERMAN'S PLEASURE CHEST
P. O. Box 723 Tyler Texas

$33 is a Small Price for this superb writing instrument

The Magnificent

MONT BLANC

"Diplomat"

Writes over a mile without refilling!

Giant ink capacity is only one reason why the Diplomat is a top seller with doctors, lawyers, engineers, professionals, students—those who need a pen that stays on the job. It has sugar smooth writing action due to exclusive patented elastic wing nib that adapts to writing pressure, keeps ink evenly flowing. It's perfectly balanced, ingeniously built to fill a man's grip and take a man's handling. Continental styling makes it a fitting companion to fine jewelry and leather accessories. $33.00 is a small price for this superb writing instrument for yourself or a memorable gift.

It's Europe's leading fountain pen with lifetime guarantee, imported by Koh-I-Noor Inc. MONTBLANC pens are considered by many pen experts to be the finest ever designed.

"The Diplomat" $33 beautifully gift boxed. Engraved name or initials optional at low cost. Other Montblanc pens from $[illegible] to $[illegible]

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21 Compton Pl., San Francisco, Calif. 94108

Hudson's
1206 Woodward, Detroit, Mich. 48226
and at fine stores
and pen shops everywhere
KOH-I-NOOR INC. Bloomsbury, N.J.

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THE
BILL PARRY JUMP SUIT
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Wide variety of fabrics makes this famous lounger so versatile you'll wear it around the calendar and around the clock! Famous one-piece styling with full length zipper, unbreakable waistband, stitched-in leg creases.

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Women's Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16.

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Crease-Resisting **IRIDESCENT** [illegible] — 16.95

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Luxurious Velvet **VELOUR** [illegible] — 28.95

[illegible]

JOEL McKAY Dept. ED 125
[illegible] S. [illegible] Pasadena, Calif. 91105

Jordan's Virginia Ham

Aged Like Vintage Wine

Albert F. Jordan's Virginia hams [illegible] aged for over a century. Chosen from only the best porkers, cured in genuine [illegible] and sugar, and smoked over hickory here. They're aged about one year and then go to our kitchens. There they're glazed and baked to a golden brown giving them the savory [illegible] flavor loved by gourmets everywhere. 8 to 16 lbs. average weight. $[illegible] per lb., postpaid in U.S. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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The finest pipe in the world—

(now made in America)

Carefully selected, aged briar chosen for its light weight and grain is painstakingly fashioned by hand. The result is Heritage, one of the world's great pipes. Smooth Heirloom finish, ($13.50) rugged Antique finish ($10.50). Brochure showing 32 shapes sent on request.

Heritage, [illegible] finish Scott Bulldog shape

HALLE BROTHERS CO.
1228 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

Esquire's Fashion Directory

Fashions shown in this issue may be purchased at the following stores.

BLACK BROCADE JACKET—Page 231
LORD WEST
B & B Lorry's, New York
Sy Devore, Hollywood, Calif.
[illegible], Philadelphia, Pa.

GREY FLANNEL SLACKS—Page 231
JAYMAR RUBY
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Gimbels, Pittsburgh, Pa.
H & S Pogue Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Lipman's, Portland, Salem, Ore.

BLACK FORMAL SUIT, RED TROUSERS, PINK SHIRT—Page 232
Fine Fashion Custom Dept. of Frank Bros.
New York, Chicago, New Haven
Palm Beach

BURGUNDY JACKET & PLAID TROUSERS—Page 233
AFTER SIX FORMALS
Porter's, New Orleans, La.
Weber & Heilbroner, New York

COMING UP IN JANUARY ESQUIRE:

URSULA'S WONDERFUL BRA

Presenting Ursula Andress, the cinema actress, demonstrating, in living color, her special new brassiere which shoots people. *Shoots people?* Yeah.

EVERYBODY DUCK!

It's that time again! Esquire's Fifth Annual Dubious Achievement Awards are coming and the devil take the hindmost. Tells all, knows all!

"THE MOVIE ABOUT ME STORY"

We asked 30 celebrities the all-important question: "Who would you like to portray you in a movie of your life?" And Ross Barnett, Pierre Salinger, Elizabeth Taylor, Truman Capote, Sybil Burton, George Lincoln Rockwell and 24 others gave us the startling answers.

SON OF BOGIE

The life and times of Jean-Paul Belmondo, boxer, actor, prankster, lover, etc., etc., revealed by his confidant, Richard Grenier.

The Mafia Grows Up

A penetrating peek at the gentlemen gangsters of the Mafia, the capo-dons whose "front" is so legit, it makes yours look suspicious.

CHINA, THE RE MENAC

For the first time, under Western eyes, a complete and accurate chart of Red China's spy system. True, terrifying and likely to create a large stir.

Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes!

give him the Gift of Leisure

The world's finest pipe—KAYWOODIE

Watch him sit back and light-up his Kaywoodie. You can almost see the tensions melt. Because nothing relaxes a man like a pipe. And Kaywoodie is the world's finest pipe.

KAYWOODIE Catalog and Tobacco Sample

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog and sample of new, imported Kaywoodie Tobacco. Tells how to smoke a pipe. Shows all shapes and styles; pipes and sets, from $5.95 to $2,500; other Kaywoodie products: Write Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York, N. Y. 10022, Dept. EE7.

Presentation Pipe — Billiard shape — $50.00 (with leather gift-case)

KAYWOODIE TOBACCO Now Available in Tins, $1.95 Imported from Switzerland, our exclusive formula of rich, rare cavendish, blended to perfection for flavor and mildness. Exotic, Indonesian tobaccos, dark fired Virginia, Latakia and Perique, all delicately combined to insure an extra mild smoke. 50¢ in handy "pocket-pak".

Connoisseur—Bulldog shape—$20.00.

Silhouette—Billiard shape—$10.95

Prime Grain—Apple shape—$10.00

"500" Syncro-Lok—Full-Bent shape—$7.50

For "WHERE-TO-BUY-IT" information on above gifts and those featured on the four preceding pages, turn to page 319